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LEONARDO DA VINCI. — VIRGIN OF THE ROCKS

(*See page 124*)

THE ART GALLERIES
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Preface

THE pictures in the National Gallery are arranged according to the schools of painting in their historic order, thus enabling one to treat of its treasures in a very satisfactory way, by natural progression. The comparative value of the schools may come within the scope of this book, although, since the chain is not absolutely complete, and some examples are necessarily missing, it is not the author's intention to claim that she offers a history of the various schools of art. Only so far as it is possible to illustrate by examples, will the historic continuity be emphasized.

In tracing the early history of the art of painting, it has been thought more interesting to consult the original authorities and the contemporary treatises, rather than later commentators, when dealing with technical processes, such as tempera, fresco, encaustic, and oil-painting.

As the spelling of the names of foreign painters is often made a subject for discussion, the orthog-

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raphy of the Official Catalogue of the National Gallery has in each case been adopted.

In this gallery, more than in most collections, one is unwilling to pass by the minor pictures; the unusual standard of excellence has led the writer into a casual mention of nearly every work. While such notices are in many cases extremely brief, an effort has been made to have these few words pertinent, at least to the reader who is in the presence of the picture to which allusion is made.

The National Gallery having been for many years the only great collection of pictures with which the writer was familiar (her childhood having been passed in England), the preparation of this volume has been much enjoyed, and if any of the delight which these masterpieces of art have awakened in her has been communicated to others, she will feel more than repaid.

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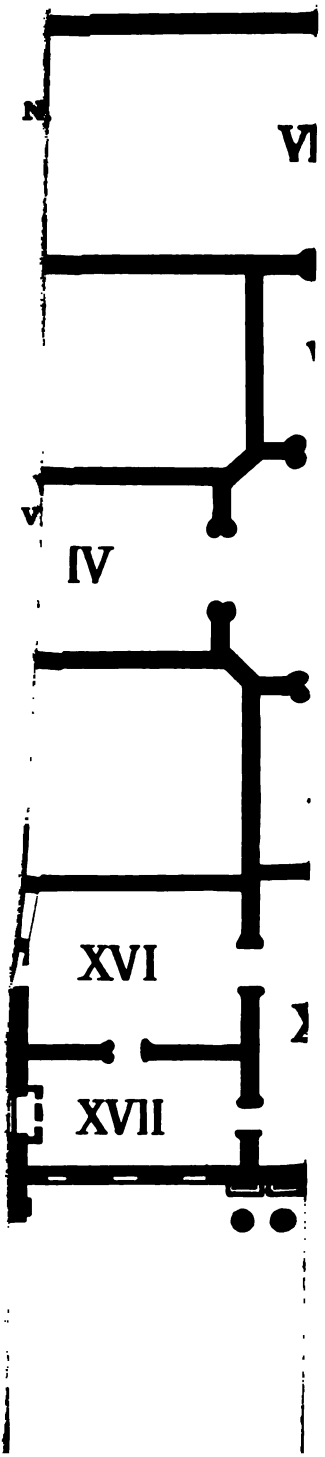
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The Art of the National Gallery

CHAPTER I.

EARLY ART IN ITALY

EACH great picture-gallery in the world is famous for some special reason; the Dresden Gallery stands, in the estimation of many people, at the head of all, because it possesses the greatest picture, Raphael's Sistine Madonna; the Pitti Palace enshrines especially the works of the Italian painters of the Golden Age; and the Luxembourg displays in its perfection all the vigour and brilliancy of the modern French school.

The National Gallery in London, besides being the home of some of the world's greatest masterpieces, is particularly noted for the fact that in this building one may study the history of art by its examples, nearly all schools being represented, and so arranged that it is possible to make a systematic study of the growth and development of

art from very early times until the days of the century just past.

The true way to visit and enjoy the National Gallery is to take it by schools, beginning with the Italian, as one normally would do in following the course of art-progress through the civilized world. As the pictures are hung in this order, the progression is easy.

Before proceeding to do this, however, it will be interesting to consider for a few moments the history of this unique collection as it became national property, and to observe the various parts of the building in which it is lodged.

In 1824, Mr. Angerstein sold his collection of thirty-eight pictures to the British nation. This group was the nucleus of the present gallery. The pictures remained in the house of Mr. Angerstein in Pall Mall for a number of years, while the building which had been planned for their reception was in process of erection. Sir George Beaumont bequeathed sixteen valuable pictures by the old masters, in 1826; and thirty-five more were added by Rev. W. Hollwill Carr in 1831. In the year 1832 the new building in Trafalgar Square was finished, and the pictures placed there. The public was first admitted in 1838. The building was designed by William Wilkins, R. A. In a semi-classic style, surmounted by a very inadequate

dome, it is not, strictly speaking, a triumph of architecture. A drawing was made of it by Thomas H. Shepherd, and was engraved, under the title of "The New National Gallery," by W. Wallis. It is a quaint view of Trafalgar Square, with mounted dragoons, and ladies and gentlemen in the costume of the period, suggesting a very different London from the one which we know. In 1860 the National Gallery was enlarged, additional space being required for the increased number of pictures. In 1838 there were one hundred and fifty pictures; in 1880 there were something over nine hundred, while at present the number amounts to nearly fifteen hundred. Again, in 1876, Mr. E. M. Barry, R. A., designed and built a "new wing," as it was called. There are now over twenty-two rooms in the gallery. Large bequests have been left from time to time, which have made a substantial increase.

The arrangement and systematic hanging of the pictures have made this gallery invaluable to the student of art. Many years ago Ruskin alluded to the gallery as "an European jest." But this is no longer the case. Indeed, in Mr. Ruskin's opinion, the opprobrium was much modified by the purchase of Perugino's great altar-piece, which, said Ruskin, "raises our National Gallery from a second-rate to a first-rate collection." He con-

sidered the Perugino in this gallery to be the finest in existence.

As it is frequently necessary still to change the hanging of pictures throughout the various rooms, in order to make space for new acquisitions, it is not possible to deal with the pictures in the National Gallery as one would with those in completed historical collections, and to direct the visitor to the exact spot upon the wall where any special work may be found. But as there is an inflexible rule that the number affixed to each picture shall always remain the same, the student will have no difficulty in locating any picture when he wishes to consult it, with the aid of the catalogue.

In the North Vestibule one is immediately introduced to the very earliest examples of art in the gallery. These are a set of remarkable portraits, painted in encaustic, or wax medium, a thousand years earlier than any other works in the collection. They were found by Mr. Flinders Petrie in the cemetery of Hawara in the Fayoum, and are among the most significant examples of ancient Greek art that have survived. Such portraits used to be placed inside the sarcophagi, over the face of the deceased, and in all probability they were painted in every case from the actual person, so that they have marked individuality and a very vital expression. Professor Ebers pronounced them to be

of the third or fourth century before Christ, while other critics assign them to the first or second century A. D. The types of the faces are Oriental, the eyes being large, and usually dark. In some of them the colour is less strong than in others; and in one or two the surface is quite hazy, as if one were looking at this face from the dead past through a thin veil.

The medium in which these portraits are executed is difficult to determine at this late day, but most authorities agree that there is some tempera painting employed, which consists in the use of powdered colour mixed with yolk of egg and a little oil; while a great part of the work is pure encaustic, — colour-powder mixed with oil and wax, and applied hot. As a rule, the colours in encaustic painting were put on in small crude patches, and then worked together by means of a tool; they received their final polish by being smoothed with some hard substance, heated.

Oil-painting, especially in conjunction with wax, was certainly understood in these early days, although, in the Dark Ages which succeeded them, the art is generally believed to have been lost. It will be our purpose shortly to examine the facts, and see, by consulting contemporary treatises upon this subject, whether there was ever a time when the use of oil had been entirely abandoned.

Pliny alludes to the fact that the Greek painter Apelles used an oil varnish. These Greek portraits prove that the disciples of the great master must have handed down his methods in the use of pigment. Aetius, who wrote a treatise on medicine in the fifth century, speaks of the properties of a certain kind of oil, adding: "It has a use beside these, being employed by gilders or encaustic painters; for it dries and preserves the gilding and encaustic painting for a long time."

After examining these crude but expressive Greek works, we will turn to the next oldest painting in the gallery; one would naturally expect to see an advance in art, and that the Madonna by Margaritone of Arezzo, which was painted in the thirteenth century, at least a thousand years later than the Fayoum portraits, would show some improvement in technical work, at least. But such is not the case. This stiff, unlovely Madonna, No. 564, sitting up like a lay-figure, may be historically interesting, being the best and most important example of this master which remains; but as a picture to look upon, or to act as a spiritual stimulus to the observer (as altar-pieces were intended to do), it is lamentably lacking. One can understand Browning's state of mind, when he penned his drastic lines:

MARGARITONE. — MADONNA

"Margaritone of Arezzo
With grave-clothes garb and swaddling barret;
(Why purse up mouth and beak in a pet so,
You bald old Saturnine poll-clawed parrot?)"

The arts had suffered a decline during the Dark Ages, and Margaritone must be classed among those who had not been touched by the dawning revival which was to follow in the next century. Pictures were painted by rule in his day; no one had thought of departing from the old traditions regarding the necessary symbolism and the conventional idea of colour. The "Byzantine Guide to Painting" was the only text-book to which artists had access, and that was a code of æsthetic etiquette which resulted in the production of hundreds of just such pitiful works. Both as to subject-matter and method of execution, the masters of the early thirteenth century suffered a great handicap. In painting a picture of the Virgin, for instance, they had to conform to the Church's ideals as set down in the "Byzantine Guide." "We have learned not only from the Holy Fathers," says the manual, "but even from the Apostles . . . and from Christ himself . . . how holy images should be painted." Then the "Guide" proceeds to give minute directions. "On the character of the physiognomy of the Mother of God," is the heading of a set of careful directions for producing an accurate likeness of the

Virgin. In another place occurs the phrase, which seems to have been invariably followed, "The Holy Virgin seated, holding the Infant Christ, who blesses." This composition is constantly seen; and, to prevent any wavering from the established law, even in the form of the blessing which is thus vouchsafed, the "Guide" adds a paragraph, "How to represent the hand in blessing." After giving exact directions for the position of each finger, and explaining the symbolic meaning in each case, it sums up by saying, "So, by the divine Providence of the Creator, the fingers of a man's hands, whether they be long or short, are so placed that it is possible for them to figure the name of Christ." All possible subjects for religious pictures are prescribed by the "Byzantine Guide"; some of the headings are as follows: "The ladder of Salvation and the Heavenly Way"; "How to represent the death of a hypocrite." This recipe is so terse and graphic that it is a temptation to quote it in full, — "A monk wrapped in bedclothes, a great serpent issues from his mouth. A demon over him buries a trident in his heart." Quite a bloodthirsty scene. In the directions for painting "The death of a righteous man," the text reads: "An angel above looks at him with joy, and receives his soul in veneration and respect"; while in "The death of a sinner," a demon is admonished to "torment him with all

manner of atrocities, and to tear away his soul by force." In a time when such vengeful ideas represented the state of the Christian doctrine, and of the Church's teaching, it is not remarkable that art was somewhat backward also. The whole state of civilization was at a low ebb, and the arts merely kept pace with the spiritual and ethical culture of their day. On either side of Margaritone's Madonna are small scenes from the lives of the saints, which reflect, in their choice and treatment, the cynical theology of the times. Margaritone has selected scenes from the tribulations of the faithful; St. John is being boiled in oil; St. Margaret bursts gleefully forth from the body of the dragon which had presumed to swallow her, and St. Benedict is seen rushing for a brier-patch, in hopes that the counter-irritant of the thorns may help him to drive from his recollection the image of a beautiful woman. St. Nicholas, too, is superintending the throwing overboard of a cup which the devil had presented to the sailors on his ship. Altogether, the key-note of the composition is that "the world is very evil, the times are waxing late." It is a gloomy panel of a gloomy age, and, except for its antiquity, would excite little interest among us to-day. The grotesque stiffness of the figures verges on the comic.

Margaritone of Arezzo was famous in his day

both as a painter in fresco and on panel, and also for the execution of many large wooden crucifixes. His work was admired by his contemporaries, and he stood as well as any artist of his period. Vasari gives him credit for having invented the laying and burnishing of gold-leaf on a ground with bol-armoniac; but this art, as may be seen, was understood by the Byzantine painters much earlier than the thirteenth century. Margaritone may have been the first to practise the art in Italy.

In examining the technical methods employed by the thirteenth and fourteenth century artists, it will be seen that they differed essentially from the art as practised later in the Renaissance. The work was done on panels of wood; but the painting, being in tempera (that is, water-colour tempered with egg and gum), could not be executed directly upon the wooden surface. A bed of plaster-like composition, known as gesso, was laid upon the panel, which was sometimes first covered with linen or leather, and the colours were applied to this. In other words, they made their altar-pieces to have as nearly as possible the same surface, on a minute scale, as the walls upon which they were in the habit of painting in fresco. The basis for this gesso seems to have been pulverized bones. In the treatise by Cennino Cennini is a paragraph headed: "What kind of bones are proper for prim-

ing pictures"; and he directs that the bones of the "ribs and wings of fowls or capons" be used; "the older they are the better." He adds, naïvely, "When you find them *under the table,* put them into the fire, and when you see that they are become whiter than ashes, take them out, and grind them well on a porphyry slab, and keep the powder for use." The monk Theophilus directs that this powder be carefully ground with water upon a stone, and then placed in a baked earthen vessel; he continues: "And pouring in some glue, made from skins, place it over the coals, so that the glue may liquefy." One is next instructed to paint three coats of this mixture upon the panel, which may first be covered with cloth or leather, "the untanned skin of a horse or an ass." "When it is quite dry," proceeds Theophilus, "take the herb called shave-grass, rub this whitening with it until it is made everywhere smooth and polished." In the treatise of Eraclius the preparation of the panel for painting is described in much the same way, the ingredients recommended being pulverized tile, wax, and white lead. Thus we see that wax was sometimes used as late as the thirteenth century.

Before the death of Margaritone, which occurred in 1293, Cimabue was painting in Florence. We may compare the panel by the painter of Arezzo

with that of the Florentine, which hangs not far away, numbered 565. There is certainly an advance. The human element has crept in; there is a touch of nature in the later work which was absent in the earlier.

Giovanni Cimabue was born in 1240, and has always been regarded as the founder of the great Tuscan school, which must be examined before the other schools which grew up in Italy can be appreciated. Cimabue studied according to the Byzantine methods, for there was no other school for him. But he soon showed an original power of giving expression; he did not hesitate to turn the head of the Virgin slightly aside, or to attempt a little perspective. Every one knows the story of the famous Rucellai Madonna which he painted, and which was escorted to its place over the altar by an enthusiastic multitude, singing and shouting for joy, much like the procession which accompanied the still greater altar-piece by Duccio in Siena a little later. It is well that we may come to Cimabue from Margaritone, rather than to approach this picture after having admired the later works of Italian artists. For now we are able to see the advance which Cimabue made over the work which had gone before, and our attitude is more sympathetic; and not like the spirit of those who, in Mrs. Browning's words:

"Because of some stiff draperies and loose joints
Gaze scorn down from the heights of Raphaelhood
On Cimabue's picture."

Cimabue as a boy was sent to be educated at the Convent of Santa Maria Novella; but, like many incipient artists, he spent his time in drawing "men, houses, horses, and all kinds of fantastic things." He also played truant in order to watch "certain Greek artists" at their work. He being one of the born artists of history, his father and masters had the sense to recognize it, and to arrange for his education in his chosen field.

A commentator nearly contemporary with Cimabue speaks of him as knowing more of the "noble art" than any man, but as being so proud and arrogant that, if any fault were discovered in one of his pictures, or if he himself detected a flaw, he would immediately destroy the whole work. In the Spanish Chapel in Santa Maria Novella in Florence may be seen the portrait of Cimabue; it is easily distinguished among the figures in the fresco, for he stands in profile, dressed all in white, with a short flowered cape and pointed hood, holding his chin high in the air, and with one pugnacious thumb visible over his turned shoulder. It is a spirited figure, and the pose suggests just such a character as that which the Anonimo gives him.

The example of Cimabue's work in the National

Gallery is an excellent one. The authenticity of the picture has been called in question, but it is so complete a manifestation of the style of Cimabue that for purposes of studying his characteristics one could hardly have a better specimen.

The use of burnished gold backgrounds was almost invariable with the early painters of the Italian schools, and we shall constantly find them in the pictures in London. The method of applying this gold was a most interesting process. The sheets of gold were hammered not quite as thin as gold-beaters to-day are accustomed to make them, and were applied by means of a sizing, and, when quite dry and "set," were burnished to a very high polish. Much ornamentation was also used, as may be seen in the Cimabue Madonna, especially in the nimbus surrounding the head of the Virgin; this was accomplished by tracing with a stiletto or stile the pattern desired, while the gesso was in a soft condition. The laying of gold-leaf required much skill. Theophilus directs that the clear part of the white of egg, beaten up without water, shall be painted lightly over the place in which the gold is to be laid; one corner of the cut leaf is then to be raised on the brush, with the "greatest quickness." "And at that moment," he says, "you must beware of a current of air, and refrain from breathing; because, if you blow, you lose the leaf,

and with difficulty recover it." The burnishing of the gold was accomplished by constant rubbing, gently yet firmly, with a hard substance, often a stone, such as crystal, or, for more delicate work, "a dogges' tooth set in a sticke." But the tool of the burnisher was of less importance than his patience. In a manuscript by Jehan le Begue, the illuminator is directed to burnish and go on burnishing, until the sweat runs down his forehead. In grinding their colours, too, the thirteenth-century painters were admonished to use great patience; Cennino Cennini directs: "Put some clear water . . . to the colour, and grind it well for half an hour, or an hour, or as long as you please; but know that, if you were to grind it for a year, so much the better would be the colour." Cimabue was famous for his use of the expensive colour, ultramarine, of which Cennini says: "Its good qualities exceed anything we can say in its favour." Cimabue died in 1302, — the beginning of that great fourteenth century, in which the arts of Italy made such wonderful advance under the inspiration of the immortal Giotto.

Greater than Cimabue is his contemporary Duccio di Buoninsegna, who, although the founder of the Sienese school, is unique, being the only other great painter of this epoch, and is usually studied in connection with the Florentine. In every par-

ticular in which Cimabue is superior to Margaritone, Duccio is equally superior to Cimabue. The National Gallery has a goodly collection of his works, and it is only necessary to glance at the exquisite little Annunciation, No. 1139, to feel that Duccio had all the faculties of a painter in a greater degree than did Cimabue. The other pictures by Duccio in this gallery are No. 566, the Madonna and Child, for some time the only example of his work in the collection; No. 1140, which represents Christ Healing the Blind, and 1330, the Transfiguration. To an uncritical observer, the differences between the work of Duccio and that of Cimabue are very slight; but almost any one will admit that, as they are to be seen in London, these pictures by Duccio far exceed in interest the Madonna by Cimabue. And so, if one were able to study these men both in their native cities, one would be forced to award the palm to the Sienese. There is more action, more feeling, and more human nature in Duccio's works, especially the Annunciation, than in any of the remaining works of Cimabue. Indeed, several modern critics ascribe the picture which has always been regarded as Cimabue's masterpiece to Duccio; but that is a point which is not in order for us to discuss in this volume.

Very little is known of the personal life of Duccio. But one pertinent fact should be noted. He was

DUCCIO. — ANNUNCIATION

taught his craft in a guild in Siena, from whose laws the following quotation is made: "We are, by the Grace of God, shewers to common men . . . of the miraculous things done by virtue of the holy faith, . . . and because in God is the sum of all perfection, therefore, in this our however small business . . . we call with much desire for the aid of Divine Grace, . . . and we order that no one of the art of painters shall dare or presume to put in the work which he may do other gold, or silver, or colour, than that which he shall have promised, . . . and who contravenes in the said matters shall be punished and condemned ten pounds for every offence." Thus we see that a conscientious spirit of honesty dominated this guild, and no better training could have been given to the young genius.

The simple dignity of the figure of the Virgin in Duccio's Annunciation, quite free from affected mannerisms, is imposing. The angel, too, is straightforward and graceful, moving with remarkable action and directness. The picture of the Madonna shows a touch of realism in the fact that Duccio has had the independence to represent the Divine Child as pulling aside his mother's veil, instead of sitting up and bestowing a blessing, as was almost invariable in pictures of the Infant Christ up to this time. Thus the inner motive and thought of the master has advanced toward

recognition of the Holy Family, whereas the outward sign of his teaching is visible in the Byzantine type of face and the long thin fingers. There is remarkable individuality, too, displayed in the arrangement of the figures and the treatment of the incident in the picture of Christ healing the blind man; an original bit of imaginative work is seen in the fact that, while the touch of Christ heals the eyes of the sufferer, his crutch falling from him suggests that the other infirmity of lameness has been cured at the same time. The most Byzantine of the pictures by Duccio, so far as traditionary treatment goes, is the Transfiguration. The draperies here, as in his other works, are relieved with fine gold lines in the lights.

Taking them all in all, Duccio's paintings are by far the most interesting of the thirteenth-century masters represented in the National Gallery.

CHAPTER II.

GIOTTO AND HIS SCHOOL

It is much to be regretted that there is no attested example of the work of Giotto in the National Gallery. His name is, of course, the foremost of the fourteenth century, and he founded a school of followers which made it possible for his influence to dominate the whole art-work of the century. But there are several bits of his followers' work in this collection, and, by an observation of them, and their methods, which were inherited directly from the master, we may come at a fairly good idea of his style.

Giotto himself stood for three special innovations in the field of art: he was the first painter who was able to transcribe his own thought in his work, painting with realism instead of being hampered by symbolism; grasping the essential points of interest, he presented them in so convincing a way that the spectator felt instinctively the true import of the picture. Another entirely new feature, original with him, was the ability to make objects stand

out, — he gave relief to his figures. The third great contribution of Giotto was his marvellous use of a given space, always filling it in the most skilful way both for narrative and decorative purposes. These three leading characteristics of his work descended in his school, and may be observed as we study one after another of his followers.

The traditional story of Giotto, as a boy, being found by Cimabue in a field, sketching sheep on a flat stone, probably has little historic foundation; but it is probable that Giotto was a pupil of Cimabue, and that he surpassed his master early in his career. If Cimabue was as proud and tenacious a character as he is described by the Anonimo, one may take issue with Mrs. Browning when she claims —

> "That Cimabue smiled upon the lad
> At the first stroke which passed what he could do."

It is well to begin by tracing some of the processes which made fourteenth-century art possible. One of the school of Giotto has left an illuminating treatise which has been mentioned before as a mine of information concerning the arts of his time. Cennino Cennini's treatise exhorts artists to follow one master, and he informs us of his own pedigree in the arts. "Do you pursue the method of colouring which I shall point out to you, because it was

adopted by Giotto, the great master, who had Taddeo Gaddi . . . for his disciple for twenty-four years; his disciple was Agnolo, his son; I was Agnolo's disciple for twelve years, and he showed me this method." So any student of Giotto can hardly do better than turn to Cennino Cennini for elucidation as to the methods employed by the master and his school.

Cennino's directions for painting on walls commence with instructions to procure lime and sand, and to sift them well. These, after having been tempered with water, are to be laid on the wall. "First sweep the wall," says Cennino, "and wet it well; you cannot wet it too much." Minute directions follow, for measuring the spaces, laying out the drawing, and applying colours. In giving suggestions as to the colouring to be employed, Cennino, speaking of the hair and beards of the figures to be portrayed, says: "I warn you, however, to let it be of some colour that you are accustomed to see." Then he gives didactic and relentless information, stating: "I will now acquaint you with the proportions of a man; I omit those of a woman, for there is not one of them perfectly proportioned." He proceeds: "I will not speak of irrational animals, because they appear to have no certain proportions." Cennino then gives a recipe for tempera. It is compounded of white and

yolk of an egg, and some cuttings from the top of a fig-tree; this mixture is the vehicle, but is to be employed "not in too great quantity, but as if you were diluting wine with water." He feels sure that this warning is prudent. He further conjures all artists to use the best colours only. "And if you say that a poor person cannot afford the expense," he argues, "I answer that if you work well, and paint with good colours, you will acquire so much fame, that from a poor person you will become a rich one." In painting flesh-tints, he directs the artist to be sure and temper his colour with "the yolk of a town-laid egg; because high-coloured yolks of eggs, laid by hens fed in the country, are only fit to colour the faces of old and dark persons!" And even at this early period, it is evident that oil must have been somewhat employed, for he directs: "If you desire to make your colours more brilliant, you may temper them with oil or with liquid varnish, which is the most powerful of temperas."

The only pictures in the National Gallery which were ever attributed to Giotto, are a fragment of fresco, No. 276, and a Coronation of the Virgin, No. 568. Both of these pictures are now ascribed to his scholars. But they are both fine examples of the style of the Giottesques. The bit of fresco was taken from a wall-painting in the Church of

GIOTTO. — TWO APOSTLES (FRAGMENT OF A FRESCO)

Mau

the Carmine, in Florence, and may easily have been the work of Taddeo Gaddi, or Agnolo, his son. As the fresco was not painted until after the death of Giotto, it is impossible that it should be his actual handiwork. But one may learn much of the detail of the art from this beautiful fragment; the marks of the stilé may be seen in the outlines, and the whole spirit of agony, as Giotto conceived it, is here portrayed.

Of the other works given to Taddeo Gaddi in the gallery, let us examine one, No. 579, the Baptism of Christ. This is an altar-piece with a predella below, showing numerous scenes from the lives of the saints. The picture is inscribed with the date 1387. As Taddeo died in 1366, he could not have painted it. The fish in the water in this picture are not in accidental groups; they are in a regular procession, as if the artist had it in his ingenuous mind that the fish should observe a fitting ritual on this occasion! All the pictures said to be by Taddeo are rendered in tempera, or distemper, on gesso grounds; these grounds, however, are laid on a canvas first stretched on the panel. Another work in his manner and in his school (why not by Cennini himself?) consists of a couple of panels with various saints, Nos. 215 - 216, a very peaceful impressive company of the Spirits and Souls of the Righteous. The Coronation of the

Virgin, No. 568, should be compared with the same subject as treated by Orcagna, No. 569. In both cases the pictures are the work of pupils of Giotto.

Orcagna was one of the greatest followers of the master. Both these altar-pieces have the reverent spirit which characterizes the art of the fourteenth century; in many of the more secular subjects, it has been thought that Giotto and his school lost sight of the ecclesiastical traditional treatment (as, indeed, was only consistent with any progress in realism!), but in altar-pieces, where the personages to be portrayed were divine, then these fourteenth-century men turned their eyes as near heaven as they knew how. A wealth of jewelled detail represented to this school the idea of decency and order in heaven; and they certainly spared no pains and expense to render what they considered true and laudable service. Orcagna was one of the most brilliant of the school of Giotto; indeed, he is often regarded as having improved upon the work of his predecessor. In Italy, there is some reason for this statement, but, alas! in London, it would be difficult to convince a spectator, from this work here attributed to him, that he was in any way great. The example is unworthy of his reputation.

There is a series of pictures by Landini, a pupil of Taddeo, which is very interesting. The central composition, No. 580, represents St. John the

ORCAGNA. — CORONATION OF THE VIRGIN

Non

Evangelist being lifted up to heaven, and is stiff and awkward; but the draperies of the saints in the side-panels are charmingly disposed, and the figure of the Virgin in the smaller panel, numbered 580*a*, is full of grace and sweetness. In the predella to this altar-piece, the scenes are well-conceived and carried out.

All the Giottesque altar-pieces so far have been more or less on the same order; there is a little one, however, by Justus of Padua, No. 701, and dated 1367, which far surpasses the larger ones in originality. Cosmo Monkhouse calls it "filled from corner to corner with the very passion of invention." Observe the pretty, fresh type of the Virgin, and the manly bearing of St. Paul. The alert little attendant, in the panel which represents the birth of our Lord, is excellently drawn. Note, too, the remarkably modern little tub in the left panel, and the naïve "repeat" of three angels, who look like rosettes set on the edge of the roof of the cattle-shed! All these touches are very original and delightful, and the coiling dragon tied in a double knot at the feet of St. Margaret is also anatomically instructive!

There is a good panel, also, by Barnaba da Modena, No. 1437, representing the Descent of the Holy Ghost. The little group of disciples, with the Virgin in their midst, are full of awe and rever-

ence. The heads are very varied in type; the rafters of the ceiling, being close above these heads, increase the sensation of brooding wonder. The draperies are all painted with such naturalism as Giotto's school had reached, with the exception of that of the Virgin; this robe, touched here and there with fine gold lines, conforms to the Byzantine rule.

Spinello Aretino, who is associated somewhat with Sienese art, but whom we recognize as belonging to the Tuscan school, has several examples of his work in the National Gallery. Born about 1333, he is a disciple in a direct authenticated line from Giotto. No. 581, a group of three saints, shows little to warrant us in admiring this master. We pass to another of his works, the Crucifixion, No. 1468; this is a conventional treatment of the subject. It looks much like most altar-pieces of its period, both in rendering and conception. But there is another work, full of vigour, decorative, original; this is a fragment of the great fresco which Spinello painted at Arezzo, when he was an old man, over eighty, in all probability. Here we have, in No. 1216, St. Michael leading his hosts of warriors, presiding over the fall of the rebel angels. Here is a swift rush of energy, the spirit which should animate the Church Militant. Vasari tells us that, while he was painting this

JUSTUS OF PADUA. — ALTAR-PIECE (DETAIL)

NOT

fresco, Spinello had made an effort to conceive and portray Lucifer in the most hideous form imaginable. He had studied this horrible face so long that, one night, "the figure he had painted appeared to him in his sleep, demanding to know where the painter had seen him looking so ugly as that, and wherefore he permitted his pencils to offer Lucifer so mortifying an affront." The artist awoke in much terror, and could hardly be recovered; Vasari says that he "was on the point of expiring, . . . and did not, in fact, survive beyond a very short time, during which he remained in a dispirited condition, with eyes from which all intelligence had departed. It was thus that Spinello closed his career," adds Vasari; and, if we may credit his account, certainly Spinello Aretino enjoyed the unique distinction of having scared himself to death.

A striking painter among these early Tuscans, who were beginning to turn to the light, was Paolo Uccello. His last name signifies "bird"; it was adopted from his intense love for birds, and from the fact that he constantly painted them. But there is nothing so trivial as a bird in the great picture by Uccello in the National Gallery, the subject of which is the Battle of St. Egidio, and the number, 583. Here we have anything but sylvan tranquillity; the picture is usually considered the finest

example of the master in existence. Uccello made a special study of perspective, and whether he was successful in depicting things in perspective or not is less to our purpose than the fact that it was his constant effort to do so. He spent many precious hours, which might have been better employed, in calculation and experiment. Donatello said to him: "Ah, Paolo, with this perspective of thine, thou art leaving the substance for the shadow!" Indeed, it is recorded of him that he would stand all night by his drawing-board, working out problems in his favourite science, and when his wife remonstrated with him, urging him to take the necessary rest, his only answer would be: "Oh, what a delightful thing is this perspective!" Uccello was born in 1397, and stands almost alone in his period in his line.

The Battle of St. Egidio represents a historic scene, which may be interpreted in two ways. According to one hypothesis, Carlo Malatesta, Lord of Rimini, has just met Braccio di Montone, Lord of Perugia, and is about to be taken prisoner. The actual moment chosen for presentation is when the young Malatesta rides into battle with his uncle, Carlo, the leader of the army. Carlo is shown as sixty years of age. The knights are closing; two, with lowered lances, are pushing forward, and the fight is beginning. The helmet of the young Mala-

UCCELLO. — BATTLE OF ST. EGIDIO

Mau

testa is not yet placed upon his head, which is covered with golden hair. He sits calmly awaiting his captain's orders. The intention of Uccello in introducing a beautiful rose-hedge as a background for this scene of carnage is doubtless to mark the contrast between the benignity of nature and the warring passions of men. This scene may be differently interpreted. The condition of the ground may indicate that the battle is finished, and that Malatesta and his nephew are being led away prisoners. This theory is substantiated by the fact that they are not under their own standard. According to this interpretation, the active fighting going on at the right might be an effort on the part of Malatesta's forces to rescue their leader. In either interpretation, the picture is interesting because it presents a scene in contemporary life, which the painters of that day seldom attempted, and also shows several efforts to display Uccello's knowledge of perspective. The fallen knight, lying on the ground, is in such extreme perspective that he is almost disposed of altogether with his rapid vanishing-lines! The black horse on the right is well foreshortened, and the introduction of figures at various distances in the background, also, is done to exploit the artist's knowledge of diminishing-lines. There is a good deal of feeling in common between the work of this man and the Japanese

method of treating a battle-scene. The selection of simple dramatic episodes which tell the story in a straightforward way is a trait of both early Italian and Japanese art.

CHAPTER III.

THE DAWNING OF THE RENAISSANCE

THE climax in the ecstatic school of religious art was reached by Fra Angelico, the gentle monk, who devoted his life to art for love of his brethren, and not for temporal gain. Fra Giovanni was a man of most holy life. This simplicity, goodness, and purity are the foundation of his appeal to the hearts of all generations. If one becomes analytic, one will probably observe that in imaginative power and dramatic feeling he is below Giotto, Orcagna, or Spinello. Yet there is a spell about his lovely angelic hosts and his ascetic saints for which it is hard to account on critical grounds. His works in the National Gallery are very interesting, and especially demonstrate his spiritual grace and feeling. No. 582 is the Adoration of the Magi, which expresses much of the sentiment for which the blessed Giovanni was famous. The delicate wistfulness of the Madonna, the reverence of the worshippers, and the highly decorative gar-

ments which they wear, are all characteristic of the master. But even more perfect as an illustration of his genius is the group of panels, No. 663, known as the Christ in Glory. The central figure of the risen Lord is inadequate; whenever Fra Angelico attempted to paint an undraped figure, it was unnatural, for his studies and meditations had never led him to observe the nude; but the angelic host and the group of the blessed, many of them with their names inscribed on their halos, could hardly be more satisfactory. There are over two hundred and sixty figures here represented, and the detail and conscientious workmanship are as remarkable as in any of the famous pictures by Fra Angelico in Italy. The Virgins of Fra Angelico have been called "visible incarnations of the spirit of holiness"; tradition has it that the good Beato was originally an illuminator of manuscripts, and the internal evidence of the quality of his colouring, bright and almost crude, sometimes really dazzling, confirms this legend. His palette is that of the illuminator. To explain the subtle charm of his works, one must believe that his imagination was dominated by actual visions; he painted from what he must have seen with his spiritual eyes, while in a state of exaltation. To him the painting of a picture was an act of worship; he never even corrected a line which

he had once made, going so far as to believe that his hand was an instrument of the divine will.

If we turn to the large altar-piece by Benozzo Gozzoli, No. 283, we will see that this favourite pupil of Fra Angelico, in all technical methods, has profited by his teaching; the pupil is, if anything, in advance of the master. The meek Virgin and the robust human Child are well drawn and modelled, the kneeling saints have beautifully inscribed halos; but there is more pose, more consciousness of an audience than in the absorbed little saints of the Beato; the vision has faded. The world is making more headway with Benozzo. And in the little octagon panel, No. 591, we discover that Benozzo has undertaken, not only a secular, but a shady subject! no less than the Abduction of Helen of Troy! We say advisedly that he has *undertaken* to portray this classical subject, for it were vain to claim that he has succeeded. The people are Florentines. The merry group are enjoying themselves in strictly mediæval attitudes; and Helen herself, mounted triumphantly on the neck of Paris, is riding off in glee, while her lover, holding her firmly in place by the wrists, dashes down the temple steps, and makes for the river. Benozzo has a wonderful faculty for painting the beauty of the jewels and clothing of his period, but he has not

the same ideal, which governed Fra Angelico da Fiesole, of making them minister to his religion.

The eccentric Andrea Castagno and his friend Domenico Veneziano may be here considered. Domenico Veneziano was said to have been the first to employ oil as a regular medium in painting; as we have seen, oil was used for many centuries in various recipes for preparing pigments, but in its more modern application it had not reached Italy in the fourteenth century, though the Van Eycks in Flanders were painting freely with an oil vehicle at this time. But of them later. The legend runs that Domenico told his secret to Andrea del Castagno, who, anxious to be the sole proprietor of this new discovery, murdered his friend. But, as Andrea died in 1427, and Veneziano not until 1461, it is hardly possible now to credit this romantic tale.

As it happens, the pictures by Domenico in the National Gallery are in fresco. Two heads, a monk, No. 766, and a saint, 767, are well-drawn, stalwart models, originally part of a tabernacle in the Canto de' Carnesecchi in Florence. The central portion of this tabernacle was the Madonna and Child, No. 1215. This group of three pictures should be regarded with special respect, for, with the exception of one picture in the Uffizi, they are all that have survived of the works of this master.

Andrea del Castagno, the friend and reputed murderer of Domenico, is represented by one picture only in this collection; this is a small dark panel, a Crucifixion, No. 1138. It is chiefly interesting as being the earliest specimen of landscape painting in the gallery.

A painter-monk of a very different mould from Fra Angelico, Fra Filippo Lippi (endeared to all of us by his human frailties and his pretty Madonnas), was not a good monk; he did not see visions, nor was he a religious enthusiast; but he was a painter of the most exquisite pictures, and with his ardent nature, which was under the suppression of the Church, he managed to infuse into his work an inspiration differing in kind from that of the Beato, but none the less good to look upon for that. The most remarkable feature about the large picture, No. 248, the Vision of St. Bernard, is the study of facial expression, — individual surprise is depicted on the face of the saint, when, upon looking up from his book, he sees the Divine Mother before him. This picture, which is in tempera, was painted to occupy a certain space over a door in the Palazzo Signoria in Florence. Thus its shape was determined for it, but Fra 'Lippo proved himself an able composer as well as a good delineator, for he has filled the odd-shaped lunette very admirably. No. 589 is a charming little panel

representing the Virgin receiving the Child from an attendant angel. The mother-love appealed to Fra 'Lippo quite as much as a more austere form of reverence, and there is little of the formal majesty of some of the earlier Madonnas, but it has great dignity. The Annunciation, No. 666, is a rather conventional but very pretty treatment of the subject. The picture is enchanting in all its details, from the little flowered lawn on which the angel kneels, with his beautiful peacock wings, to the exquisite bordering on the robe of the Virgin, — everything is refined and lovely. The colouring is harmonious, too; it is soft and more subdued than the tints used by most of Fra 'Lippo's contemporaries. The same delicacy of tone is observable in his St. John the Baptist and Other Saints, No. 667, which is the companion-piece to the Annunciation, and in the same semi-lunette panel form. This charming composition shows St. John seated in the centre, with six saints grouped about, listening to his words. The young saints, sitting on a marble sedilia, in a beautiful garden, listening to inspired words, — this all typifies the quality of the religion of Fra 'Lippo. Ruskin calls attention to his love for flowers. He had the same love of beauty which characterized the artists of the Renaissance. The mediæval ascetic has died, and the lover of all things good and beautiful exists. The spring of

the new art is dawning. The two figures of the young saints Cosmo and Damian, sitting on either side of the Baptist, are full of the spirit of this Renaissance; they were the patrons of Cosmo de Medici, for whom these panels were executed.

Good has come out of evil for us through the existence of Fra Filippo Lippi's son, Filippino Lippi. It was a great scandal at the time, that this youth should be the son of Fra 'Lippo and his beautiful model, the nun Lucrezia; it is, after some centuries, an unmixed blessing that we have the works of this delightful painter, whose pictures equalled those of his illustrious father. He has bequeathed to us a most attractive type, that of the Virgin, in the large picture, No. 293, where, in a beautiful landscape, the Child and his mother are adored by the saints Jerome and Dominick. The same face occurs again on a fragment in tempera, No. 927. No more lovely bit of Filippino's work exists than this exquisite scrap, with the sweet round-browed angel raising his hands in adoration. The touch of this artist is very crisp. There are two renderings by Filippino of the Adoration of the Magi, one, No. 592, a long, low panel, with historical treatment, and the other, a tondo, or circular panel, No. 1033. Both are well-executed, well-filled spaces; and the round one is almost like a Botticelli. As Filippino's father died while he was very young, he

was brought up under the direction of the immortal and unique Sandro, and this picture is sometimes claimed for the latter. The seventy figures which crowd into the scene are well composed, and the whole is handled much as Botticelli would have done it. In the St. Francis in Glory, Filippino is less happy in his composition. This panel is numbered 598. It seems as though the artist had brushed his angels up into an inconspicuous place, so that he might have an opportunity to work an elaborately tooled gold background. The result is curious rather than harmonious. The picture suggests an experiment.

Pollaiuolo's St. Sebastian, No. 292, is the first picture in the National Gallery painted entirely in oils. (The Nativity, by Piero della Francesca, is also in oil, but it is a little later). Pollaiuolo was among the earliest painters to practise dissection, and his anatomic knowledge, and also his understanding of aerial perspective, was in advance of some of his contemporaries. This picture was painted primarily, as to its composition, to enable the artist to work out various problems in foreshortening. One figure is studied entirely from behind, another from the side, and St. Sebastian himself from below. Although the result may not be beautiful, it is, at any rate, clever. The landscape is quite extensive, and, instead of looking like

FILIPPINO LIPPI. — VIRGIN AND CHILD WITH THE INFANT ST. JOHN

Angu

a scene painted on a vertical plane behind the figures, as many early landscapes do, it seems to recede like real country, — in other words, it is correctly foreshortened. Few painters of Pollaiuolo's day painted anatomy any more correctly than he; if his figures are meagre, it must be remembered that the Florentines of that period were probably a rather thin, cold, poorly nourished people. He painted the nude as he saw it; also it is well to bear in mind that the nude was probably seen by him after death, in most cases. His ambition was not to create a thing of beauty, but to place within his picture the unflattered human form. St. Sebastian is calm and exalted in his suffering; this is the only spiritual touch in the composition. This picture should be compared with Crivelli's altar-piece, No. 724, in which St. Sebastian is seen to cringe as an arrow fixes itself in his leg.

There are two Tuscan pictures considered to be of the school of Verocchio, Nos. 296 and 781. They are both very fine works, whoever painted them. They have certain characteristics of this master, to those who observe critically the traits of the artists of the Renaissance. One Madonna, No. 296, is very like the work of Lorenzo di Credi, the faces being calm and lovely. The quaint attitude of the Child is interesting, with his little fingers up to his lips, as if he were asking permission to eat some-

thing which he holds in his hand. The execution and finish of the picture, too, are very perfect.

Ghirlandaio is one of the artists who is not very well represented in the National Gallery. He was primarily a great composer of decorative fresco, and here we find him only as a portrait painter. No. 1230, a bust of a girl, and No. 1299, portrait of a youth, are painted acceptably, but are rather unimaginative and phlegmatic, showing little of the great scenic possibilities of the Florentine. Ghirlandaio had the honour to teach Michelangelo. He was born in 1449, the son of a goldsmith in Florence, who made wreaths of silver, which were worn by young girls in those days, and from this occupation, as a garland maker, he derived his name. Domenico's chief virtue, beside able colouring and composition, was his remarkably accurate eye. He could make architectural drawings without measurements; he "drew by eye," as many "play by ear," for, when his optical measurements were compared with the actual ones, they were found to be mechanically correct. He and his brother worked together frequently. They had a strange experience once, while engaged on a bit of fresco work for the monks of Santa Maria Nuova. They were dissatisfied with the fare which they received for their dinner. They complained that it was only fit for common labourers, and they

petitioned the monks to provide them with better food. The next day the same bowl of inferior soup and a poor loaf of bread were presented, the monks paying no attention to their request. Whereupon these high-spirited boys took the soup and poured it down the neck of the brother who brought it, and beat him with the loaf. After that, they had better viands. Domenico worked also in mosaic. He died, according to Vasari, in 1498, "of a violent fever, the pestiferous nature of which deprived him of life in five days."

In the reign of Sixtus IV., the Pope who was such a great lover of the arts, and who built the Sistine Chapel, the leading painters were much affected by the reaction which set in in favour of pagan art. Sixtus had superintended many excavations, and had rediscovered much classic treasure about Rome, while the myths of both Greece and Rome were the fashionable literature of the readers of the period. Many pictures of classical subjects were executed at this time, although, owing to the fact that the revived taste for the antique was only in its infancy, the education of the painters had not yet made it possible for them to know much of the costume or daily life of classic times. So they selected the subjects from the ancient stories, but clothed their people as their own citizens were clothed; they did not concern themselves much

with details of realism. The rage for antiquities had reached such a height, that, at the end of the fifteenth century, when an embalmed body of a young Roman maiden was discovered, the Pope thought best to have it buried secretly, lest the populace should be moved to offer it some kind of worship! The passion for classical learning spread, so that many individuals even returned to the pagan faith, and changed their Christian names for Greek and Roman ones.

When Lorenzo the Magnificent became ruler of Florence, the classic revival was in full swing, and swept in a wave of paganism unrestrained. Immorality and scepticism obtained among the cultured people of the city. In the midst of all this confusion, one can understand the need for Savonarola, and one can the more reverence such artists as Fra Bartolommeo, Botticelli, and Lorenzo di Credi, with their many followers, who, known as the Piagnoni Painters, kept before the people the essential teachings of the Church as they knew it, and were untouched by the decadent state of the society in which they lived.

The only example of the pious Fra Bartolommeo in the National Gallery is a Madonna, No. 1694, in which the little St. John is figured as a pilgrim with staff and flask; the infant Christ reaches

toward him. The picture is a particularly fine specimen, rich and tender, full of spiritual grace.

Among the naïve artists of the classic Renaissance, Piero di Cosimo stands well represented in this collection, by his characteristic picture of the Death of Procris, No. 698. The poor nymph lies dead on the low sandy marsh, where her jealous watchfulness of her young hunter-husband had caused her to follow him. Wounded by a random shot from the unsuspecting Cephalus himself, she lost her life, without his realizing what he had done. Carelessly he went on his glad way, leaving his beloved wife to be discovered by the strange little mediæval satyr who bends over her in the picture. A curious creature is this; his ears are the weirdest imaginable, and would presuppose a face of vicious expression. But no; a helpless, simple, kind-hearted furry hybrid is the satyr, not in the least Greek, nor terrifying; just a woodland creature of harmless ways, who is distressed to find the poor maiden lying dead. He kneels by her; and, by the way, his knees turn as human knees do, — Piero had forgotten that satyrs had goat's legs, and he has endowed his with very thin shanks, covered with fur, but anatomically the same as a deformed man might have. The dog Lelaps sits by, with a wonderfully comprehending expression on his face. It is as unusual to see a dog with an ostrich-

feather tail as to see a faun with human knee-joints! But one does not care. The whole scene is so ingenuous, so innocent, and so eloquent of the early flower of art, that its little technical irregularities are as pathetic as a child's effort to draw his idea of a beautiful face. The panel, which is of poplar-wood, is long and narrow. Austin Dobson's poem on the subject seems to be describing this very picture.

Piero di Cosimo was an eccentric man, and George Eliot, in "Romola," has given us a hardly exaggerated picture of him. He lived the life of a hermit, allowing no one to visit him, preferring to work quite by himself. The presence of human beings interfered with his inspiration; even to hear the usual sounds of the street caused him great annoyance. He delighted in constructing strange anatomic freaks, based upon various animal forms. In passing a wall which had marks of mould or weather-stain upon it, he would often see imaginary landscapes or cities in these accidental embellishments, and he was constantly observing scenes of this description in the clouds. He was in great demand for designing pageants and processions, and the results were often weird, and not infrequently very impressive. He ruined his health by an exclusive diet of eggs. To save trouble, he would boil fifty at a time, keeping them in a basket,

from which he could help himself when he happened to feel hungry. In his excitable nature lay a terror of lightning and any natural phenomena of such character; he used to go in, shut up all his windows, and roll his head up in a cloak during thunder-storms. His objection to being watched at his work was carried to such an extreme that he once refused to allow the superintendent of a hospital to see a picture which he had ordered, until it was entirely finished, while he nevertheless charged a certain amount at intervals toward its completion. The superintendent finally refused to pay any more instalments until he should be convinced of the progress of the work. "Very well," replied Piero, "then I will destroy what I have done." By this threat he obtained his regular payments, and not until it pleased the artist to consider the picture finished did the owner set eyes upon it! This lonely and eccentric man was finally discovered lying dead at the foot of his own staircase.

There is also an interesting portrait of a warrior in armour by our friend Piero di Cosimo, No. 895, the background of which displays the Piazza Signoria in Florence, with the Palazzo Vecchio and the Loggia as they stood in his day. The Lion Marzocco and Michelangelo's David may also be

distinguished. The great sculptor was in the beginning of his fame when this picture was painted.

The greatest pupil of Piero di Cosimo was Andrea del Sarto, the "faultless painter." The National Gallery has only two of his works. One, No. 690, was long supposed to be his own portrait. The fascinating, somewhat melancholy face, with its subtle marks of experience, might easily be an image of the unhappy Andrea, but it happens that his authenticated likenesses do not bear out the similarity. Probably this is some well-known sculptor. He is holding in his hands a block of modelling-clay. The lights on the face and the wonderfully living expression of the eyes in their side glance make this one of the most attractive portraits in London. The Madonna and Child, with St. Elizabeth and St. John, No. 17, is not one of the finest of Andrea's Holy Families; and it is questioned whether the picture be a genuine one.

Andrea del Sarto learned much from some men, and bequeathed a great deal to others. From his master, Piero di Cosimo, from Leonardo, from Raphael and Michelangelo, he absorbed much. As he tells his wife, in Browning's poem (showing his deep veneration for the last two):

> "Said one day Agnolo his very self,
> To Raphael, — I have known it all these years, —
> (When the young man was flaming out his thought

Upon a palace wall for Rome to see,
Too lifted up in heart because of it),
'Friend, there's a certain sorry little scrub
Goes up and down our Florence, none cares how,
Who, were he set to plan and execute,
As you are, picked on by your Popes and Kings,
Would bring the sweat into that brow of yours!'
To Raphael's!"

CHAPTER IV.

THE FLOWERING OF THE TUSCAN SCHOOL

THE first bud of promise for the flowering of the Tuscan school may be said to have appeared in the unique genius of Botticelli. He lived in the last half of the great fifteenth century, and antedates Michelangelo and Raphael, who dominated the full ripeness of the Golden Age.

It is true that nearly all the Madonnas of Botticelli have that expression which has been referred to as "peevish," but they are more humanly impressive than some of Raphael's apathetic Virgins, whose beauty is often inexpressive and conventional. Botticelli was perhaps the most intellectual and thoughtful painter of his day. His works, although appreciated by contemporaries, soon went out of vogue. Not until the last century has this man been quite understood, and a place high in the arts assigned to him.

He was born in 1447, — five years before Leonardo da Vinci. He lived sixty-three years, dying in 1510; though Vasari claims that he became

aged and decrepit and lived until 1515. After he came under the influence of Savonarola, it is said that he painted no more; in that case, his period of activity is restricted to about forty years. The chief fascination of this painter is owing to his penetration into the realm of sensation. He has little poise or equilibrium, but his sensitiveness has a poignant charm.

Compare the two faces by Botticelli in the National Gallery, — one entirely human, and one entirely spiritual: his Portrait of a Young Man, No. 626, and the lovely little Madonna of the familiar tondo, No. 275. The youth, in his dusky browns and reds, speaks of the prosperities of the earth; the Virgin has about her all the ethereal charm and glow of the celestial world. The eyes, with their rather heavy lids, suggest, in the youth, a sense of humour and a capacity for pleasure; the same wide-set eyes of the Virgin denote an innocent dreamy rapture. Facts like these prove that Botticelli could paint the soul, and not only the outward shape of the features. Few artists can thus use the same anatomic characteristics of a face so as to express, in two cases, entirely opposite temperaments. Some critics say that the tondo is not the work of the master; this may be true of the Child, and the accessories; but it hardly seems possible that the Madonna can have been painted by a pupil.

The colouring is very subdued. On the back of the panel is inscribed the name, "Giuliano da San Gallo." This is more probably the owner of the painting than the artist. If San Gallo had been able to paint such pictures as this, his name would be more widely known in the graphic arts.

The picture usually supposed to represent Mars and Venus, No. 915, is interpreted by Jean Paul Richter to refer to a different subject. He believes that it is illustrative of an episode in the poem of Angelo Poliziano, entitled, "Stanze per la Giostra" ("Song of the Tournament"), which was written in honour of Giuliano de Medici. The plot of the poem is too intricate to outline here; but the scene to which the critic has reference is, when Giuliano, dreaming, experiences fear at the thought of a lady-love who is clad in the armour of Minerva; whereupon Cupid comes and whispers in his ear comforting words, and, the dream being dispelled, the lady-love appears again, divested of armour, and robed in white. This lady-love being the famous Simonetta, Richter is convinced that the head of the Venus in this picture is a literal portrait of the renowned beauty. The composition of the picture is singular, being brought into a space nearly three times as long as it is high; there is another of these horizontal panels (but more likely by a pupil), numbered 916, in which the lines

BOTTICELLI. — MARS AND VENUS

Main

are much less harmonious. Still another interpretation has been put upon this picture. It is suggested that it probably represents the Bower of Bliss which was overthrown by Sir Guyon, in Spenser's "Faërie Queene," Book II., 12; and the descriptions of the two persons certainly correspond remarkably to these:

> "Upon a bed of roses she was layd . . .
> And was arrayed, or rather disarrayed,
> All in a veil of silk and silver thin."

Of the "young man sleeping by her," it is said:

> "His warlike arms, the idle instruments
> Of sleeping praise, were hung upon a tree.
> Ne for them ne for honour carèd he."

No. 782 is a school piece; it is a pleasant, but not brilliant, work. Another round painting, No. 226, is somewhat reminiscent of several works of the master; for instance, the two angels crown the Madonna in a similar manner to those in the Magnificat Madonna in the Uffizi, while the Child's hand is in the attitude of that of the infant in another circular picture in that gallery. The picture here is only claimed as a copy, the original one being in Rome. Another work, of which the authenticity is disproved, is the curious "Assumption of the Virgin," No. 1126, in which a vista of

heaven, like an inverted bowl, is shown, with the ranks of the blessed in varying degrees ranged in most uncomfortable and precarious circular galleries. The picture is a large one, and is a curious and literal idea of an actual throng of worshippers spending Eternity as the old hymn suggests:

> "There dawns no Sabbath, no Sabbath is o'er;
> Those Sabbath-keepers have one evermore!"

The individual figures, especially of the angels, are beautiful.

But the masterpiece of Botticelli in the National Gallery is the exquisite Nativity, No. 1034. The figure of the Madonna is faultlessly lovely in its attitude of adoration of the Divine Child. The picture must have been one of the very last executed by Botticelli, for it was painted during the time that Savonarola was goading souls to repentance, and stirring up all manner of dead consciences. At the top of the picture is a Greek inscription, which has been thus translated: "This picture I, Alexander, painted at the end of the year 1500, in the troubles of Italy, in the half-time after the time during the fulfilment of the 11th of St. John, in the Second Woe of the Apocalypse, in the loosing of the Devil for three years and a half. Afterwards he shall be chained and trodden down as in this picture." Mystical as this sounds,

the eleventh chapter of the Apocalypse is capable of being read so as to interpret this picture. The men being embraced by angels in the foreground are evidently those into whom the "spirit of life from God entered" (supposed to refer to Savonarola and the two others who were martyred with him); devils are seen hurrying into clefts in the rocks, while the angelic host appears above, whence comes "a great voice from heaven, saying, 'Come up hither.' And they ascended up to heaven in a cloud." This choir of angels is among the most beautifully decorative of such inventions in the field of art.

Botticelli's complex nature has been well expressed by Mr. Ralph Adams Cram in his able work on "Religious Painting in Italy." "Gay and mirth-loving," says Mr. Cram, "he yet painted nothing that was not touched with passionate emotionalism that verged often on the morbid; surrounded by . . . all the luxury and vice of an epoch of enormous glory, he yet turned and followed the fierce prophet who cursed it all in the name of Christ; loving the newly discovered art and literature of Greece and Rome, he linked himself with the man who condemned them all to the flames." He continues: "The culmination of mediævalism, the inception of modernism, centre in him."

Perhaps the two faces in the National Gallery, the youth and the Madonna, express as well as anything which he has left to us the two-sided nature of this great man.

Among the Piagnoni Painters was Lorenzo di Credi, 1459 to 1537. A sweet, thoughtful hush seems to pervade his compositions, which are always finished with the tender, consecrated spirit of reverence which characterized the work of Fra Angelico, although technically his treatment is different. His two Madonnas here, Nos. 593 and 648, hardly do justice to his ability, for they are not painted in his finest manner.

Albertinelli is only represented by one picture in the London gallery, a little Virgin and Child, No. 645.

There are a couple of strenuous crowded compositions by Baldassare Peruzzi, and a Trinità by Pesellino, which, in the old, conventional way, is interesting.

Among the friends and co-workers of Andrea del Sarto were three of about his own age, — Francia Bigio, Francesco Ubertini, called Bachiacca, and Jacopo da Pontormo. They are all three to be studied in the National Gallery. The most intimate relations existed between Andrea del Sarto and Francia Bigio. This talented young artist, six years the senior of Andrea, having been

born in 1482, was a pupil of Albertinelli. There could hardly be a more delightful portrait than his, of a young man dressed in a tunic, the front of which is decorated with the Cross of Malta, No. 1035. One can understand the sympathy which must have existed, on æsthetic grounds, at least, between Francia Bigio and Del Sarto; for one has only to glance from this portrait by him, to Andrea's Sculptor, 690, to see that the two temperaments expressed themselves in the same way. A charm of pose characterizes both, and, in each case, all the intellectual possibilities of the face are brought out to the fullest extent.

Francesco Ubertini, although often classed as a member of the Umbrian school, may be here mentioned. He and Pontormo were both engaged, together with Andrea, in painting a series of panels representing the history of Joseph, for the wedding-furniture of Francesco Borgherini and his bride. Two of Andrea's panels are in the Pitti Palace, and two of Ubertini's and one of Pontormo's are in the National Gallery. Ubertini's work is brilliant in tone, and the panels are long and narrow. They are numbered 1218 and 1219. The first shows Joseph standing in a kind of porte-cochère, surrounded by his brethren, who have brought him their offerings. The other exhibits two scenes, the first being a journey of the brothers in the time

of famine, little Benjamin, in blue, being conspicuous; he lags a little in his walk, as a tired child might do. At the other end of the panel they are all kneeling and beseeching help from Joseph. The shape of the panel indicates that these were used on a chest.

Pontormo's panel in this set is square instead of oblong. It is numbered 1131. It has been pronounced the finest piece of work ever executed by Pontormo. It contains, by a curious system of division, five separate scenes of episodes in Joseph's career. The figures, though small, are well modelled, and the composition is harmonious. It is interesting to note that the figure of a little boy seated on the steps in the foreground is a portrait study of Pontormo's pupil, Bronzino, of whom we shall soon speak.

Pontormo was brought up by his grandmother, his parents having died when he was very small; he was early sent to study with Leonardo da Vinci, moving on from teacher to teacher until he had been instructed by Albertinelli, Piero di Cosimo, and Andrea del Sarto as well. He became famous for heraldic and decorative work also; he arranged various pageants, one of which was that representation of the Golden Age which had so tragic a sequel, the boy who appeared as the Genius of the Golden Age dying, from the result of having

been completely gilded. In spite of this disaster, Pontormo's fame advanced, and illustrious men came for their portraits, and he became a prolific painter of historic personages and scenes.

Luca Signorelli, to whom, says Sir Frederick Burton, "is due the inauguration of the study of the human form for its own sake," is the next great painter for us to observe in this famous century. Travellers are familiar with his famous frescoes at Orvieto; he can hardly be appreciated elsewhere. One of the pictures by him, in London, No. 910, called the Triumph of Chastity, is a fresco, although it has been transferred to canvas. The drawing of the figures is vigorous and the colouring opalescent, but the authenticity of the work is questioned by Dr. J. P. Richter. Cupid, kneeling in the foreground, is being bound and deprived of his bow and arrow by several strapping damsels, — positive Amazons, who, in a prudish rage, are heartlessly arrayed against the poor youth. There are some warriors watching the proceeding, — their aspect is a trifle dejected, as if they regretted this strenuous attack on the part of the ladies. There is an allegory here which modern self-sufficient women may absorb without detriment to their real strength of mind.

Signorelli has also two large pictures here, No. 1128 and No. 1133, the Circumcision and the Na-

tivity. The first of these is one of the finest of his productions, though the figure of the Child has been repainted. The priest on his knees before the Virgin and Child is said to be a portrait of Signorelli himself. The full, rich brush-work in this picture is significant, this being one of the earliest paintings among those in the National Gallery which we have examined, in which this broad handling is observable. In the Nativity the principal figures are a trifle stiff, but it is a good specimen of the realistic tendencies of Luca. It is divided into four scenes, the first being that in the temple, where the scribes are seen taking the list of taxpayers. The second scene is the centre of the composition, — the Birth of Our Lord and the Adoration of the Shepherds. Luca has been so independent of tradition that he fails to show either the manger or the swaddling-clothes, which are hardly ever omitted in paintings of this subject. Another scene shows the angel appearing to the shepherds, and on the other side a very attractive shepherd is seen, sitting among the rocks, playing on his pipe. Signorelli was a whole generation earlier than Michelangelo, but his vigorous figure-drawing is prophetic of the coming of the master.

Vasari tells a pretty story of Signorelli, on the occasion of his making a visit to Vasari's father,

Signorelli extended his hand to young Vasari, then a boy of eight, and said, "Antonio, let little Georgio by all means learn to draw, that he may not degenerate; for, even though he should hereafter devote himself to learning, yet the knowledge of design, if not profitable, cannot fail to be honourable and advantageous." And he said to the boy himself, "Study well, little kinsman."

There are in this collection two unfinished pictures by Michelangelo. They are both early, and do not exhibit the great Florentine at his best. The picture of the Madonna and Child with Angels, No. 809, was executed when Buonarroti was only a boy in his teens, working in the studio with Ghirlandaio, and it shows some of the master's influence. It is more virile, however, even as the work of Michelangelo's early days, than the most mature work of Ghirlandaio. The only other Michelangelo, No. 790, is the Entombment of Our Lord. The very fact that these pictures are unfinished makes them valuable in telling us something of the technique employed by Michelangelo. The flesh is laid in first with a green ground, which in the earliest treatises is recommended, — thus, even in the height of the Golden Age, this primitive law of colouring is still observed. The draperies were painted over a white ground. The drawing of the figures in the Entombment is splendidly

strong, and the feeling of tugging strength supporting dead weight is nowhere more realistically expressed. Still, it must be admitted that the picture is not attractive. Symonds considers the early Madonna as one of the most beautiful easel-pictures of Michelangelo.

Angelo Bronzino, a pupil of Pontormo, whose portrait as a youth we found, painted by that artist, in miniature, sitting on the lower step in the picture of Joseph and His Brethren, was born in the sixteenth century, 1502, and lived until 1572. He is one of the few artists, of whom we shall speak at this time, who was born after the great century had come in. There are several of his pictures in the National Gallery, among the best being No. 649, a portrait of a boy dressed in crimson and sable, — really quite a young courtier of the period. The picture has caused some discussion, having been ascribed by various critics to Pontormo; but in Sir Edward Poynter's great work on the gallery, it is given to Bronzino.

The other works of Bronzino in London are portraits, with the exception of a classical extravaganza, entitled Venus, Cupid, Folly, and Time, or All Is Vanity. This picture, No. 651, represents Venus in an extremely awkward attitude, turning to kiss Cupid, who assumes a position positively grotesque and almost impossible, while Father

MICHELANGELO. — ENTOMBMENT OF OUR LORD

Time, apparently much irritated at the pranks of some children in the background, sweeps out his arm angrily, as if wishing to brush them from the face of the earth! A very innocent-looking little harpy squats behind the rampant young Folly, amiably offering a bit of honeycomb to any one who will accept it; but, as they are all engaged in other interests, it is probable that she will continue to offer it in vain. The picture is not a powerfully conceived allegory, although it purports to be one. It smacks of the mannerisms of the Decadence, — the Golden Age is tarnished.

A good conventional portrait is No. 670, of a Knight of St. Stephen, the other two portraits by Bronzino being only heads, No. 704, a likeness of Cosimo I. of Tuscany, and No. 1323, of Piero de Medici, who died in 1469.

CHAPTER V.

BOLOGNESE STERNNESS AND SIENESE BEAUTY

In the room leading off the larger hall of Tuscan paintings are hung the pictures of the school of Siena, and, in another, those of Bologna and Ferrara. There is an interesting contrast between the types of these schools. The Sienese ideal from the first was beauty; in form, colour, and sentiment, the early pictures of Siena are gratifying to the eye; the schools of Bologna and Ferrara, on the contrary, are more strenuous, — beauty was not their aim, — they did not shrink from positive ugliness, if it were only true to nature. This refers to the early painters, — that is to say, up to the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Another school, dominated by the Carracci, grew up later, which had nothing in common with these first artists, and will be treated of in another place.

Bologna and Ferrara did not grow forth from Tuscan influence, but rather from that of Venice and its adjacent territories. When we come to examine the Venetian and Paduan schools, we shall

see where these had much in common with Bologna and Ferrara.

The earliest Bolognese painter whom we find in London is Lippo di Dalmasio, who lived from 1376 to 1410. His picture, No. 752, is a rather pleasing Madonna of the very early type. The human interest between Mother and Child is here emphasized as Cimabue would have hesitated to emphasize it, and as Margaritone would never have imagined possible. Lippo was quite the fashionable painter of his day, and every well-to-do family of Bologna saw to it that they possessed a bit of his handiwork. Guido Reni used to insist that there was something supernatural about the touch of Lippo; the heads he considered most original.

After Lippo, the next important artist of this school in the National Gallery is Cosimo Tura, a Ferrarese (1420?-95), who was court painter to D'Este and Strozzi. While Lippo's pictures are weak and yet graceful, Tura's were full of vigour but undeniably unlovely. Bologna, indeed, did not reach her true æsthetic strength until the artists of Ferrara had come in the fifteenth century, and formed schools. The largest and most showy of Tura's pictures in London is No. 772, — a Virgin and Child surrounded by singing angels, playing their little orchestra of mandolins, accompanied by the organ in its most primitive form,

which is being operated in the foreground by two more angels. The Virgin herself is most disappointing, — tasteless in treatment, hard and coarse in expression. A pair of tablets inscribed with Hebrew characters are on either side of the throne; the architecture of this throne certainly shows power of invention, but it is an invention which needs drastic pruning. It demonstrates the chief characteristics of Tura's manner; he has careful execution, great patience, a love for florid ornament, originality in colour, and in the peculiar modelling of his heads and hands. St. Jerome, No. 773, is stern and powerful; not beautiful, but impressive. It shows the saint as Browning describes him:

> ". . . knocking at his poor old breast
> With his great round stone, to subdue the flesh."

Singularly lacking in "prettiness," and even in ordinary feminine grace or spiritual appreciation, is the Weeping Virgin, No. 905.

More mellowed in every way is the work of Francesco del Cossa, also of Ferrara, who died about 1480. His picture, No. 597, represents either St. Vincentius Ferrer or St. Hyacinth. A curious little composition is this. The saint stands with one hand raised, to call attention to the heavenly choir above, an open book in the other hand. He is standing upon a species of squat octagon dining-

table, with a cloth laid symmetrically upon it; it is the only instance in art which I recall of a pedestal support of this description.

No. 629, by Lorenzo Costa, a pupil of Tura, shows marked advance over the others. Costa was intimate with the soulful Francia, living in the same house with him, and instructing him, — or, rather, interchanging ideas with him, for it seems as though Francia had imparted quite as much as he imbibed. This enthroned Madonna is most delightful; the angels, although somewhat strained in attitude, are on the whole satisfactory. There is a curious bit of literal interpretation in this picture; an opening is cut beneath the throne, through which shows a landscape, supposed to carry out the text, "Thus saith the Lord, the Heaven is my throne, and the earth is my footstool."

This school of Tura, Costa, Cossa, and the Grandi, finally led up to the great Correggio, but it is not yet our purpose to follow this chain.

We turn now to three of the most solemn and reverent pictures in the collection: the works of the spiritual Francesco Raibolini, better known as Francia, who was perhaps the climax of the early Bolognese school. No. 179, a large altar-piece, represents the Virgin and St. Anne enthroned, with the infant between them, the little St. John,

who is at the foot of the throne, being one of the "purest creations of Christian art." The pious serenity in the figure of St. Sebastian is one of the features which one especially remembers in recalling this picture. The figure is not intellectually conceived, but it has a tender charm, — in fact, Francia is one of the few artists of Bologna who allows grace and beauty to outweigh virility. No. 180 is the lunette which belongs to this picture. It is a Pietà, — the Virgin, figured as a woman of ripe age, weeps over the prostrate body of our Lord. The sentiment in this picture is full of infinite pity and love. The angels have been weeping until their eyes are red. This was a naturalistic touch quite different from the feeling in any of the more conventional schools. The finish is positively like enamel. In No. 638, the figure of St. John is charming, and the Madonna very girlish and sweet, but the Child is ineffective.

Francia began life as a goldsmith, and was thus from the first accustomed to use the tender touch of the craftsman who deals with subtle effects in metal. In this craft he succeeded to perfection, and, as the practical Vasari puts it, "obtained not only the immortality of fame, but also some very handsome presents." He did not take up painting until he was thrown with Lorenzo Costa. It was, with him, simply another expression of the artistic tem-

FRANCIA. — VIRGIN AND ST. ANNE ENTHRONED

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perament, — but what an expression! Compare his Pietà with the harsh, uninteresting picture by Marco Zoppo, a contemporary townsman, No. 590, and we shall see how he dominated his school. When Francia had decided to become a painter, he conceived the adroit scheme of inviting artists to his house on long visits; by watching them at work and conversing with them, he was able to gain much knowledge. He became an admirer of Raphael, and the two entered into a correspondence. Evidently Francia sent a portrait of himself to Raphael, for in a letter from Sanzio occurs this sentence: "I have this moment received your portrait, which has been brought to me safely without having suffered any injury whatever. . . . I thank you for it heartily; it is singularly beautiful, and so lifelike that I sometimes fancy myself to be near you and listening to your words." Raphael had a great admiration for Francia, — in a letter written in 1508 Raphael asks Francia to send him his design for Judith, in return for a study by himself, the conclusion of the letter reading: "Continue to love me as I love you, with all my heart."

Malvasia says that Francia was "esteemed and celebrated as the first man of the age," and Vasari testified to his being held in Bologna "in the estimation of a god." In his pictures he sometimes signs himself Francesco Francia Aurifex, to show

that he still made no claim to be other than a goldsmith. Vasari gives the year of his death as 1518, and says that he "perished with shame and grief" at seeing a picture by Raphael which was finer than he could produce himself; yet Vasari recognizes that this statement is exaggerated, and qualifies it by adding that his death was so sudden as to give rise to the belief that "it was caused by poison or apoplexy rather than anything else." Just what symptoms in common poison and apoplexy may have, we leave it to Vasari to explain.

There are three quaint pictures by Ercole de Roberti, who painted in Ferrara at the end of the fifteenth century. No. 1127 is a Last Supper, very formal and uninteresting; No. 1217 represents the Israelites gathering manna, which is a much better picture on all accounts, and almost makes one feel that the Last Supper must be by another hand. This painting of the Israelites indicates a familiarity with the works of Mantegna. There is considerable old-world charm, too, in the little diptych, No. 1411.

There is a good stiff little picture of St. Jerome by Bono of Ferrara, No. 771, which has a distant view of a church lighted from within; this is the earliest example in the National Gallery of the effect of illumination inside a building.

There flourished at this time one Grandi, with a

grandiloquent name, Ercole di Giulio Cesare. (It is evident that the classic revival had reached Ferrara when he was christened!) Grandi, living between 1460 and 1531, is splendidly exhibited here by his large and decorative altar-piece, No. 1119, the Madonna and Child enthroned, with the Baptist on one side and the stalwart young St. William on the other. The youthful warrior, alert and full of action, yet with the passive and lovely face of the saint, is a very striking figure. The picture of the Conversion of St. Paul, No. 73, which is attributed to Ercole Grandi, is probably by another, for there is certainly little in common between the two. The detail painting in No. 1119 is truly microscopic, — it is equal to almost anything in Flemish work. Grandi is said to have been so much annoyed by jealous artists, who broke into his house in the night and stole his sketches, that he finally left Bologna.

Of the works of Mazzolino da Ferrara, the National Gallery has four excellent specimens. Mazzolino was called the "glowworm of the Ferrarese school." A contemporary of Correggio, without having the same qualities which made the latter great, he still has something of those traits which Correggio inherited from his predecessor, Costa, who was the master of Mazzolino. These paintings are all small, No. 82 being a Holy Family, and

No. 169 another; No. 641 represents the Woman Taken in Adultery, and No. 1495, Christ and the Doctors. These pictures are all very similar in their characteristics. There is a great deal of architectural ornamentation, and, in each, the figures introduced are small and numerous. The Virgin in No. 169 is original in type; her face is like those painted by some of the masters of Spain, — a very childish, innocent type, wholly pleasing.

Of this period is the portrait of Leonello d'Este, with a most unfortunate profile which he has had perpetuated by Giovanni Oriolo. Hard, stiff, and fine as is the handling, there is much good work on this strange painting. It is numbered 770. One becomes more resigned to the facial angle of Leonello, upon learning that he "had not his equal in piety toward God, in equity and kindness toward his subjects. He was the protector of men of letters, and was himself a good Latin scholar." These facts are vouched for by Muratori.

There is a St. Sebastian by Ortolano, No. 669, which might have been started as a study for an Apollo striking his lyre, and afterward adapted to other needs. The saint is accompanied by St. Roch and St. Demetrius, who appear to be deeply concerned at his elaborate suffering, but quite powerless to suggest any relief. If one had to

select either, it would be hard to choose between this St. Sebastian of Ortolano, with his gracefully waving arms, and the wooden, weak-shouldered saint as figured by Zaganelli, No. 1092. This picture is only interesting because it is the sole surviving example of the artist's work. He lived in the sixteenth century.

The climax of art in the Ferrarese school is reached by Dosso Dossi, and Benvenuto Tisio, known as Garofalo. Dossi is not easily appreciated in London, as one picture which is ascribed to him is probably not his at all, — No. 640, Adoration of the Magi, — and the other, No. 1234, is not especially characteristic of his style. It is supposed to be a Muse Inspiring a Court Poet. Never did Muse look less capable, or poet less inspired. It has been suggested that this may be a sarcasm, for Dossi was given to mirthful conceits, as witness the satirical Bambocciata, in the Pitti Palace. This may be the portrait of some inadequate court poet at Ferrara, and it may have been the artist's little joke to bestow upon this poet just *one* jasmine blossom from the wreath of the Muse! Dossi was primarily a great decorative painter, especially famous for his landscapes, and clever in portraying ornament and detail. He was born in Ferrara in 1479, about the same time as Ludovico Ariosto in the same city. But, as Vasari remarks, " He can-

not be accounted so great among painters as the latter among poets." Still, he was sufficiently prominent for the great Ariosto to mention him in one of his poems. "The manner of Dosso," continues Vasari, "has thus obtained greater fame from the pen of Messer Ludovico than from all the pencils and colours consumed by himself." The Duke of Ferrara showed many favours to Dosso Dossi, not only because he was a fine painter, but because he was a courtly gentleman, and deserved the honours which attended him. Late in life he was pensioned by the duke, so that his old age was spent in comfort; and when he died, in 1542, he was interred with ceremony in his native city.

Benvenuto Tisio, called Garofalo, was born in Ferrara in 1481, and studied there, and at Rome, Mantua, and Cremona. He was painter by appointment to the court of Francesco Gonzaga, Marquis of Mantua. In 1503 he went to Rome to study Raphael. He became a friend of the great painter, who taught him many things. He studied as much as possible from real life, and, when this was not convenient, used clay models or lay-figures. Benvenuto had intended never to marry, but at the susceptible age of forty he fell in love, and married some unknown lady. In about a year after this, he had a serious illness which deprived him of the

sight of one eye, and very nearly caused him to lose the other. Benvenuto suffered much in this situation, and prayed that he might have his left eye preserved; he registered a vow that he would for ever after wear nothing but gray clothing if this boon were vouchsafed him; and, in effect, the eye recovered its sight, and he kept his vow.

Every festa day, for a period of twenty years, this good man worked at the Convent of San Bernardo, for the nuns of that house, "without intermission for the love of God," and with no pecuniary returns. He frescoed and painted parts of the establishment as a free-will offering. His characteristic mark or signature on his pictures is usually a violet. In 1550 Garofalo became totally blind; this cross was borne with patience and fortitude for nine years, at the end of which time he was released from his troubled life, in 1559.

Garofalo appears to better advantage in London than his contemporary, Dossi. There are three good pictures by him in the National Gallery, No. 81 being a charming rendering of the old legend of St. Augustine and the Child. The saint, presided over by St. Catherine, patron of scholars and philosophers, turns to see the Child, who is trying to empty the sea into the little pond which he has dug. The saint tells the Child that he is attempting the impossible; to which the Child re-

plies: "No more impossible than for thee to explain the mystery on which thou art now meditating." The visionary character of the scene is emphasized by Garofalo. No. 170 is a Holy Family. The dresses are quaint; little St. John wears a strange cap, and the Virgin's head-dress is also a departure from the usual fashion. The treatment of the heavenly host above is very flamboyant, and shows the coming decadence of art. In his Christ in the Garden, No. 642, Garofalo is very dramatic; it is not a convincing presentment of the scene. His Madonna Enthroned, No. 671, has the figures of St. William, St. Clara, St. Francis, and St. Anthony, standing at the sides.

Before leading up to Raphael through the Umbrian school, it will be well to step aside into the smaller room at the left, and examine the beautiful productions of the school of Siena. Duccio, their great original, from whose influence a host of religious painters descended, we have already spoken of, because Cimabue and he represented practically the art of Italy in their time, and, having no other contemporaries, should always be studied together.

As the Abbate Luigi Lanzi justly says, "The Sienese is the lively school of a lively people." There is a certain dash and piquancy about even their conscientious religious work, which is ineffably charming. Perhaps one reason for this may

be that the first influence on Sienese art was Greek, either through the crusades in the East, or derived from Pisa, whose governor was Lord of Athens. At the time that this Greek feeling appeared, it had taken on the Byzantine instead of the classic Athenian form; but the spirit in some way seemed to enter into Sienese work, which, when the Byzantine yoke was superseded, displayed itself in a cheerful delight in beauty, — especially the beauty of a woman's face. The Sienese drew from this source a subtle loveliness, almost Oriental; they portrayed none of the snub-nosed types of Tuscany, nor the bald-browed Bolognese.

The only picture in the National Gallery which shows the absolutely unwavering steadfastness of the Byzantine tradition, in hampering the progress of art, is that by Emmanuel, No. 594, called the Holy Money-Despisers; in other words, Sts. Cosmas and Damian, who, being patron saints of the medical profession, would accept no fees for their services. This picture was painted only about two hundred and fifty years ago, signed, " By the hand of Emmanuel, priest son of John," who was living in Venice about 1660. One can here see how servilely the " Byzantine Guide " is still followed, for a picture painted in the sixth century, instead of the seventeenth, would have had much the same aspect. The Byzantine school has never changed,

and the Mount Athos artists are still keeping the work alive, — if it may be said ever to have been alive at all. But when Byzantine influence invaded another place, — a place like Siena, made up of "lively people," — it soon became absorbed into fresher conceptions of design.

In turning to the earliest Sienese pictures, we find the Byzantine style used only so far as the general treatment of the figure is concerned. Other Greek elements — action and a certain instinctive grace in grouping — have survived, rather than formulas of the "Byzantine Manual." Ugolino da Siena, who lived from about 1260 to 1339, has two little pictures in the National Gallery, Nos. 1188 and 1189, which are full of movement and life. The drawing is of course archaic, but the spirit which animates them is vital and progressive. The pictures are two scenes from the Passion, — the Betrayal, and the Procession to Calvary. Compare Ugolino with Margaritone, — he was only thirty years later, — and it is evident that Sienese art holds its own with the Tuscan. A spirit similar to the Japanese may be seen in the Sienese work; some have detected Chinese feeling, and some that of India; but neither of these nations have so much in common with Siena as the Japanese.

Segna di Bonaventura, whose work is extremely

rare, may be found here. He is the reputed master of Duccio, but there is little of the promise of better things in his large Crucifix, No. 567. It is conventional and uninspired, not even satisfactory in its proportions.

A tender bit of miniature painting may be seen in the little panel by Niccolo Buonaccorso, who was painting in 1380. This tiny picture, No. 1109, represents the Marriage of the Virgin. The detail of the work is most delicate, and much loving care was bestowed upon the finish. The realistic child who stands in the foreground lends a human touch to the composition, which is very Oriental in sentiment. A real effort seems to have been made to picture the scene as taking place in the East, so far as the artist knew this locality.

The two Lorenzetti, Pietro and Ambrogio, were among the most notable of the early Sienese. Living in about the middle of the fourteenth century, they, together with Simone Martini and Lippo Memmi, dominated the school at that period. Unfortunately, we have no example of Martini or Memmi in London, but there are a couple of rather inadequate specimens of the Lorenzetti. Of the magic of their colour, the tints of opal, gold, and oligoclase, one can form no proper judgment from the bit of fresco, No. 1147, by Ambrogio Lorenzetti, showing heads of four nuns, no one of which

is seen to advantage; nor from the curious, misty little tablet by Pietro, No. 1113, of which the subject is rather vague. It appears to be some sort of a conclave between a Christian bishop and a pagan exponent of doctrine, for the attendants carry, one a statue of Venus, and the other an altar-candle. Or it may be allegorical, — it is difficult to determine without an intimate knowledge of local ecclesiastical traditions in the fourteenth century.

When the plague devastated Siena in 1348, the art of the city was practically exterminated. There are no records of any good painters from that time until the end of the century. And then there sprang up, independent of immediate influences or powerful teachers, a very wonderful man, Matteo di Giovanni. This painter has a right to a reputation almost equal to that of Botticelli in the Tuscan school, and, when he has been more widely known and more intelligently studied, he will be recognized as a great man. Whether each separate picture that he executed will ever rank as high as the separate works of Botticelli, it is not easy to predict; but as an imaginative student, with ideals before him far greater than he was destined to realize with any frequency, he must be accorded a high position as an artist. As Browning has said:

"That low man seeks a little thing to do,
Sees it and does it;
This high man, with a great thing to pursue,
Dies ere he knows it;
That low man goes on adding one to one, —
His hundred's soon hit;
This high man, aiming at a million,
Misses a unit."

Matteo di Giovanni da Siena stands for the Renaissance of art in his native city. Instead of a large movement, composed of many artists, all having developed quite normally toward the final flowering, as was the case in most of the Italian cities, the expression of the Renaissance in Siena may almost be said to have emanated from one man, for Matteo had few contemporaries, and was not the outcome of another school. He was a great isolated original thinker, — and thinking was not the limit of his ability. If one will look at the outline and the anatomy of his St. Sebastian, No. 1461, one will be convinced that he knew how to draw and how to model; the Ecce Homo, No. 247, is probably an early work, and much less interesting. But the triumph of Matteo's art is seen in his lordly panel, the majestic altar-piece, the Assumption of the Virgin, No. 1155. This is Matteo at his best; we have no apology to make. Here we see the school of Siena in the best qualities for which it stood. Cheerful and buoyant in

style and colour, it is full of varied expressions, from the exquisite beauty of the Madonna's face, to the ascetic dishevelled St. Thomas, who, rushing eagerly forward, catches her girdle as it falls to earth. No one should leave this picture without looking into the face of every angel, and there finding, as one must, an individual vitality, — some beautiful, some ugly, but all expressive. Matteo was one of the first of the Sienese to paint in oils.

Among the followers of Matteo di Siena is Bernardino Fungai, whose interesting tondo, No. 1331, hangs here. It represents the Virgin and Child surrounded by a flock of curious little angels, who terminate at the waist in a second set of smaller wings. The Virgin is sweet to look upon, — one might say she was "pretty." The first impression received from this picture is that of brocade; for the robe of the Madonna is a monumental example of patient and delicate workmanship. The tones and quality of the surface are suggestive of old Spanish leather. In the landscape background may be seen the Nativity on one side and the Progress of the Magi on the other. Fungai is said by some to have been a pupil of Matteo di Giovanni, and by others of Giovanni di Paolo, the father of Matteo.

Pacchiarotti was also a follower of Matteo; until very lately there has been no specimen of this painter in the National collection, but a Nativity

MATTEO. — ASSUMPTION OF THE VIRGIN

was purchased in 1902, and bears the number 1849. Five hundred pounds was paid for this picture.

A Virgin and Child by Francesco di Georgio, No. 1682, was purchased in 1900. The arrangement of this picture is quaint and unusual, the Virgin being shown as walking and leading the Child by the hand.

As exemplifying the later art of Siena, may be cited the pictures of Pacchia and Beccafumi. Girolamo di Pacchia lived from 1477 into the early part of the sixteenth century. The National Gallery has a charming Madonna by him, No. 246, but the qualities which made Sienese art unique have fled.

In Beccafumi's Esther Before Ahasuerus, No. 1430, the style has changed still further. The composition is treated somewhat as Perugino might have treated it, — an open square, with a building at the back, is what one sees at first. Upon looking closer, one perceives that Esther is being presented to Ahasuerus inside the portico, while the people in the foreground are merely spectators of the main incident. This panel may represent Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, but has usually borne the other title. The figures have all a sweep and movement, and are not ungraceful. Beccafumi worked much on the famous pavement in Siena Cathedral. He died in 1551.

CHAPTER VI.

FROM THE VALLEY OF UMBRIA TO THE SUMMIT OF ART

To speak broadly, Umbrian art was an art of one century. Before the fifteenth century there was little which could be called strictly Umbrian; at any rate, the school is hardly recognized before that, and after the middle of the sixteenth century it was no more considered as distinctive. Raphael was the culmination of the school of Umbria, and his influence spread more in Rome than it did in his native province.

The first Umbrian painter of note whom we find in the National Gallery is Niccolo da Fuligno, who painted in the late fifteenth century. He was a pupil of Fra Angelico, and some influence of the master may be traced in his work. In the Crucifixion, No. 1107, the action is theatrical, the writhing of the principal figures is painful, and the distressing attitudes of the angels who are about the top of the cross are much overdone, impairing the dignity of this otherwise formal composition. The

only figure which is restrained is St. Francis, who grasps the foot of the cross. The picture is rather an apotheosis of suffering than a promise of redemption. The backgrounds of the little panels, as well as the central one, are taken from real nature, and are striking. The Umbrians developed more feeling for landscape than most of the Italian schools, for they lived every day in the midst of the most picturesque nature, in hills, valleys, and rivers, which could not fail to make its impression on their plastic souls.

An early example of the treatment of landscape is in the Baptism of Christ, No. 665, by Piero della Francesca, a friend of Uccello (1415-92). The picture is rather stiff, and not illuminating in its rendering. More interesting is a portrait, No. 758, representing the Contessa Palma of Urbino. The quaint head and the embroidered garments help to make this an individual study, though far from beautiful. The best example of the work of Piero, however, is the charming Nativity, No. 908. Although unfinished in certain parts, it is in most essentials a very complete picture. The Madonna, kneeling and adoring the infant, is pleasing and simple in treatment. The choir of angels standing by, playing on celestial instruments, are full of dignity; but it is a human dignity; it is the dignity of a later and more realistic style than Fra

Angelico's. An interesting anecdote is told of this picture and how it came to be part of the collection in London. Sir William Fraser happened to be at an auction, where he saw this picture for sale. He says: "I was so charmed with it that I bid up to two thousand pounds;" at this point he stopped, not daring to trust his judgment to bid higher. The picture was bought at two thousand four hundred and fifteen pounds. "A few days afterwards," writes Sir William, "I met Mr. C. Having noticed him in the crowd, I said, 'Do you happen to know who bought that Francesca?' 'I did. Disraeli told me to buy it for the National Gallery.'" The angels in this picture are sturdy human beings. There is no nimbus about the head, nor are there any wings visible. Piero della Francesca had a passion for blue; in some of his pictures he seems to have used it as a problem, as Gainsborough did in the Blue Boy.

Melozzo da Forli is best known by his paintings of angelic beings, but he was also a good delineator of a superb human type. His two pictures here are symbolic figures of Music and Rhetoric, Nos. 755 and 756. In each case the science is represented by a woman, mounted on a throne of ornate beauty; the faces are fine in contour and expression. In the first, Rhetoric, it is interesting to note that the book which she presents

to a kneeling youth is open, — clear, — to be read by all. Her gaze is alert; the whole impression of the picture is that of a practical demonstrable science which can be imparted by rule and square. In the picture typifying Music, however, the book is closed; the elect only may open it. The expression on the face of the woman is dreamy. She directs the youth, with a languid gesture, to a little organ which stands near. There is thoughtful discrimination in the planning of these two valuable panels, which were painted originally for the Ducal Palace of Urbino, — that centre of genuine culture in the days of the Renaissance.

Fiorenzo di Lorenzo was an Umbrian painter from whom it is quite easy to trace the æsthetic pedigree of Perugino. Fiorenzo was his instructor, and his work has many of the qualities which appear in Perugino's earlier pictures. No. 1103 is our only example of Fiorenzo in London. It is a fine one. It has much of the affectation of pose which characterized the pupil as well as the master. The arched brows and turned-back thumbs are of a type often observable in his painting.

Lorenzo da San Severino was the second of his name. His picture, No. 249, deals with the subject of the Marriage of St. Catherine. It is signed "Laurentius II. Severinus." It is quaint, serious, and charming. The Divine Mother has assumed

an attitude of benediction and grace, as she turns with the Child toward the kneeling figure of the saint in her monastic robes. This is not St. Catherine of Alexandria, who is frequently seen in art as the Bride of Christ, but St. Catherine of Siena. The feeling in the picture is very Sienese, and might have been executed under the spell of Matteo. Behind the throne a crescent-shaped group of angels are gathered, and the arrangement is very harmonious.

And now we come to the father of Raphael, Giovanni Santi. His little Madonna and Child, No. 751, is chiefly interesting because it proves that Raphael's genius was within himself, and not inherited! But the hard, careful finish of this picture proves another thing, — "the infinite capacity for taking pains," which has been said to be inseparable from genius. So we may infer that the father at any rate bestowed upon his son that valuable inheritance of an early training in thoroughness; he must have impressed upon him the importance of trying to do his best at all times. And an early start of this sort might develop many artists of talent into a much nearer approach to genius than they ever attain.

We come next to a consideration of Perugino, Pietro Vanucci, who was the teacher of Raphael, and who is the leading light of the school of Um-

bria. For Raphael is beyond schools, — his early work was Umbrian, and, indeed, Peruginesque, but his own independent development cannot be classified in any didactic way, — one can hardly claim Raphael as a member of the school of Umbria, although his beginning was there.

Perugino founded a distinct style, which has been perpetuated in numerous followers and pupils, — rich and yet tender, glowing and yet soft, full of atmosphere, though close in finish and enamel-like in surface, his best works are among the loveliest creations of Italian art. His outlook upon life was a cheerful one. No note of melancholy is seen, except in a certain artificial dejection in some of his attitudes; but this is rather the dejection assumed from a sense of religious fitness, than an emanation from the personality of the painter. Perugino painted often in tempera, and in this his thinly glazed transparent tones remind one of Botticelli in quality, although not in the method of their employment. In order to perfect himself in oil-painting, Perugino went to Venice in 1494 to study. His home life was all that could be desired. He had a family of seven children, and with admirable foresight his wife brought him a dowry of five hundred gold ducats. He took pride in her, and spent much money upon her, — an attention which is sometimes overlooked by those whose

wives bring money into the treasury. Perugino was a man of determination, patience, and an iron will. He had ambition, for his early days had been poor, and he had felt the spur of need. He died, probably of the plague, in a hospital, in 1523.

The earliest specimen of Perugino in London is No. 181, painted in tempera; it is a sweet little Madonna, but not in his fully perfected style. No. 288 is his masterpiece. It is equal to anything that he painted in oil. It is a magnificent altar-piece, in three compartments, the Virgin Adoring the Infant in the central division, while on either side are the archangels Raphael and Michael, the former leading Tobit. This altar-piece was painted for the Certosa of Pavia, and consisted originally of six parts; of these, one is still in its place, while the other two have been lost. It was executed between 1496 and 1500, — when the artist was just at the zenith of his powers, in the vicinity of fifty. The picture has in it the qualities which Ruskin has so happily defined: "Endless perspicuity of space, unfatigued veracity of eternal light, perfectly accurate delineation." The colouring is extremely brilliant. Nothing could be more exquisite than the confiding attitude of the boy Tobit.

The beautiful Madonna Crowned by Angels, with the Sts. Jerome and Francis, is one of the later pictures of the master, No. 1075. This was painted

PERUGINO. — ALTAR-PIECE (VIRGIN ADORING THE INFANT, WITH THE ARCHANGELS RAPHAEL AND MICHAEL

Mau

when he was sixty-one, and he had lost some of his enthusiasm. He made no effort to be original. The angels are very disinterested, as they hang above the Virgin; judging from their attitudes, they might be suspended by strings with hooks in the backs of their garments. But Perugino had by this time attained a mastery over colour which enabled him to paint the very glow of heaven, and the crowning glory of golden atmosphere is what constitutes the charm of the picture. It is positively liquid effulgence, scintillating and almost dazzling.

There is a beautiful minute work, too, the Baptism of Christ, No. 1431, and a fresco, No. 1441, which was brought from the church in Fontignano in 1843; this is claimed as the last work of Perugino. It is delicious in its atmosphere, with a sentiment reminding one of that in certain pictures by Corot. It is quite possible that it may be the last thing Perugino painted; but one likes to cling to the old legend, that, after the death of his immortal pupil, the aged Perugino went in sacred sorrow to the little Church of San Severino, where he painted those six saints at the foot of the first fresco that Raphael ever executed, and that afterward Perugino painted no more. This, however, is not an age of sentiment, and we should doubtless be superior to crediting such flowery legends. On the other hand, Perugino had as much sentiment

as ever fell to the lot of a mortal. Perhaps the story is true.

Works of the pupils of Perugino may also be seen in the National Gallery. A little Madonna, No. 1220, was painted by his pupil from Assisi, Andrea di Luigi.

Of the piquant Pinturicchio, we have here one of the very earliest works and one of the very latest. It is interesting to trace the line of development from the exquisite Madonna, No. 703, which was painted about 1480, to the fresco of the Return of Ulysses, No. 911, which Pinturicchio did not execute until 1508, only a few years before his death. The changes in his style are almost like relative changes in a person who grows old. In the first is expressed the exuberance of youth, — the adoration of beauty (for there is no more youthful or prettier Madonna in the whole gallery than this), and the clear head and steady hand of a fresh ardent spirit. In the fresco the tints are more subdued, — the faces, even of the young Telemachus, have marks of character and experience, — the whole execution is less sharp and more facile. A life's work has intervened between the two pictures, and it has told, both for better and for worse. There is no overpowering conclusive improvement, the style has mellowed, and the touch is less laboured, but the drawing is less

careful, too; there is lacking that marvellous growth in the power of the artist which may be seen by comparing an early and a later work by Raphael or Perugino. Pinturicchio was not supreme; but he has painted many delightful pictures. His St. Catherine of Alexandria, No. 693, is very pleasing. Pinturicchio worked with Perugino, and imbibed much of his grace.

In the Annunciation by Manni, No. 1104, it seems as if we had come face to face with the Virgin of Perugino, — Manni, who was a native of Perugia, greatly admired his famous townsman, and used to paint pictures in the same spirit. He certainly succeeded in copying his model closely.

Raffaello Sanzio was born in Urbino in 1483. The earliest influence in his life was that of beauty; of beauty as seen in rural nature and in art, and to such a degree as seldom enters into the life of men at any age. Bellori, an early authority, indicates for us what were the childhood surroundings of this great creator of beauty. Federigo Feltri, Duke of Urbino, had built a magnificent palace on the rugged slopes of the Umbrian hills. "The structure had the reputation of being the finest that Italy had seen up to that time. Not only did the duke enrich it with tasteful and appropriate ornaments, but enhanced its splendour by a collection of antique marble and bronze statues

and choice pictures, and with vast expense got together a great number of most excellent books." This, then, was the first environment in which the young artist moved; bred among the most charming hills and plains, amid treasures of art and literature, wonderful artificial gardens, and choice examples of all the best products of the culture of centuries. The little city of Urbino was called the "Athens of Umbria," and it is not marvellous that the young Raphael should have responded to the circumstances in which he was placed, especially as his father was a painter, and knew how to foster the genius that he saw budding in his son. The refining influence of this noble court had much to do with the purity and elevated character of his early work; in Urbino the beautiful and clever Duchess Elisabetta presided over a society of thoroughly well-bred and honest people, — the truest aristocrats that Italy has ever known.

There has been much discussion as to whether Raphael's first teacher was Timoteo Viti, and the general concensus of opinion seems to be in favour of this theory. In his Vision of a Young Knight, No. 213, which is our earliest picture here from his hand, the manner of Perugino does not appear, and we have, hanging by this exquisite little gem, the pricked drawing from which it was traced. This drawing represents the figures in ordinary

clothes, which was a custom of Timoteo Viti, and is a method which a pupil would be liable to adopt. This picture, though so small, is wonderfully full of thought. Two female figures, symbolical of duty and pleasure, stand by the sleeping youth, each offering him her richest gifts. The answer is not suggested. Will he wake a devotee to luxury, or will he grasp the sword of conflict against evil?

Raphael was sent to the school of Perugino (then, in 1495, the leading painter of his country), and for some years worked under the guidance of this devout and skilful teacher. It is certain that he attained some local fame, for in 1503 he was invited to go to Siena and paint with Pinturicchio in the Cathedral Library. One of the disputed points of artistic history has been whether Raphael really went to Siena or not; at any rate, he would not have been invited unless he had showed a marked degree of ability. His early Madonnas show some influence of Leonardo, but more of his master, Perugino. They are solemn and reverent; they are painted with a deep religious feeling, and appeal to the loftier emotions and the purer dictates of the heart.

Raphael is said to have had three manners; one was the highly finished style in which he painted his early pictures while in Umbria. The next he assumed by degrees under Tuscan influences, while

he lived in Florence, where he threw off the yoke of tradition and painted with more naturalism, although still in a finished and smooth way. The third was the Roman manner, when, having gone to Rome to execute the frescoes in the Vatican, he was constrained to use a broader method and a freer touch. Thus, the Peruginesque, or Umbrian, is his earliest manner; there are only a few pictures of this period remaining. The second, or Tuscan, manner, was the style in which many of his famous Madonnas are painted, and which most people associate with the name of Raphael. The third, or Roman, manner, is seen to its perfection only in Rome.

The famous Ansidei Madonna, which hangs in the National Gallery, No. 1171, is often considered to be the finest altar-piece by Raphael in either his first or second manners. It exemplifies both of these styles. The head of the Virgin is Peruginesque, and the Child also is in the earlier manner, and yet the transition to the second is quite easily distinguished throughout the composition. It is one of the most valuable pictures in the world. The price paid for it was the highest ever given for a painting up to that time. In 1884 it was bought from the Duke of Marlborough for seventy thousand pounds. The attitude of the infant as he sits looking at the little volume which his mother

holds open on her knee is most entrancing. The figures of the Baptist and St. Nicholas, who stand on either side, one studying and one adoring, are both serene; the Baptist, through faith and obedience, finds peace; while St. Nicholas de Bari has reached peace through a clear understanding and perfected knowledge. The restfulness and purity of the picture are its greatest charms. A large and beautiful altar-piece hangs near by, which is the property of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan.

In Raphael's second manner is the St. Catherine of Alexandria, No. 168. There is something about the foreshortening of the head which interferes with the beauty of the subject, but the woman is noble in bearing in a massive, rather unappealing way, and the lines of the face, especially those subtle and often unsatisfactory lines about the mouth, are well expressed. It was probably painted about 1507.

Raphael's Roman manner is exemplified in London by his portrait of Pope Julius II., No. 27, a replica of that in the Pitti Palace, and in other galleries, he having painted the same subject nine times, — and by his Garvagh Madonna, No. 744. This picture was originally called the Aldobrandini Madonna, as it hung in the Aldobrandini apartments in the Borgia Palace in Rome, and afterward becoming the property of Lord Garvagh, was

known by that name. The change to a greater naturalism is evident, upon comparing this painting with the Ansidei Madonna. This is a practical mother, charming and tender, but not rapt in spiritual exaltation. The two children are living beings, with human tastes, pleased with the pretty carnation which one gives to the other. The ideal is different from the earlier devotional scene; whether this is a step upward or backward depends upon the view-point of the individual. At any rate, it is a very radical change to have taken place in the spirit of a man within a few years. A new influence had come in, — that of Michelangelo, — and the impressionable Raphael was led by it as he had been led by Perugino.

In the portrait of Julius II., one reads the reserve force, and yet the ability to be passive for a moment, which characterized this statesman of the Church Militant. The penetrating eyes, restless even while still, and the drooping corners of the mouth, denote more worldly wisdom than spirituality. Perhaps no portrait has ever been so clever a character study as this masterly rendering of the personality of a great representative of the family Della Rovere.

Truly, as Ruskin says, the "mediæval principles lead up to Raphael and the modern principles lead down from him." He is the apex of the art-history of Italy, — of the world. He holds a similar posi-

tion in relation to painting as that occupied by Shakespeare to literature. He stands isolated as a combination of all the qualities seen separately in others, any one of which is enough to confer the honour of greatness.

After Raphael there are few examples of the Umbrians in the National Gallery. Lo Spagna's Christ in the Garden, No. 1032, is dignified, showing strong Peruginesque sentiment; while in Bertucci's Glorification of the Virgin, No. 282, we can easily read an ambition to paint in the style of Raphael. In No. 1051, by the same hand, the action of the figures is too vigorous, and therefore weakens the impression of awe and reverence which should be expressed by Thomas when he beholds the wounds of the risen Lord.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SPELL OF THE LAGOONS

WHILE Venetian art was doubtless greatly influenced by Padua, where the gifted teacher, Squarcione, had his brilliant school, there was some native employment of the art of painting prior to the time when Crivelli and Mantegna came to perpetuate their ideas, and to make possible the growth of the greatest colour-school of any land.

In Venice there was established a "Guild for the Propagation of Arts and Crafts," the charter of which is dated 1272. This guild included artisans of every sort: makers of furniture, arms, household utensils; decorators of chests and other principal pieces of stately furniture with pictured scenes; also the painters of little household shrines called anconæ. These anconæ were the originals of the gilded altar-pieces, which developed later into such marvellous importance under the Bellini.

But the chief source of inspiration for the school of Venice was certainly from the Paduans. Squar-

cione must have been wonderfully blessed with the pedagogic faculty, for he left a school of great painters, while there is hardly any trace of his own art remaining. This immortal preceptor was the son of a simple notary in Padua. Born in 1394, he developed a great love for the antique, travelling in his younger days all over Italy in search of ancient sculptures. With a substantial collection of these trophies, he returned to Padua and founded his academy for studying this heritage of the past, and adapting its lessons to the needs of the present. This academy constituted the germ of the Renaissance in the Venetian territory. From all parts of Italy youths came to avail themselves of his culture. Nearly a hundred and a half of these pupils went out to paint pictures as he had instructed them. The chief pupils of Squarcione in the National Gallery are Crivelli and Mantegna. It is well to pause and study the works of these men before proceeding to the defined school of Venice itself.

Carlo Crivelli, who worked in the last half of the fifteenth century, is almost a miniaturist. Such loving detail is to be seen in few masters carried to such an extreme as it was by him. Perhaps the chief impression made by his works on the casual observer is that of fine workmanship and quantities of fruits and flowers. Hardly any painting of his is without these leading characteristics.

Among the finest of his pictures is the Annunciation, in London, numbered 739; it is a perfect specimen of this artist at his very best, and is a remarkable example of minute achievement. It is difficult to define the scene. It is partly in a room and partly in the street. The kneeling Virgin, in her elaborate little apartment, is receiving the dove through a small arched hole cut in the sculptured cornice apparently for that express purpose. Above her room is seen an open loggia. Out in the street kneels a most elegant angel, accompanied by St. Emedius, the patron of Ascoli, holding a model of his city, to which he calls the attention of the Angel Gabriel. The street vista beyond is charming, with draped figures walking at intervals. From the tall steps of the little house across the way, a child is seen peeping at the strangers who kneel on the flagstones. No wonder he is moved by curiosity. On the top of one of the houses may be seen a dove-cote, and, as an amusing realistic touch, Crivelli has ventured to show these birds in a state of perturbation upon seeing the Holy Dove coming from a glowing spot in the firmament above. A peacock, too, in the loggia, is straining his neck to witness the phenomenon. The picture is a naïve amalgamation of rich Roman architecture, mediæval sentiment, and wealthy display. There is a play of imaginative

CRIVELLI. — ANNUNCIATION

humour, without any sense of irreverence, which is one of the most delightful qualities of the spirit of the Middle Ages.

In Crivelli's great altar-piece, No. 788, the Madonna is enthroned in the central panel, and in the three tiers of ornate arches various figures of saints are painted. This is his earliest picture in the National Gallery. The affected pose of the Virgin's hand, as she gingerly lifts a veil from the Child, is a false note which instantly grates upon the spectator, but it is quite compensated for by the delightfully natural pose of the baby, who has fallen asleep hanging forward over his mother's hand. The pose is most unusual in art, and shows again the delicate human sympathy of Crivelli.

An exquisitely decorative panel, with the texture of an ivory carving, is the altar-piece numbered 724, in which a little bird, alighting on the top of the Virgin's throne, has given its name to the picture, — Madonna of the Swallow. Flowers and fruit, painted as conscientiously as any other part of the composition, may be seen in all these pictures. The other works of Crivelli, of which there are several in the National Gallery, will all repay close attention. His colouring is like that of a mosaic, — it is in small crisp values of undiluted tints, which, if introduced in larger masses, would be crude. He does not blend, and there is no

comprehension of atmosphere, in spite of his clever perspective studies.

Deliciously mediæval is the picture by Vittore Pisano, No. 776, of St. George and St. Anthony. The costume of St. George is curious; with its wide-brimmed hat shading his demure face, he looks like anything but a dragon-slayer. Pisano's other painting, No. 1436, is equally charming; a very troubadour of a St. Hubert is seen on horseback in the midst of a fairy wood, which fairly bristles with all manner of game, large and small, while a stag bearing a pretentious crucifix between his antlers stands before the saint. The treatment is like that of an old tapestry, rare and precious in its naïve seriousness.

Another great scholar of the school of Squarcione is Andrea Mantegna, a painter of even more ability in drawing the human form than Crivelli. He was not only the pupil, but the adopted son of Squarcione, and married the daughter of Jacopo Bellini, who, himself the father of the more famous Venetians of his name, was also in the studio. Mantegna's earliest work, which we have the opportunity to study, is his Agony in the Garden, No. 1417. It is rather crude, but it speaks of a nature earnest and vigorous, and proclaims a close student of perspective. The effort to draw recumbent figures much foreshortened was a passion with Man-

tegna. While this picture of the Agony in the Garden denotes a stern and severe side to the art of this man, his Virgin and Child Enthroned with the Baptist and the Magdalen, No. 274, proves that he had a softer and more human side also. The humility of the Virgin is notable; the other figures are finely poised, noble types, free from the ascetic feeling of the earlier Florentine pictures. The Venetians from the first felt the glory of health and the joy of living.

A curious freak in the art of Mantegna was his method of painting certain subjects in monochrome, in imitation of bas-reliefs. His admiration for sculpture was so unbounded that he even made his graphic art secondary by trying to reproduce the same qualities of light and shade which carving in relief gives. Of such, No. 1125, in two panels, is an example; a finer specimen is his Triumph of Scipio, No. 902, the last picture which he ever executed. His mastery of the human form is manifest in this late work, where all the figures in the procession are in excellent proportion, and where the action is most virile. The drawing, also, in his Samson and Delilah, No. 1145, is very good, with the exception of a flatness on the top of the head of his hero, which suggests that Delilah has amputated a portion of his skull as well as cutting his hair!

Schiavone, another pupil of Squarcione, has some of the characteristics of Crivelli, but less of his grace and charm. His pictures are No. 630 and 904; they are hard, and of secondary interest after studying Crivelli.

The Vivarini were Venetian painters who owed their existence in part to Padua and in part to a studio in Murano. Antonio Vivarini is to be seen in the collection here, in No. 768, a long panel with figures of St. Peter and St. Jerome, and in No. 1284, its companion-piece, which exhibits St. Francis and St. Mark. One can see promise of the wealth of colour and lucidity to follow in the later growth of this school, which is really Venetian in the main, the Paduan influence being visible only in the fine detail and sharp touch.

Bartolommeo Vivarini, the brother of Antonio, painted the Virgin and Child, No. 284, in which one may also trace both schools, — the precise handling of Squarcione with the promise of the Bellini.

Antonello da Messina, a painter of Sicily, who came to Venice about 1473, had studied oil-painting with Jan Van Eyck in Flanders, and the Flemish influence is shown in his works, as will be readily proved by a comparison with the fine Van Eyck in the collection of Flemish painters. His Salvator Mundi, No. 673, is especially striking

in this respect. The best of his pictures in the National Gallery is 1418, a delightful painting of St. Jerome at work in his study. Antonello's use of oils was the first in Venice, and came rapidly in vogue, quite superseding the tempera which had been employed earlier. In his Crucifixion, No. 1166, the landscape shows the effect of dawn, — the sky being of the most beautiful quality.

About 1460 the brothers Bellini, Gentile and Giovanni, who were sons of Jacopo Bellini, came to Venice from Padua. These epoch-making artists are the real founders of the Venetian school. And yet their actual style was not perpetuated. Giovanni Bellini may be said to have begun, continued, and ended a school of his ówn. His pupils adopted quite a different manner from his, with the exception of a few, and in a generation the whole tendency of Venetian art was in a much riper state of fruition than could have been the case had his admirers adhered strictly to his teachings. Giovanni, although the younger of the brothers, was the greater genius.

Of the work of Gentile Bellini, there is only one piece in the National Gallery, No. 1213, a portrait of Girolamo Malatini, professor of mathematics. It is rather stiff and archaic, and of very inferior quality to the great portrait of the Doge Leonardo Loredano hanging near it, by Giovanni Bellini,

No. 189, which is probably as famous a portrait as any in London. Giovanni was here at his best, — about sixteen years before his death, the picture being painted about 1501. There is a clear amber tone about it, and a fineness of modelling, with an appreciation of the refinement of the face of his subject. Bellini was at this time the State Painter of Venice, so that the task of executing portraits of the Doges who should come and go in his life-time devolved upon him. The lovely Madonna, No. 280, painted considerably earlier, is in Bellini's most characteristic vein, — the style by which he would be recognized wherever he should be found. The Blood of the Redeemer, No. 1233, and the Agony in the Garden, No. 726, are quite early, and retain some of the wooden texture of the Paduan school. The limp sleeping figure on the extreme left in the latter, however, is wonderfully true to life.

The head of St. Peter Martyr, No. 808, with the formidable knife settled fiercely into his skull, is interesting, but more in the manner of Gentile, to whom it is sometimes attributed. One of the earliest wood-scenes which it has been our privilege to notice is Giovanni's Death of St. Peter Martyr, No. 812. The rendering of the trees, each leaf being treated with the utmost care, is very clever. While St. Peter and his companion are being ruth-

lessly stabbed in the foreground, the woodcutters, paying no heed, are attending quietly to business in the background.

Among the pictures attributed to the scholars of Bellini is a St. Jerome in His Study, No. 694, rather more airy than that by Antonello da Messina, but not so open as that by Basaiti, No. 281, or that by Cima da Conegliano, No. 1120, a pupil of Bellini, who, in his treatment of the subject, represents the saint as quite out-of-doors. Cima has other pictures here; how pathetic is his small Ecce Homo, No. 1310, and how confiding the children in his two Madonnas, Nos. 300 and 634. These delicate little pictures are more like Florentine than Venetian works. Cima was one of the followers who worked on Bellini's own lines, at least, so far as his finish was concerned. A more important work is the Incredulity of Thomas, No. 816, a large picture, filled with well-composed groups of figures.

Bellini employed certain artists from time to time to assist him in his studio, so that there are many pictures which have some characteristic marks of the master about them, while they bear also too much testimony to the work of an inferior to be classed as genuine Bellinis. Of this type is No. 599, the Infant Christ asleep on the lap of the Virgin, which is often attributed to Catena, one of these collaborators. The naïve battle between

the serpent and a stork in the background should be noticed; indeed, the whole background of this charming painting is a study of rural scenes.

The only genuine Catena which the National Gallery possesses is the beautiful Warrior Adoring the Infant Christ, No. 234, which was formerly ascribed to Giorgione. Indeed, this picture is so significant a link between the tender work of the Bellinis and the broader rendering of Giorgione, that I have chosen it, in preference to a single example of either of their works, to represent the tendencies of the Venetian school at this period. The informal attitude of the Virgin, and the graceful lines of the man's figure, are a forecast of that indifference to traditional treatment which is such a marked characteristic of the school.

Of the subtle charm of Carpaccio there is little to testify in this collection; the picture by him, No. 750, is the only example. The Madonna sits like a wooden votive image in her niche, and the whole execution is stiff; but there is a fascination about all of his pictures which makes the slightest painting by Carpaccio worthy of attention. The dominating red colour is very usual with him.

A painter whose works are very rare is Marco Marziale, and here we have an opportunity to see him at his very best. It is a privilege to study this master, who savours a little of Bellini, and

CATENA. — WARRIOR ADORING THE INFANT JESUS

much of Mantegna, in his two fine altar-pieces, Nos. 803 and 804. In the latter the little angel, playing on a very large lute at the foot of the throne, reminds one of Carpaccio or Bellini, and is most attractive. In No. 803 the heads of the personages are extremely interesting, especially that of a woman at the extreme left, whose profile and head-dress are treated very similarly to that famous little head in the Ambrosian Library in Milan, which was long supposed to be a portrait of Leonora d'Este by Da Vinci. This head might easily be a likeness of the same woman twenty years later.

There is a delightful group of portrait-heads by Giolfino, No. 749, representing in an original manner all the members of the Giusti family of Verona.

Girolamo da Libri (signifying Of the Book, he being primarily a miniaturist and illuminator) painted that most angelic Virgin and St. Anne with the Holy Infant, No. 748, which has the conspicuous central decoration of a lemon-tree behind the main personages. It is an exquisite painting, and was extolled by Vasari, who saw it when it was completed and sent to the Church of the Scala in Verona. Vasari alludes to its having been hung next to Morando's San Rocco; strange to say, this very picture (No. 735) is also in the National Gallery, and has hung for a time by the side of Girolamo's, just as it did centuries ago in Verona.

Morando's saint is a very noble figure; the same problem of placing a tall tree in the centre of the background is worked out as in the picture by Girolamo. There is a very knowing looking little dog in the San Rocco, which should not be overlooked; this little canine pet used to bring the saint a loaf of bread each day, while he was in the wilderness.

Giovanni Bellini was the teacher of two of the greatest painters the world has ever seen, — Giorgione and Titian. A new art came into existence with these two men. Where the work of the Bellini and the Vivarini had had a certain hardness in outline, more like that of wooden figures than of living, breathing mortals, Titian and his great contemporary painted with a flexibility which connects their people more vitally with their surroundings. Where the colour of the Bellini had been rather artificial, — harmonious, but not exactly true to life, — Titian, and especially Giorgione, painted flesh which looked as if it could feel, and materials which seemed to move softly in the breeze. Where the master had executed beautiful images, the scholars created living personalities.

Giorgione's active life as a painter covered only a little over five years, from 1505 to the close of his life in 1511. He was wonderfully productive in that time, although a great part of his works

LIBRI — VIRGIN AND ST. ANNE WITH THE HOLY INFANT

have been destroyed, having been painted in exposed positions, on the outer walls of palaces, etc. Among the few probably authentic pictures from his pencil is the Young Knight, No. 269. It is so nearly like that of St. Liberale in Giorgione's one unquestioned masterpiece, the Castelfranco Madonna, that many critics believe it to be a study for this figure. Of other pictures here purporting to be by Giorgione, the most we can claim for them is that they are Giorgionesque. Among them is the attractive Garden of Love, No. 930, bearing something of the relation to Italian art that Watteau's work bears to the French; the Adoration of the Magi, No. 1160, and the Venus and Adonis, No. 1123, a picture much like a famous Giorgione in the Louvre in its general sentiment, although it is still more like a Titian. The landscape of Giorgione, and even of his school, is unmatched; brought up in the picturesque region of Castelfranco, he has immortalized for ever his appreciation of his early environment.

Titian, born in Cadore in 1477, is generally conceded to be the greatest Venetian painter. Tintoretto and Paul Veronese are often classed with him, but there are paths that he trod which were never entered by either of these. Titian showed such marvellous balance and harmony of talent that his works have both pictorial charm and philosophic

and poetic thoughtfulness. Nothing may be said to predominate; there is no discord, and there are no fads. He is so absolutely master of his art that the means by which he attains his end are lost sight of. He reaches to the grandeur of Tintoretto, and yet he can descend to the more trivial qualities of Veronese. He is more complete than these others.

Men who possess a strong artistic temperament are not always practical, but in this Titian was a great exception to the general rule. He was pre-eminently what in modern language we would call a "good business man." He did not allow his enthusiasms to lead him into ways which should be financially unprofitable. He had a shrewd instinct concerning the value of advertisement. Hear .im strike a bargain: the following petition was presented in Venice before the Council of Ten in 1513: "I, Titian of Cadore, having studied painting from childhood upward, and desirous of fame rather than profit, wish to serve the Doge and Signory. . . . I am therefore anxious . . . to paint in the Hall of Council. . . . I should be willing to accept for my labour any reward that might be thought proper; but, being studious only for honour and wishing for a moderate competence, I beg to ask for the first Broker's Patent for life that shall be vacant, . . . two youths as assistants, to be paid by the Salt Office, and all colours and necessaries." A reso-

lution was carried to "accept Titian's offer with all the conditions attached to it." This great work in Venice had a most important effect upon his later undertakings.

He was the only artist to whom the Emperor Charles V. would sit. The emperor said that, as Alexander had selected Apelles to be his painter, so he, Charles, would suffer no one except Titian to hand down his portrait to future generations. Aretino said to him: "Titian will paint your portrait, and with it abate the claims that death may have upon your person," meaning that the emperor should live in the immortality of Titian's work. One day Titian, while at work upon a portrait of Charles, dropped his brush; the emperor sprang forward, picked it up, and restored it to him, exclaiming that it was an honour for even an emperor to stoop to serve such an artist. Titian was created a Count of the Lateran Palace, with privileges of Count Palatine; he was also dubbed Knight of the Golden Spur.

Of the Titians in the National Gallery, the first in point of time is the Holy Family, No. 4. But the most interesting is his famous Bacchus and Ariadne, which was executed in 1514, soon after the death of Giorgione, while he was still swayed by the poetic spell of nature which the Castelfrancan loved. This picture, No. 35, is so pure in tone, so

innocently, gladly sylvan, that it has almost the pagan joyousness of Correggio. The colour is well balanced, but very strong and brilliant. The red scarf of Ariadne emphasizes and develops the colour-scheme without clashing with the other tones, although most painters would have hesitated to use it. There is abundance of youth and enthusiasm in every detail of this work.

The Venus and Adonis, No. 34, is a beautiful representation of this subject, glowing and chaste. As a painter of classical scenes there is no artist of the Renaissance who excelled Titian. The Noli Me Tangere, No. 270, is poetic and full of grace. The earlier idea of reverence is not seen here, but there could not be a truer portrayal of awe than that suggested by the whole pose of the Magdalen. The Giorgionesque still predominates in this landscape. There is another Holy Family, No. 635, in which St. Catherine is seen on her knees, fondling the infant Christ, who lies in the lap of his mother. There is almost a replica of this work in the Pitti Palace. It is especially interesting as being a very late picture by Titian, and should be compared with his earlier one, No. 4, to note the differences in style between the two. The new Titian, purchased in 1904 (No. 1941), is said to be a portrait of Ariosto. Thirty thousand pounds was paid for this masterpiece.

TITIAN. — BACCHUS AND ARIADNE

Mao U

Titian was much appreciated and eulogized by his biographers. Pino, in his "Dialogo di Pintura," 1548, speaks of him as having three lives, "one natural, one artificial, and one eternal." (In which, after all, one may say that Titian was no exception to the general rule!)

Palma Vecchio's Portrait of a Poet is a fascinating study of light and shade, and is strongly suggestive of Giorgione in its modelling. It is numbered 636, and is unfortunately the only bit of the work of this brilliant painter which we have. It is often attributed to Titian.

Bonifazio Veronese's Madonna and Saints, No. 1202, is like many of Palma's paintings elsewhere, but, without opportunity of comparison, this point is hardly worth dwelling upon. Bonifazio was a pupil of Palma, and painted in the light-hearted, buoyant style of the Venetians of his period.

Paris Bordone may be seen to advantage in two characteristic pictures, one, a Portrait of a Lady, No. 674, resplendent in texture and colour, in which Bordone shows himself a worthy disciple of Titian in the art of portraiture, and a Daphnis and Chloe, No. 637, rather artificial, though pleasant in colouring.

Lorenzo Lotto is seen only in portrait-work in London, but one should not complain at that, as he was particularly famous in that branch, and

these are fine examples. The Brothers Della Torre, No. 699, is one of the great double portraits of the world, familiar to any student of historic likeness. The wonderfully natural and unadorned informality of the picture strikes one as strictly modern in spirit. It was originally intended for a single portrait, the second brother having been added afterward. A magnificent study, too, is the Portrait of the Prothonotary Apostolic Juliano, No. 1105, — refined, intelligent, forceful in its simplicity. The charming picture of a family group, No. 1047, is most fascinating, although a little stiff, the eyes of all being "on the audience." The quaint little daughter sitting on the table is among the sweetest children in the field of Renaissance art.

After the death of Titian, in 1576, the art of Italy suffered a very general decline. With the exception of Tintoretto and Veronese in Venice, the various schools may be said to have been without a great master. These later painters will be noticed when we reach the thirteenth hall in the gallery. The art of Venice died with Tintoretto.

Of Paolo Caliari, better known as Paul Veronese, the National Gallery is replete with masterpieces. A great pageant painter, a scenic and dramatic artist, he can be seen to full advantage in his magnificent Family of Darius at the Feet of Alexander, No. 294. After the battle of Issus, in

LOTTO. — FAMILY GROUP

333 B. C., the royal captives are seen imploring pardon from the conqueror. Of course, the costumes are Venetian, and sixteenth century at that; indeed, it was the fashion then for living people to pose as participants in historic scenes. In this case the family of Darius are personated by the Pisani family, and the portraits are said to be accurate. The picture was painted in recognition of hospitality bestowed upon the artist by the Pisani. There has never been a more gorgeous colour-treat to linger in one's memory. This picture has been called the best criterion in estimating the genius of this master for colour. The Adoration of the Magi, No. 268, is a fine specimen of the painter's religious spirit, to which class of subject, however, the sumptuous style of Veronese is little adapted.

The Consecration of St. Nicholas of Myra, being rather a study of the outward and visible things of religion, instead of those inward and spiritual, is much more successful. This is No. 26. The beautiful St. Helena, No. 1041, has a wide reputation for its limp, restful grace and peachlike colouring and tone. There is a small Europa, not unlike those larger pictures in Venice and Rome, and four delightful allegorical groups, very decorative and well composed. They were probably originally used as panels in a ceiling. They appear to deal with various phases in the lives of lovers. Their names

indicate their general subjects. Unfaithfulness, Scorn, Respect, and Happy Union. They hang in the rotunda.

✝ Jacopo Robusti, or Tintoretto, was born in 1518, ten years earlier than Veronese, and lived until 1594, outliving Titian by six years, so that his long life saw the rise, summit, and decline of Venetian art. He was the most versatile genius of all. Without the perfection of Titian, he yet has greater originality of conception. While it is true that Tintoretto painted nature he may justly be accused, like all his contemporaries, of not rendering historic scenes accurately. With vital truth, he paints the Venice of his day, and not the scenes which he is supposed to be transcribing. Colour and form, and truth to nature — not as he detected it as a student, but as he saw it as an observer — were what Tintoretto strove for. On his studio wall was written, as a motto, "The colouring of Titian and the design of Michelangelo." There is something of his "terribilità" [illegible] George, No. 16, where the swirl of energy in horse, rider, and dragon is contrasted with the still dead figure of the victim on the ground. The same violent action characterizes, although with quite a different result, the picture of the Origin of the Milky Way, No. 1313; while the devout quiet of No. 1130, Christ Washing the Feet of His Disciples, is an entire

VERONESE. — VISION OF ST. HELENA

contrast to either. In his epitaph Tintoretto is spoken of as the "Venetian Apelles," and the inscription proceeds with the statement that "by his fervent genius he rendered dumb poetry eloquent, in that by his divine pencil he made the denizens of the earth and heaven breathe in his pictures." It is not possible to appreciate Tintoretto from the examples in the National Gallery. A further study would only be fair to such a master. Later critics are inclined to claim for Tintoret the octagon panel, No. 32, of the Rape of Ganymede; it would certainly seem that it might be by him, for the modelling and colour are like his works. This panel was once in a ceiling, but it is improved by being recognized in an upright position, the attitude being just as appropriate when considered longitudinally as when the figure was supposed to be ascending.

The great painting by Sebastiano del Piombo, No. 1, the Raising of Lazarus, shows the combined schools of Michelangelo and Raphael, although the Frate del Piombo was also a pupil of Giorgione. He is an exponent of what is known as the "grand style." The picture, fine as it is technically, is not especially acceptable to most observers. The subject is always an unpleasant one in art when treated with realism, as it has been from the earliest times.

Among the striking portraits in this room are

two by Moretto, of Italian noblemen, Nos. 299 and 1025. A typical late Venetian picture, too, is Moretto's St. Bernardine of Siena, No. 625, with its gracefully draped figures. The colouring is cool and silvery; there is less of the golden glow, which is so marked a feature in Titian's paintings. Cool, too, in tone is Savoldo's Magdalen Approaching the Sepulchre, No. 1131, where the sheen of satin and the side glance are too theatrical.

Domenico Morone's two gay little panels portray scenes from a tournament, and are full of merry activity. These are Nos. 1211 and 1212. His more talented son, Francesco Morone, is represented by a delightful Madonna, No. 285, with a naïve little human child in her arms. There is a Morone almost like this in Verona. Bassano's Christ Driving Out the Money Changers, No. 228, is spirited.

Contrast the Portrait of a Young Man, by Veneziano, No. 287, in his gay red with elaborate trimmings, with that by Licinio, No. 1309, where intellectual poise and restraint are felt. Here we have the two great opposites in Venetian portraiture; the dashing, worldly spirit of the one balanced by the scholarly, thoughtful bearing of the other.

There are no better portraits than those by Moroni, a talented pupil of Moretto. The Lawyer,

No. 742, the Ecclesiastic, No. 1024, and especially the world-famous Tailor, No. 697, are among the finest portraits ever painted. The characteristics of each type are brought out so that the personages seem to live before us; and they are not grandees, — they are the every-day people who are doing something of the world's work, and are refreshing after the great leisurely overdressed and overfed aristocrats who usually sat for their portraits in the sixteenth century.

CHAPTER VIII.

LOMBARDY AND THE DECADENCE

THE first name which greets us in the school of Lombardy is that of Vincenzo Foppa, who lived during the latter part of the fifteenth century, dying in the same year that Columbus made his voyage to America. The picture by him, No. 729, is careful, original, and thoughtful. It repays close observation. The next, in point of succession, for us to examine, are the pictures of his pupil, Borgognone, who lived until 1523, and was a master of the spiritual type. No. 1077, a charming triptych, is in tempera, as is also the Virgin and Child, No. 1410. The Child in this picture is attractive because it is really infantile. Borgognone has two delightful panels of family portraits, Nos. 779 and 780, with faces ranged in perspective, the head-dresses being characteristic of the period, with their quaint nets and veils. The most famous of his pictures is the Marriage of St. Catherine, No. 298. In a naïve spirit, the artist has here portrayed the mystical marriages of both Catherine

of Alexandria and Catherine of Siena, the infant Christ extending a ring to each.

Practically contemporary with Botticelli is the great Leonardo da Vinci. Born within a few years of each other, and Leonardo dying only nine years later than Sandro, they may be regarded as exhibiting at the same time the opposite tendencies of the art of the period. Sandro stands for thoughtful mysticism, and a decorative, almost conventionalized, form of drawing; his tints are fading, the colours such as dreams might be made of; Leonardo, on the contrary, is brimming with life, full of spirit and energy, colouring his pictures with warmth and realism. His colour, however, has undergone great changes with time. Probably it is owing to a discovery which he made, according to Vasari, of "a certain mode of deepening the shadows," and that accounts for the exaggerated effects in light and shade which his pictures have. Within the narrow space allotted to the consideration of each master, it will be impossible for us to honour fittingly the genius of Leonardo. It must suffice to say that he was probably one of the most complete men in the matter of personal endowments who has ever lived. He was a veritable example of the universal genius. Many men have painted divinely; but Leonardo also wrote with a fine mastery of style, both in prose and

verse; many men have been fine writers, but he was also a great scientist; there are few scientists who are great artists, writers, musicians, and architects, all at the same time. In that he did all these things and did them nobly, he is greater than most men. Each art in which he excelled was dominated, in his case, by an almost unmatched intellect. Unfortunately, his works are few. But one of his finest paintings is in London, namely, the "Virgin of the Rocks," No. 1093. This, and the picture of the same subject in Paris, are both by Leonardo's own hand. It has been suggested by some critics, whose aim is to prove that there is nothing genuine but themselves, that this was a copy of the picture in the Louvre. If it were a copy, the arrangement of every part would be identical. There are certain small differences, however, between the two pictures which indicate that they are both the work of the same master. The only question to be settled is, which was painted first? In the picture in the Louvre the angel is pointing in rather an ungainly way at the Virgin with his forefinger; in the National Gallery picture, the whole figure of the angel is more relaxed, and his hand is not raised. The fine wiry halos about the heads of the sacred group are omitted in the picture in Paris; and St. John does not hold his cross, but simply bends forward with

hands laid together. The halos and the cross were probably added in the seventeenth century, and are therefore negative as evidence. Regarding the face of the Virgin, it is difficult to say which is the finer. Perhaps the picture in the Louvre has more softness of handling; this would lead to the conclusion that the one in the National Gallery were the earlier. Ruskin, speaking of the weird background, says: "The rocks are grotesque without being ideal, and extraordinary without being impressive." But Ruskin did not appreciate Leonardo, — he considered that he dissipated his powers. It is quite possible that the subject of the picture is, as has been suggested very beautifully by Dante Rossetti, the Valley of the Shadow of Death, where the Virgin and a guardian angel are bringing to the infant Saviour the soul of a child who has died. The absence of St. Elizabeth, and the fact that the figure we call St. John was originally painted without halo or cross, makes this theory tenable.

In recent years the two side-panels which formerly completed the composition, the Virgin of the Rocks being in the centre, have been acquired by the National Gallery, and hang here, numbered 1661 and 1662. They are by Ambrogio de Predis, a disciple of the master; possibly the first of them may have been worked upon by Leonardo himself.

The face is similar to that of his Virgin. Unfortunately, Leonardo used to obtain depth of shadow by painting on a dark ground, so that the black pigment has often come through with time, and spoiled the delicacy of the colouring.

The death of Leonardo is described as a most picturesque event. The king, who was a frequent visitor, had come to see him on his sick-bed; the artist insisted upon being raised up as far as his condition would allow, to avoid lying down in the royal presence. He then began to talk to his Majesty, "lamenting," says Vasari, "that he had offended God and man, in that he had not laboured in art as he ought to have done." Suddenly he was overtaken with a violent paroxysm, and, the king taking him in his arms, with the wish to alleviate his suffering, Leonardo died in the embrace of his sovereign.

Bernardino Luini approached so nearly the manner of Leonardo da Vinci in certain particulars, that it is evident that he must have come in close touch with him. His picture of Christ and the Doctors, No. 18, was until recently ascribed to Da Vinci himself. It is very beautiful, and the faces are almost identical with some painted by Leonardo, although the colouring is far more brilliant than that usually employed by Leonardo. To see how this type was perpetuated to degenera-

tion, it is well to glance at Lanani's Holy Family, No. 700, where the pointed chin has become catlike, and the smile a smirk.

The Lombard school, influenced by Leonardo, was a school of more careful finish and cooler tones than the Venetian. Solario, in his two good portraits, Christoforo Longono, No. 734, and the Venetian Senator, No. 923, displays the majestic type of Lombard portraiture. Solario came under the Flemish influence when in Venice, and his work is more northern and crisp than most of the Italian painters.

Beltraffio is an agreeable painter, as may be seen from his Madonna, No. 728. There is quite a Leonardesque feeling in Marco da Oggionno's Madonna and Child, No. 1149; and the mediæval sentiment seems to be revived in a somewhat artificial way by Macrino d'Alba, in his panels with saints, Nos. 1200 and 1201.

Giovannantonio Bazzi, or Sodoma, was a very original genius. Unfortunately, the examples of his work in the National Gallery are very inadequate to present an idea of his powers; he was for a time influenced by Leonardo, but his own personality was too strong to allow him to remain practically a copyist. Nos. 1144 and 1337 are all we have of his painting in this gallery.

The art of Lombardy is brought to its climax

by Correggio, the painter who is most difficult of all to analyze, because the very elements which charm us in him would ordinarily be recognized as faults in a lesser genius. Gay and apparently inconsequent, the "Ariel of the Renaissance" is a law unto himself. His light and shade are the wonderful features of his technique. He hardly paints shadow — he almost breathes it. It lies as cool and translucent as the actual shade when the sun is shining; it glows with colour, as do the shadows on real flesh. And the most remarkable part about it is that he painted as a rule in fresco, which vehicle is much more difficult to render transparent than is oil. Probably from Mantegna he derived his mastery over foreshortening, which leaves him unrivalled except by Michelangelo. His true abilities can only be seen in Parma, where he frescoed the vaults of the cathedral. His preference was for painting women or children; with the masculine he had small sympathy. Although extremely emotional, his emotions are simple and easily understood. He requires no interpreter, as a more intellectual artist often does. He is distinctly obvious; one either likes or does not like him without having to wait to hear why.

In his perfection, Correggio is seen in the gentle Madonna with the Child, No. 23, an early picture painted shortly after his own marriage. The rol-

CORREGGIO — MERCURY AND VENUS INSTRUCTING CUPID

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licking mood of the infant and the indulgent but worshipful love of the mother make this one of the best religious paintings that Correggio achieved. In classic subjects he was particularly happy, as may be seen in his Mercury and Venus Instructing Cupid, No. 10, where the mischievous and volatile Hermes appears to be giving the youthful God of Love some written instructions which evidently do not displease the Goddess of Beauty. Light-hearted comedy and poetry of form constitute the chief charms of this exquisite canvas. The Ecce Homo is weak; Correggio had not the depth of temperament to render such a subject, nor the Agony in the Garden, No. 76, which may not be by his hand. The lighting in the latter picture is ingenious, being cast through a rift in the darkness down upon the figure of Christ.

Correggio's nature must have been a singularly optimistic one, for his actual environment was not one to induce gaiety. The story of his death is a pathetic one; he had been employed in Parma, and, when he came to claim his payment for the completed cupola which he had adorned with his finest frescoes, he found the canons in a very mean mood, and only willing to give him half of the price for which he asked. As his needs were too overpowering to allow him to debate the point, he accepted the paltry sum; but, as it was paid in

coppers, it was a heavy burden for him to carry in the heat. After walking with this load to his home some miles away, he was seized with a violent thirst, and drank too plentifully of cold water. A fever followed, and in three days the glad disciple of pagan perfection died.

When his followers tried to imitate the winsome character of Correggio's work, they failed, and his school suffered a mawkish decadence. Among his best disciples is Parmigiano, who painted the large Vision of St. Jerome, No. 33, which is very mannered. Just after this picture was purchased for the National collection, Lord Egremont said to Leslie, the English painter: "I want to see who the men are who have given so much money for that broken-backed St. John; a poor way, I think, of encouraging art!"

Liberale da Verona, a miniaturist of great merit and a picture-painter of less power, has a bright and interesting picture, No. 1336, representing the Death of Dido, on the immense funeral-pyre of her own building; and Boccaccino, a painter who ought to have wrought miniatures, so elaborate is his hard finish, may be studied in No. 806, the Procession to Calvary. Gaudenzio Ferrari, who laboured after spiritual expression, is the author of the rather flamboyant figure of the Risen Lord, No. 1465. A bit of mediævalism survives in the

Head of a Monk by Lodovico da Parma, No. 692, which is interesting as having been painted so late as the sixteenth century. It represents St. Hugh of Grenoble, who lived in the thirteenth century, the inscription on the halo being "S. Ugo." Nos. 1135 and 1136 are two panels of the Veronese school, recording scenes in the legend of Trajan and the Widow. They are full of a certain early charm, and should be examined for their detail.

Unfortunately, with the sixteenth century the truly great art of Italy passed. On entering the apartment where the later schools are hung, it is evident that over-ripeness is blighting the golden fruitage. One sees no more of the prayerful effort; no more earnest striving, sanctified by its very failure to reach completeness; the assured bombast of technical success has driven out the more simple qualities, and the facile touch and a confident display of skill have superseded the cautious experiment, in which there is ever the element of fascination. Nevertheless, there is fulfilment in many of these pictures; while they are more obvious, and therefore less interesting to the student, they have frequently what may be called a great popular message, and it is as narrow to say that there is no good in them as to claim that all the earlier efforts were useless because they failed to reach perfect expression. It is only fair to give credit

to what is worthy even in the decadence, as well as to admire the germ of artistic expression. Both have excellences of differing kinds, but they are excellences nevertheless.

Of the later men of Tuscany, Carlo Dolci is as objectionable a simperer as can be found. His Virgin and Child, No. 934, is exactly like nearly all his pictures, — it is typical of all his mannerisms. Less affected is the picture by Empoli, No. 1282, representing a very much dressed-up St. Zenobio restoring to life a dead child. If it were only possible that spirit and technique could keep pace with each other, this would have been a great age of art, for these painters had mastered their materials, and only the soul was wanting.

The art of Bologna advanced rather than declined in the sixteenth century, owing to a really great family, the Carracci, two brothers and a cousin, who were ornaments to their generation, and founded a school of many followers. There are pictures by all three of the Carracci in the National Gallery. Both collectively and individually we should examine their style and read their message. They have much variety of expression. Sometimes the effect is of too much action. There is inventive power in their groups, and in composition they frequently suggest Raphael. As a rule, their pictures are not crowded, — they are not noted for

the number of figures introduced, and this results in great relief for each, and in a clear and unconfused story.

So much for the Carracci in general. Annibale, according to Mengs, was the most perfect imitator of the style of Correggio that ever lived. In 1600 he went to Rome, where he "checked his fire, he improved the extravagance of his forms, imitating Raphael and the ancients, retaining at the same time a portion of the style of Correggio to support dignity." A quaint point of view. Most judges think that he surpasses the other members of his family. Annibale was rather a blunt, plain-spoken person, quite different from his brother Agostino, who was retiring and devoted to letters. Agostino was timid and backward in asserting his claims, while Annibale was intolerant of delay, quick, businesslike, and energetic. They could not get on together at first, and so separated and went to different schools. Annibale studied with Ludovico, his cousin. The school is generally spoken of as the school of the Carracci, rather than of any one member of the family.

After the formal education of each was completed, the brothers again joined forces. The style of all three is similar; they introduced a new strain into painting, and cast aside the unnatural tendencies of earlier artists, confidently producing works

of vigour, full of nature. The Carracci founded an academy, for they wished to propagate their new doctrine. Several of the leading artists of the next decade graduated at their school.

Of Annibale's style we have several specimens. Christ Appearing to Simon Peter, No. 9, is quite in the general spirit of his work; the figure is powerful, if a trifle stagey, — it at least tells its story. St. John in the Wilderness, No. 25, is soft and pleasantly treated, although the body of the saint is mercilessly twisted. A scene from Tasso, Erminia Taking Refuge with the Shepherds, No. 88, is a pretty semiclassical conceit; while No. 93, the drunken Silenus Carried by Fauns, is certainly full of bacchic inconsequence. Somewhat theatrical is his Apollo and Pan Playing the Pipes, No. 94. His conception of the Temptation of St. Anthony, No. 198, displays as unalluring a *mêlée* as could well be designed.

In Ludovico's picture of the Two Elders Approaching Susannah, No. 28, the lady is rather coquettish, and seems to have little objection to their attentions. The tones and tender sfumato of this picture are extremely rich, but overblown.

Of Agostino's finished productions, we can form little opinion here, for there are only two drawings by him in this collection; these, however, Nos. 147 and 148, are very boldly sketched, and are reminis-

cent of the Roman school. They represent Cephalus and Aurora, and Galatea.

Guercino was a leading disciple of the Carracci, although there is no proof that he studied in their atelier. His Angels Weeping Over the Body of Christ, No. 22, is by no means lacking in reverence, although it is the reverence of a later day than that of Fra Angelico. The study of light and shade interested these latter men more than psychic phenomena. In their place, they should be honoured. Some have called Guercino the Magician of Italian Painting. He borrowed the habit of Caravaggio in blurring the lines so that softness of effect is produced. His colouring, according to the Abbate Luigi Lanzi, is, "if not the most delicate, at least the most sound and the most juicy." In comparing his figures with those by Guido, one might repeat an old saying, that Guido's look as if they had been fed on rose-leaves, and Guercino's on flesh. By degrees Guercino became nothing more nor less than an imitator of Guido, the style of that artist being then much in vogue; in this Guercino declined, from the æsthetic point of view, for it was a concession to popularity at the expense of sincerity. Finally he became a mere hack painter, hurrying off his orders one after another.

Giulio Pippi, or Giulio Romano, was Raphael's most distinguished pupil. He had much of the

master's quality of touch, so that Raphael himself often chose him to work on certain parts of his pictures; he had more of the energy than of the delicacy of Raphael, and his action is often exaggerated. His middle tints are rather heavy, and lack softness, as a rule. He painted much in fresco, and became the founder of the school of Mantua, where he did his most important work, being painter and engineer to Duke Federigo. Indeed, this duke was heard to remark that Giulio wielded more influence in the city than he did himself. As an architect he accomplished much in Mantua. He is almost unique in having built a great number of palaces, temples, etc., and then decorated them with his own hand. He also had an extensive school, from which he constantly sent forth accomplished pupils. His "popular" manner was the key-note to his success. Not an inspired originator of colossal ideals, — not an innovator of any new method, — using no startling trick with pencil or pigment, but a sane, wholesome, acceptable painter, — such was Giulio Romano. We have only one painting of his, the picture of the Nymphs Attending Jupiter, No. 624, which is fairly characteristic of his manner. Giulio Romano died in 1546, deeply regretted, for he was much loved and revered for his good services in Mantua and in Rome, where he ended his days. Vasari describes the artist's

personal appearance, saying that he was of medium stature, with dark hair and cheerful eyes, was rather firm in his build, of a "kindly disposition and graceful deportment," of regular habits, fond of good clothes and comfortable modes of living.

Caravaggio's Supper at Emmaus, No. 172, is a dashing piece of chiaroscuro, but this is naturalism carried to its limit, as far as æsthetic results are concerned. Caravaggio was a pupil of the Roman school, born in Milan in 1569. Carracci extols him for "grinding flesh instead of painting it," — which sounds to our ears like a doubtful compliment, though given with the best intentions. He studied in Milan, and in Venice, where he adopted his style of deep shadow, relieved only in small spots by tiny rays of light, so that he is usually artificial and gloomy. He ridiculed correct drawing and graceful composition; it is of no use to look for either in his work. His pictures are simply powerful effects in light and shade, and, as such, have their value, being often extremely fascinating. Caravaggio was a pugilistic spirit, antagonizing all who differed from him in any way, and extravagant in his demands upon friendship. He constantly quarrelled with people high in power, and therefore was obliged to flee at various times from various places. He committed homicide in Rome, and immediately withdrew discreetly to

Naples. After a time he went to Malta, where he was accomplishing good work, when he had a misunderstanding with a cavalier, which made it necessary for him to disappear at once, so he went to Sicily. On his returning to Rome in 1609, he was overtaken on the road by a malignant fever, which soon put an end to his adventurous life.

Among the soft "latter-day saints" are Guido Reni's Magdalen, No. 177, full of what Ruskin calls his "pale rays of fading sanctity." His pretty little St. John and the Christ Child, No. 191, is far more attractive. Here is also Sassoferrata's Madonna in her extremely azure robe, No. 200, and Barocci's Holy Family, No. 29.

Bibiena's curious picture of the inside of a theatre, No. 936, with its crowd of promenaders, is interesting, as showing the costumes and customs of stage-life in his period; and the painting by Varotari, or Padovanino, No. 933, which shows a chubby child embracing a reluctant dove, is amusing. Padovanino's Cornelia and the Gracchi, No. 70, is rather insipid. A fanciful bit of mythological *bric-à-brac* is Ricci's Sleeping Venus, No. 851; the fluttering satins and airy Cupids in this recall some of the conceits of Van Loo. The two dressy pastorals by Zais, Nos. 1296 and 1297, have somewhat the same Frenchy flavour, as has also Longhi's Fortune-teller, No. 1334.

Maratti's portrait of Cardinal Cerri, No. 174, cannot be compared with the thoughtful work of Moroni. The four long, crowded panels by Rinaldo, Nos. 643 and 644, are very interesting to examine as miniature compositions with remarkable smoothness of detail; while the altar-piece and the Deposition by Tiepolo show pictorial art at its lowest ebb of spirituality. The Deposition, No. 1333, is too ghastly, — is more like the setting for a painting of the story of Rizpah than the usually accepted Biblical ideal; and the altar-piece, No. 1193, is nothing more nor less than a scene at the court of Venice!

Great among the landscape painters of the seventeenth century is Salvator Rosa, a Neapolitan who lived from 1615 to 1673. His pictures in the National Gallery do not exhibit his skill, for he painted also some striking figure-pieces. Nos. 84, 811, 935, and 1206 are by his hand, and are all rather wild studies of nature.

Salvator Rosa was a fiery personage, impulsive, and, it was generally supposed, improvident; but though he appears to have been a gay Bohemian, with little thought for the morrow, he had in reality harboured his property well, and when he died his son Agosto came in for quite a handsome sum, a valuable library and collection of pictures, and a large volume of the master's own designs and

writings, which were not published until after his death.

No man might patronize Salvator. A certain prince once tried to take advantage of him in the sale of a picture. Salvator immediately raised his price. The next day, fancying that he would be in a milder mood, the same prince came again to the studio. "Well," he asked, "have prices risen or fallen to-day?" Salvator, losing all control of himself, replied, "Your Excellency cannot have the picture to-day at any price; and yet I will prove to you how little I value it." Here he flung the panel upon the floor and trampled upon it. The prince beat a rapid retreat.

One of his most beautiful landscapes was sold to Constable Colonna, who sent Salvator a purse of gold in payment. The painter, not to be outdone in generosity, sent the constable another picture as a present. This was followed by another purse; and this contest of courtesy continued until the prince gave in, having really paid all he could afford.

Domenico Zampieri, or Domenichino, painted some very fine pictures in his time, Ruskin to the contrary notwithstanding. He was born in 1581, and was a leading man in the Bolognese school. Poussin thought so highly of Domenichino that he ranked him next to Raphael, and certainly, if we

judged him by his masterpiece in the Vatican, the Last Communion of St. Jerome, we should not be averse to accepting this estimate. But he was very uneven in his achievement. He was a master of technical difficulties, and devoted his whole life to art, only going forth among people to theatres or into crowds when he was in search of new types or suggestions for compositions. He studied under the Carracci, and is often theatrical, as many of their pupils were. Being also an architect by profession, he usually sets his scenes in stately buildings. He disposes his figures well, and delights in fine draperies and rich ornamentation. Sometimes in his choice of types he is a little like Correggio. Again, in some of his detail, he resembles Veronese. He was versatile, but, because of this very gift, variable. He was not especially original. He took good ideas wherever he found them, and believed that the first duty of an artist was to absorb. As Pliny advises one to cull from all good books, so Domenichino imitated the works of other painters. The fashion for admiring his pictures unfortunately passed during his lifetime, so that he was called upon to bear the disappointment of a decadence. He died in 1641 at Naples. His four pictures here are characteristic of his many moods. In No. 48, a small painting on copper of Tobias and the Angel, the peaceful landscape and

radiant figures show him in his restful mood. No. 75, St. George and the Dragon, is full of animation, and has a good deal of local colour and more mediæval feeling than one often sees in seventeenth-century pictures dealing with chivalrous times. His feeling for tragedy is exemplified in his Stoning of Stephen, No. 77, and his somewhat theatrical idea of inspiration, in No. 85.

There were two enthusiastic lovers of Venice in the eighteenth century, who are both represented in the National Gallery, Canaletto and Guardi. Canaletto lived during the first half of the eighteenth century, and Guardi in the latter half; but both of them studied their Venice in a strange, imaginative way, and painted innumerable scenes, like Nos. 127, 163, and 940. Canaletto's pictures have a great charm for us, for they embalm the impressions of a close observer of the most fascinating city of Italy; they are not always topographically correct, but are rather deliberate arrangements and compositions, including the most significant features of Venice. Canaletto was a very prolific painter, and nearly every gallery of note has specimens of his work. In another vein, No. 1429 should be of interest to all Londoners, showing as it does the famous Rotunda at Ranelagh, which was such a notable resort in those days.

Guardi's pictures, Nos. 210 and 1054, are similar in general principles to those of Canaletto, while No. 1454 is a study of a gondola, and shows the dress of the gondoliers of that time.

CHAPTER IX.

EARLY ART OF THE NETHERLANDS AND GERMANY

ART developed late in the northern countries. Not until after the days of Giotto in Italy was there any painting of significance in Germany or in the Netherlands. The first German art was in the Carlovingian period, when it took rather the form of a craft, displaying itself principally in well-shaped vessels and utensils in clay and bronze. Illuminated manuscripts followed, where the style was much like Celtic work, and there was little attempt to portray anything beyond a decorative motive. In the early part of the eleventh century a formal type of drawing grew up, founded upon the principles of architecture. Pictures were not yet painted for their own sakes, the graphic arts being still employed only in books. The manuscripts of this period are numerous, but no real sign of promise was shown until the early thirteenth century. Then a new era began, and the work was a little nearer the Byzantine style than that which preceded it. At this time the art of painting

was recognized, and there must have been artists of some reputation, for, in 1200, Eschenbach, in his "Parzival," alludes to them:

> ". . . As our tale runs,
> No painter of Cologne or Maestricht
> Could have painted him more comely
> Than as he sat upon his horse."

The school of Cologne is, indeed, the earliest of which any vestige has descended to modern times, while we know little about even this branch of the German school until late in the fourteenth century.

The first name that occurs in German art is that of Meister Wilhelm of Cologne. His scholars, Meister Stephen and others, are to be seen in the National Gallery.

The origins of Flemish art are still more obscure, but seem to have been manifested first in a species of coloured sculpture; and in the fourteenth century Flemish painting was confined principally to decorated bas-reliefs, being thus an adjunct to sculpture and architecture. The fact that this painting was done upon wood or stone necessitated early experiments with some more permanent pigment than tempera, and hence, through the exigencies both of climate and material, the claim that the Flemish artists discovered oil-painting in the

modern sense is probably a just one. While, as we have seen, oil was occasionally employed as a vehicle in early art in Italy, it was usually in conjunction with wax, making an encaustic, or else used as a superficial glazing after the tempera painting was accomplished. But in the Netherlands the oil appears to have been employed as the direct medium. As the paint had to be dried in the sun, it was expedient that the panels on which the work was done should be of moderate size. So this limitation accounts for the impression which one has first upon entering a typical gallery of German or early Flemish pictures, — that everything is on a very small scale. Tempera was also used, it is true, but in this case it was a foreign importation, for, according to Van Mander, who wrote in the seventeenth century, "painting with glue and egg was first brought to the Netherlands from Italy." Thus, while the Italians learned oil-painting from Flanders, it would appear that the Flemings brought with them from the South the art of tempera painting. But their more severe climate made it inexpedient for them to benefit by their lesson, while to Italy the use of oils opened up new avenues to success. There was little wall-decoration attempted in the North; frescoes in Germany or the Netherlands are very infrequent.

Although German art was somewhat prior to that

of the Netherlands, the Flemish school far outstripped its predecessor.

In the National Gallery the earliest German picture is a St. Veronica, No. 687, a smooth, neat little painting in tempera, in which the head of the Saviour imprinted on the napkin is life-size, while the figure of the saint is in about half-scale. It is an unimportant example of the early Cologne school. The early Germans adhered strictly to tradition, and a certain ritual of religious sentiment was observed by them; but the Flemish growth was toward naturalism, which was achieved suddenly and most unaccountably through the marvellous brothers, Hubert and Jan van Eyck.

Of the work of the elder brother, Hubert, there is no specimen here; he was a more spiritual painter than Jan, and his technique, in some of his works, is softer and more sympathetic. But Jan van Eyck, coming from no defined school, must always stand forth as almost magical in his power of vivid portraiture. There is no satisfactory way of accounting for him; he seemed to spring, as the Myrmidons, from the stones, or as the fully armed Pallas from the head of Jove. A perfectly equipped master of technique, a remarkably finished craftsman, he came, complete and inimitable, from among the stiff, prim painters of his day. He was the first to portray a correct, though not especially noble,

type of the human body. He rendered atmosphere well, depicted draperies with realism, and used rich and true colours. Great conscientiousness in portraying exactly what he saw was his leading characteristic. He was as careful to paint the shadow of an eyelash as he was to delineate the expression of joy or sorrow. His portraits are absolutely lifelike, although the quaint clothes, with their numerous angular folds, have in them an unavoidable element of the grotesque to modern eyes. The Van Eycks are famous chiefly for their great altar-piece of St. Bavon, the Adoration of the Lamb. Albrecht Dürer saw it in 1508, and recorded in his diary: "It is an exceedingly precious and most intelligent work." Jan van Eyck was probably born about 1390. The story of his discovery of oil-painting is in this wise. Having painted a panel in tempera, he had placed it in the sun to dry, and the panel split, thus destroying his work. In his efforts to discover some medium which should dry in the shade, he experimented until, as one authority says, "he solved some difficulty that had hitherto prevented the successful application of oil-colour to panel-painting"; and Vasari states that he found linseed-oil and nut-oil to be "more drying than all others." These, boiled with other mixtures, made the precious medium which had been so long sought. This is probably

the extent of the reputed "discovery"; like most successful discoveries, it consisted simply in aptly employing existing methods.

As Jan van Eyck was far greater in the art of portraiture than in any other branch, London is fortunate in having what may be regarded as his greatest work. I refer to the portrait of Jean Arnolfino and his wife, No. 186. This picture, at a first glance, has much of the grotesque ugliness of Northern art, but on a careful examination it rings so true that, after a few minutes the observer wonders what it was about it that struck him as amusing. The key-note to his diversion is undoubtedly to be found in the unfortunate fashion of the hat worn by Jean Arnolfino, and that is not a matter for which we can hold the artist responsible. The picture, in 1516, was in the private collection of Margaret of Austria; the catalogue of her gallery describes it: "An exquisite piece, closing with two shutters, in which are represented a lady and a gentleman standing in a chamber holding each other's hand." The shutters are no longer attached to the picture. It was purchased for the National Gallery, after several changes of ownership, in 1842. The thin, pale bridegroom, dressed in a fine combination of green and wine-colour, is raising his stiff hand in a solemn vow of fidelity to his flat-chested spouse. The picture

might stop there; but, the more one looks, the more impossible it is to say where it does stop, if it stops at all. There is almost no limit to the detail. Look, for instance, into the convex mirror; you can see the couple reflected; and, through an open door, another couple beyond; you have the feeling that only the limitation of your own eyesight prevents your detecting the very colour of their eyes! There probably was never a more wonderful miniature treatment of tiny objects painted by man. The picture should be examined carefully.

There are two other portraits here by Van Eyck, Nos. 222 and 290. Both are virile and interesting.

Roger van der Weyden, who greatly influenced both Flemish and German art a little later than the Van Eycks, is represented in this room by two pictures, No. 711, a Mater Dolorosa, and No. 712, an Ecce Homo. The Deposition, No. 664, may also be by him. Van der Weyden, born in Tournay in 1400, painted pictures of religious scenes chiefly. He was influenced in his colouring by the tinted stone carvings which he saw about him. In 1440 he went to Bruges, where he painted many altar-pieces and sacred subjects. The tendency of the times was toward realism, — a contract for a picture painted at Bruges stipulates that the "dead Christ" shall be painted "like a dead man," in all respects. This might apply to the picture here.

VAN EYCK. — PORTRAIT OF JEAN ARNOLFINO AND HIS WIFE

The style of the work is essentially dramatic, without being objectionably so. This painting has also been attributed to Dirck Bouts.

Unfortunately, among the Flemish and German pictures in the gallery are many which are assigned entirely by guesswork. At various times they have been attributed to some master; later criticism has overthrown the theory, and they have been left nameless. But because the name cannot be specified is no reason for looking at these paintings as inferior in any way to those whose authenticity has not been questioned. Many of the finest German pictures are among them. For instance, take the most powerful double portrait, No. 653, of a man and his wife; whether we know by whom they are executed or not, they still are among the finest early portraits in London. The Death of the Virgin, No. 658, is so remarkable for the varied types of the heads, each being a thoughtful study apart from every other, that one is inclined to believe that one of the greatest names in Northern art should be attached to it. It has been attributed to Van der Goes. A recent writer is inclined to consider both of these works to be by Jacques Daret, a follower of Van der Weyden, besides No. 654, a Magdalen reading, acknowledged to be of the same school. The rich green and cool blue of this picture are very fresh, relieved by a touch of scarlet. The

idea of realism in German art was carried only so far as to depict people as they then appeared, in the costumes and styles of the Netherlands; the higher idea of realism, in trying to portray scenes as they must have looked when they occurred, had not yet been grasped. What could be less like the Magdalen than this smug little Flemish person in her best clothes?

Hans Memlinc was the greatest of the early Flemish masters. In his Madonna with St. George, an Angel and the Donor, No. 686, we see him at his best. Memlinc lived and worked in Bruges, — there is no record of where he was born, but the event must have taken place about 1430. He occupied a position in the Flemish school similar to that of Fra Angelico among the Italians; his pictures are poetic and charming, filled with beauty and pure lofty sentiment. Technically his work is based upon the traditions of tempera painting: tempera has to be laid on delicately at first, and gradually deepened by vigorous touches; tempera pictures are often shaded by hatchings, as are drawings; thus, from mere force of habit, having begun his career as a painter in tempera, Memlinc used his oils much as his predecessors used their less pliable medium.

Memlinc's landscapes are especially charming. In Van Eyck's cooler tones the landscapes suggest the

MEMLINC. — MADONNA WITH ST. GEORGE, AN ANGEL AND THE DONOR

Non

budding freshness of spring, while in Memlinc's compositions they have more of the ripeness of summer. A pupil of Van der Weyden, he is more like the Van Eycks, and may be considered the last worthy representative of their school. While Memlinc was a religious painter, the gloomy side of life did not impress him at all, and he painted joyous visions of the same subjects as those loved by the Beato. He is at times almost sentimental in his refined treatment of themes. Yet, withal, the human gladness was as dominant a note as the celestial in his painting: in looking at his Madonna in the National Gallery, No. 686, one of the first things that strikes the beholder, is the fact that the baby is a real child. It may be painfully thin; it may not be endowed with beauty; but there is an expression of infant contentment on its face which one misses in most early pictures of the Netherlands. The detail of the picture is entirely lovely; the two charming vistas on either side of the throne could not be more romantic. St. George is rather a slender warrior to have overcome a dragon; but when one glances at the head of the monster lying at his feet, it is easy to imagine his being able to slay so tame a serpent. The head looks as much like that of a benign greyhound as anything. The kneeling donor, too, lacks strength. But in the sweet white-robed angel playing the lute, Memlinc

is perfectly at home, and it is the most satisfactory thing in the picture.

The two panels, No. 747, are ascribed to Memlinc, and with good reason. The same lack of power in designing the masculine figure is exhibited in these saints, namely, St. Lawrence and the Baptist. No. 709 is a Madonna extremely like the one in No. 686, but is probably the work of a pupil. The portrait of a man, No. 943, has been supposed to be a likeness of Memlinc, but later criticism has rather failed to countenance this theory. Passavant found it in possession of Mr. Aders, and pronounced it a Memlinc, probably a portrait of himself as he appeared in the hospital where he was taken with a wounded arm after the battle of Nancy. But later authorities think it to be by Dirck Bouts, claiming that the painting was done fifteen years anterior to the date of Nancy. It is dated 1462. It was once the property of the poet, Samuel Rogers.

Memlinc's colour was often laid so thin that the drawing underneath may be easily detected. While he has all necessary respect for the painting of accessories, he always observes the great rule that the face is of more importance than the clothes.

One of the most striking of the unnamed Flemish pictures is No. 783, the Exhumation of St. Hubert. The rendering of the Gothic architecture is delight-

ful, and the figures are well drawn and very expressive. The varying types of the ecclesiastics are studied with keen appreciation. The worldly bishop is there, and the unworldly monk; the superstitious priests, and the reverent bishop who swings a censer, are as true to life as the irreverent acolytes smiling in the background. This picture is strongly reminiscent of the work of Ouwater, a fifteenth-century Netherland painter.

The Dutchman Engelbertz is represented by a very lovely Madonna and Child, No. 714. The vine-clad tree growing in the central part of the background suggests the system of arrangement adopted by Girolamo da Libri in his picture, No. 748, in the Veronese room, although the style is quite dissimilar.

Very decorative is the tall panel of the Count of Hainault and His Patron St. Ambrose, No. 264. Another interesting picture, excellent in its perspective, is the Adoration of the Kings, No. 1079, which is often attributed to Gherardt van der Meire. The little street vista in the background is captivating. There are two interesting portraits of men, which might be named Optimism and Pessimism. One, No. 947, represents a thrifty, bright-eyed man wearing a gold chain and holding a scroll in his hand; the other, No. 1036, is a cadaverous per-

sonage, with one hand resting on a human skull, and two pansies held in the other.

There are two curious panels representing Christ appearing to the Virgin after his crucifixion, Nos. 1086 and 1280. Neither of these is attributed to any known artist. No. 1086 has been embellished by a curious set of conversational scrolls proceeding from the mouths of the characters.

A very fine painter who followed Memlinc is Gerhardt David. Two large and typical specimens of his work may be seen here. A Canon and His Patron Saints, No. 1045, and the Marriage of St. Catherine, No. 1432. The canon, kneeling and gazing into heaven, is surrounded by most ornate detail in the persons of the much-bedecked St. Martin and St. Donatian. The panel was originally a part of an altar-piece in St. Donatian in Bruges. The regal splendour of the vestments of these figures is unsurpassed. The third figure, the patron St. Bernardine, is humbly attired in the habit of his order. The execution of every part of this beautiful picture is of great delicacy. In the background may be seen the traditional beggar, waiting with pardonable anxiety for the cloak of St. Martin.

The Marriage of St. Catherine, No. 1432, is very devotional in spirit. It is rich in tone and colouring, and dignified in composition. It is worthy to rank with Memlinc's works, and, indeed, the back-

DAVID. — A CANON AND HIS PATRON SAINTS

ground view, though strictly architectural, instead of rural or pastoral, is as fine as any of this school. Gerhardt David has only been granted his full deserts within recent years, when Mr. James Weale, through careful research, has given him his legitimate appreciation.

Evidently by a follower of David is the Deposition, No. 1078. Observe the figure of St. John; it is almost Italian in its beauty, and quite lacks that long line from eye to mouth which gives such a hard expression to most Flemish faces of this period. It has been suggested that the beautiful and expressive picture of St. Giles Protecting a Hind, No. 1419, may be a valuable example of the work of Mostaert, a brilliant disciple of David. The fair-haired figure at the left is probably a portrait of the artist himself.

The German school, which started so promisingly in Cologne, became absorbed in the Flemish. Before its final disappearance, however, it produced some painters of note whom we will now consider.

Stephen Lochner, called Meister Stephen, was a famous painter of altar-pieces. The German revival under him was short-lived, but brilliant. The Germans still used the gold backgrounds which had obtained in the Cologne school, but their treatment of the human form was an advance upon the older art. Meister Stephen drew his figures in better

proportion, and in the picture ascribed to him in the National Gallery the types are very interesting. No. 705 shows the figures of three saints, Catherine of Alexandria, with St. John and St. Matthew on either side. There is great charm about these figures, that of the young Evangelist being especially lovely. The colour is soft, and yet lively.

One of the artists of the German revival in the fifteenth century is known as the Master of the Lyversberg Passion, because his chief work was a picture in Lyversberg of that name. He is believed to have painted the panel, No. 706, a Presentation in the Temple. Few of these German painters were known by name, the picture of St. Dorothy and St. Peter, No. 707, being by the Master of the Cologne Crucifixion, an artist who responded strongly to the Flemish influence, while among the Westphalian artists of the fifteenth century we have several works by the Meister von Liesborn, so called because of his numerous pictures in the abbey of that city. The series of panels by this master are rather hard and crisp in touch, as if they had been drawn from models of painted wood. The long panel with the Crucifixion, No. 262, is an interesting departure from the conventional gold background, and also exhibits a good deal of appreciation of the value of the repeating figure as a decorative motive. The first figure at the left of the cross is that of

St. Anne, who carries in her arms the Virgin, who, in her turn, is holding the infant Saviour! A curiously naïve genealogical sequence!

In No. 250, the Lion of St. Jerome and the Hind of St. Giles are standing up in a most grotesque way. No. 251 has more grace in its composition, although these richly vested ecclesiastical saints cannot hold their own with the Patrons of the Canon in No. 1045, which we have recently examined.

Among the great unnamed is a fascinating young woman, No. 722, who sits smiling from under her large head-dress. She is quite captivating. A fly has alighted on the stiff draperies, and is excellently painted. She holds in her hand a sprig of forget-me-not.

The Northern art of the sixteenth century centred rather about Antwerp than Bruges, where the Van Eycks and Memlinc had held sway. About the time of the voyage of Columbus, the Antwerp school of painters began its prosperous course, which was to culminate in Rubens and Van Dyck. Among the first names which we meet in reviewing the steps of its progress, is that of Quinten Massys, who joined the Guild of St. Luke in 1491.

In the National Gallery are two pictures by this artist, No. 295, framed together; they represent the Saviour and the Virgin. The workmanship is delicate, and the sentiment refined and tender. Spir-

itual feeling is evident in the faces, and the romantic softness of Italian influence may be detected. One is surprised to learn that Massys began life as a blacksmith, and, to win the love of a woman, agreed to give up his trade, and turn his attention to painting. The lady, in making this a condition, evidently realized his talent, and proved herself to be a dame of excellent diagnostic ability.

When Quinten Massys painted figures in the open air, he frequently worked in partnership with Patinir, a delightful delineator of pastoral themes, who added the backgrounds for Massys. Of Patinir's work we have here a good opportunity to judge, for there are several characteristic pictures by him in the National Gallery. Patinir is one of those artists who, born in a beautiful valley, never in after life quite grew away from his early impressions. Although his life was mainly spent in Antwerp, he clung to his memories of the delightful scenery of the Meuse, and painted it often. In his panel of the Crucifixion, No. 715 (in which some critics consider that Massys has added the figures), this exquisite rolling country is well portrayed. In No. 716, too, the real import of the picture is a study of the river; the figure of St. Christopher with the Christ Child on his back, is incidental. The river in this picture is more pleasing than the somewhat imaginative No. 1298, which is too fantastic

with its crags and its little plume of a tree. The four pictures of religious subjects, Nos. 717, 945, 1082 and 1084, are peaceful and refined, and less wild in their geological phenomena. The crinkly draperies are essentially Flemish, and remind one in their amplitude of the draperies of Van Eyck, except in the St. John on Patmos, No. 717, where the feeling is quite Italian.

Another painter of this period, and resembling Patinir in many ways, is Henri Bles. He was also born in the valley of the Meuse, his name, or, rather, nickname, being derived from a white lock of hair on his forehead. His work in the National Gallery is not very illuminating as to his ability. His Crucifixion, No. 718, is hard and metallic, and has little interest: the contorted Magdalen and the angels with chalices are stagey and unsympathetic. The only other picture given to him is a Magdalen, No. 719, which is utterly theatrical, and in no sense a religious picture, although the face is charmingly pretty.

There is an interesting portrait in russet tones by Mabuse, No. 656, of a man holding a rosary. Jan Gossart, commonly called Mabuse, was a fine painter of likenesses, and he is well represented here. There are two other portraits of his in this collection: No. 946, of a man with gloves; and also a somewhat recent acquisition, No. 1689, which

has now been assigned to this artist. It represents a man and his wife, sordid and weary, but forcibly painted.

The stiff, fashionable little Magdalen, No. 655, is ascribed to Bernard van Orley, and the two portraits, Nos. 1231 and 1094, are by Sir Antonio Mor, or Moro, who painted a good deal in Spain, although a pupil of Mabuse, and also worked in England.

The stately little portrait, No. 1042, is by Catharina van Hemessen, a woman painter of some reputation in her day. With a true feminine appreciation of good fabrics, she has rendered the interesting costume of her subject in a delightful way.

Rottenhammer's Pan and Syrinx, No. 659, is full of action, and mellow in tone. This artist was much imbued with a love for Italian art, and his work shows it in every detail. This painting is on copper.

Jan Scorel, the Bohemian and original character who studied with Mabuse and Dürer, and wandered about in a highly erratic fashion, arriving finally in Italy, and working with Raphael and Michelangelo, is here credited with a Holy Family, No. 720, and a pleasing portrait, No. 721. Mrs. Witt gives both of these pictures to Gerhardt David, but they are quite as characteristic of Scorel himself, the

type of face in both instances being far less forbidding than most of David's.

Cornelissen, the master of Scorel, is the painter of two good portraits of Donors, which evidently were the side-shutters to some altar-piece, No. 657. Their patron saints, Peter and Paul, stand guard over these worthy Netherlanders.

Here, too, is Gerard von Honthorst's picture of Peasants, No. 1444, who, warming themselves amidst their homely surroundings, form a prophetic illustration of the hold which genre painting was destined to take upon Northern art.

CHAPTER X.

LATER FLEMISH AND GERMAN MASTERS

UNTIL this year there has been a very serious gap in the chain of artistic succession in the London gallery; there was no example of the work of the greatest German of all — Albrecht Dürer. No. 1938, however, was purchased for the sum of ten thousand pounds, and there is every reason to believe it to be painted by the master. That it is a portrait of Dürer's father there is no doubt, for there is an inscription upon it: "1497 Albrecht Thurer der Elter und alt 70 ior." The picture has great vitality, and the colour is warm — the background being almost flame-colour. Dürer's pupil, Hans Baldung Grun, painted in the first half of the sixteenth century. The Pietà, No. 1427, and the Portrait Bust of a Senator, No. 245, are by him. The treatment of the hair and other details, with their little crisp dabs and wiry lines, are something in Dürer's style, but none of the real power of the mighty draughtsman descended to this follower.

The rich blue of the background is to be commended; this colour was one often used by Holbein, and may be seen also in the Portrait of a Young Man, No. 1232, by Aldegrever, who was a careful copyist of Dürer's methods.

Cranach, a co-worker with Dürer, and only a year his junior, is a painter of great delicacy and charm. His work is so smooth that its edges are too hard, and often suggest a figure cut out and laid on the ground; but his slim women, with their happy little mouths and eyes, are easily endeared to the student of his art. One of his pleasantest creations in portraiture greets us in No. 291, where the self-satisfied little lady in her finery is posing, and awaiting the verdict of the spectator in an ingenuous way. The recently presented Portrait of a Man, No. 1925, is also full of Cranach's characteristics.

The most important German picture in the National Gallery is of course Holbein's famous Ambassadors, No. 1314. This interesting double portrait represents Jehan de Dinteville, French Ambassador to England, and Georges de Selve, the Bishop of Lavaur. The picture has the signature, Johannes Holbein pingebat, 1533; the artist was proud of his work, and he was more than justified. There has been much controversy over this picture, some affirming that it represents Count Otto and Henry Philip of the Palatine, at the sign-

ing of the Treaty of Nuremberg, and that the various astrological instruments about the apartment are arranged so as to indicate their birthdays. But a manuscript discovered of late years, and presented to the National Gallery by Miss Hervey, hangs in an adjoining cabinet, and decides the balance of evidence in pointing to these personages as being Dinteville and the bishop. Georges Selve was afterward ambassador to Venice, while Dinteville was French ambassador to the court of Henry VIII. The arrangement of the figures is most curious; there is evidently more than meets the eye in this weird composition, with its charts, globes, musical instruments, and books. On the floor is the most mysterious object of all: this long thing, which suggests a defective cuttlefish, has been the subject of conjecture. But these men, standing so peculiarly on the canvas, flanking the accessories, instead of the accessories being secondary in importance, are divided by the emblem of mortality: the long strange article on the floor is an "anamorphosis," or human skull thrown out of perspective on purpose. The only way it can be seen correctly is by placing the eye close to the picture at the right, a little below the level of the bishop's hand, and the skull assumes its true proportions. What exact significance this emblem may have in relation to these men, cannot be easily determined; but there

HOLBEIN. — THE AMBASSADORS

is a small skull set in the cap of Dinteville which may have some further meaning. In treatment and handling, this picture is almost without a rival in the whole of German art; the harmony of colouring is exquisite, and, were it not for its baffling unconventionality in composition, it would be absolutely satisfactory. As it is, it is far more effective than any perfectly balanced arrangement could be. The light all over the picture is clear and uniform. There is some lack of atmosphere, inseparable from the introduction of minute detail and the close point of view.

Hans Holbein was the greatest exponent, after Dürer, of the German school, living about twenty years later than Dürer. He was born in Augsburg, about 1497. He was also the founder of portrait-painting in England, for he sojourned there much of his time, and painted many royal personages. He selected England partly because it was so fair a field, there being then no other great painter of likenesses to compete with. He relinquished his fatherland gladly to become the single prosperous court painter in that strange country. He was not so deep nor so spiritual a man as Dürer. His whole life was not spent in England, for he painted many years in Bâle, where he received the freedom of the city in 1520.

There have been some aspersions cast upon Hol-

bein's moral character; but there are few actual facts to prove that he was worse than most men of his times. Probably much of his bad reputation came from a joke which, played upon him by Erasmus, is even to-day quoted as circumstantial evidence against him. It happened that Holbein was working on an edition of Erasmus's "Praise of Folly," in which the illustrations were elaborate. Holbein, in a playful mood, sketched Erasmus on one of the margins; in retaliation, Erasmus selected a picture of a drunkard with a pot of beer, sitting beside a woman, and this cartoon he inscribed with the name of Holbein. If Erasmus had realized what serious injury he was doing his friend, it is not likely that he would have indulged in this pleasantry.

The most popular and best-known of Holbein's works is his celebrated Dance of Death, but his portraits were just as important an innovation in the art of his country as were his engravings. He founded a great Northern school of portrait art. He worked with the "calm entireness of unaffected realism," as Ruskin calls it, "which sacrifices nothing, forgets nothing, and fears nothing." Holbein was a convivial careless liver; he saved no money, lived lavishly, and dressed well. He died of the plague in London in 1543.

Another fascinating portrait by Holbein in the

tional Gallery at present, but not the property the nation, is the portrait of the young Duchess ristina of Milan. It is lent by the Duke of rfolk; it is most sympathetic and engaging. his was the witty young person whose spirited ply to Henry VIII. has been recorded. When he roposed marriage, she is said to have answered hat she would gladly accept had she but "possessed wo heads." In describing this charming Christina, Hutton, the English envoy, wrote: "She hath a good countenance, and when she smiles two little dimples appear in each of her cheeks, and one in her chin."

With war and tumult, the art of Germany died out after the sixteenth century; only occasional men arose after that time to revive the national æsthetic tradition. But in Flanders the storm and stress only seemed to add vigour to the Renaissance of arts, and, with the Dutch republic, there arose the powerful later Flemish school, headed by Rubens in Antwerp, and by Van Dyck, sustained by the ripened forces of their contemporaries and followers in the Netherlands.

Rubens was born in 1577; Holbein had died thirty years before, and Titian's long life had just been ended. Rubens is considered by many excellent judges to be the greatest painter the world had seen up to that time. Other critics find him

unsatisfactory and redundant. But whatever one's personal taste may be, every one must admit his magic skill as a delineator, his enormous productive power, and his ability to make his subjects live, whether they live according to our ideals of beauty or not. Virility is the key-note of his art; and it is captious to let our taste in the selection of models overrule our appreciation of his great technical skill. Byron has alluded to Rubens's pictures of "his eternal wives and infernal glare of colour"; Delacroix, more tolerant, speaks of his "force, vehemence, and *éclat*," which "with him take the place of grace and charm." It is not quite fair to judge Rubens by all the pictures which bear his name; many of these are only school pieces, for he had an enormous following of pupils, and many of the paintings which came from this studio are credited to the master, whereas perhaps there is hardly a stroke of his brush upon them.

His pictures in the National Gallery are scattered among the various rooms devoted to the Flemish and Dutch schools. The first which one normally meets is the celebrated Chapeau de Paille, a charming portrait in which the cool shadows all over the face have been the despair of later imitators. This picture, No. 852, shows a plump beauty of the type usually selected by Rubens; it is a portrait of his wife's niece. It is often said that it has been falsely

named, the hat in question being a felt hat and not a straw one; but the name has probably grown out of a misreading of the original term. As such hats were known in the Netherlands as Spanish hats, the name was likely to have been *Chapeau d'Espagne,* which has been heedlessly corrupted into its present form. It is one of the unquestioned paintings entirely by the master himself. Guido Reni remarked that Rubens's colours must have been mixed with blood, so vital and exuberant is his rendering of flesh. Contrast this with the picture near it, No. 853, the Triumph of Silenus: the flesh in this painting is in the extreme of Rubens's "fluid" quality. There is rush and movement in this composition, but it is far from pleasing. Equally unlovely is the Goddess of Peace, in No. 46, Peace and War; she looks more like the deity of Sloth, with her rolls of fat. This ideal of feminine form is one from which Rubens hardly ever departs. The picture is an allegory; Peace is surrounded by Wealth, Abundance, and Happiness, while War, Pestilence, and Famine are being repelled by Wisdom, who swoops down upon them from the clouds above.

The Horrors of War, No. 279, is also allegorical, and resembles closely the picture in the Pitti Palace. The same general characteristics and choice of models prevail in all these pictures, and, in the

Brazen Serpent, No. 59, they become positively repulsive. The most pleasing of Rubens's important pictures in London is his Judgment of Paris, No. 194. The figure of Venus and the back of Juno are in better proportion, according to the standards of beauty, than most of his nude women. The shepherd is quite Venetian in treatment and feeling, and the colour, enhanced by the decorative peacock, is beautiful. The large confused "Rape of the Sabines," No. 38, is also very typical of his methods, the forms of these court ladies resisting arrest being based upon his usual model of his wife. In speaking of Rubens's Rape of the Sabines, Mr. R. A. M. Stevenson alludes to "that flush-tide of the richest colour, which positively seems to boil up in swirling eddies of harmonious form. Its whole surface," he continues, "is swept by lines which rush each other on like the rapid successive entrances to an excited stretto, till the violent movement seems to undulate the entire pattern of the picture."

There are four small Last Judgment pictures, No. 853, in which the hurtling forms of the damned are writhing in all the attitudes of which Rubens makes a specialty. Rubens is almost best when he is not strictly characteristic. Neither the Conversion of St. Bavon, No. 57, nor the Triumph of Julius Cæsar, No. 278, are like most of his other works. The former is more like a fine Venetian

RUBENS. — JUDGMENT OF PARIS

painting, and the latter quite classic in its restrained architectonic progression. The reason for this is that Rubens was not consulting his own fancy in this procession, but based it upon a cartoon by Mantegna. The Conversion of St. Bavon is a delightful composition, full of fine stalwart figures, the central interest, however, being rather concentrated upon the bishop at the head of the steps than upon St. Bavon, who stands before and below him. It is unconventional in this particular, and is a picture possessing great charm and interest when it is examined closely.

Rubens was so great an artist of landscape, that it is to be regretted that he did not devote more time to the beauties of nature, which he understood so well, than to the portrayal of women, of whom he seems to have had only one impression. His Sunset, No. 157, could hardly be surpassed in its expression of evening calm and glow, with its long shadows and its wonderful comprehension of the halt between daylight and dark. No. 66, which exhibits the Château de Stein, where Rubens himself lived, is handled with the sympathy of one who loved and appreciated the beauty of his surroundings. The scene is depicted in the autumn, a hunter with his dog being seen in the foreground. The greens and browns in this picture are most happily harmonized, and the distant rolling country breathes

the spirit of peace and contentment. There are numerous other pictures by Rubens in the gallery, and also several interesting and powerful drawings; if space permitted, it would be a delight to examine them all in detail. Notice the sweet group of little cherub-angels in the Holy Family, No. 67, and the cool wooded vista in the charming little landscape, No. 948.

Prints are still extant of the house of Rubens in Antwerp. He had contrived for his studio a rotunda, like the Pantheon, where the light all descended from the single opening at the top. This was his museum; he had here collected vast numbers of books, interspersed with marbles, antiques, intaglios, cameos, and all the rare objects of art which he had brought from Rome. The walls were covered by his pictures and the works of his friends. There is record that the entire studio was sold to the Duke of Buckingham.

The most famous of Rubens's pupils, Sir Anthony van Dyck, was the son of an Antwerp merchant, born in 1599. When he was only ten years of age, he was a devoted art-student. At nineteen, owing to his precocious talent, he was a master in the Guild of Painters in Antwerp. In 1620 he became Rubens's assistant, working on many of the master's pictures; and in the following year he went to England under the best of auspices, being

engaged by King James I. When his term of service was over, he spent much time in Rome and Venice, studying carefully the works of Titian. He also worked in Genoa. In 1632 he visited England again, and became court painter to Charles I. He received a salary of two hundred pounds a year, and the king knighted him.

Van Dyck was essentially a painter of the aristocracy. He never cared for rustic scenes or genre painting, such as the Flemish school often indulged in; he preferred well-dressed dames and courtiers, and was most successful in his treatment of these subjects. He stands in relation to Flemish art where Velasquez and Titian stand to Spanish and Italian art. When the Civil War commenced, Van Dyck suffered with the rest of the Royalists; he died at Blackfriars in 1641, being buried near the tomb of John of Gaunt in old St. Paul's. The Italian name for this painter is an expressive one — "Pittore Cavaliereſco."

In No. 877 one may see the artist's own portrait, but at an early age. The influence of Rubens is marked here. No. 49 has been supposed to be a portrait of Rubens, and also shows the power of the master's personality over his scholar in the early stages of his art. Van Dyck was preëminently a portrait-painter, and his greatest work is that of Cornelis van der Gheest, No. 52. Admirable

in every line and from every point of view, this likeness is an epoch-making piece of portraiture. It is absolutely lifelike, and is unsurpassed by any portrait by Rubens or Rembrandt. Technically, too, the handling is unrivalled. The most remarkable thing about it is that it was painted when Van Dyck was barely twenty. This artist reached his zenith early, and never advanced beyond such work as is here exhibited.

In Italy, where he travelled while he was still young, Van Dyck became a close student of Titian. His temperament, which was what we denominate "artistic" to a high degree, fell readily under the sway of the glowing softness of the Venetian ideal. A general reminiscence of Italian design, notably of Raphael's cartoons, may be detected in No. 680, the Miraculous Draught of Fishes. A copy of Rubens is the picture of the Emperor Theodosius, who, after the massacre of Thessalonica in 390 A. D., was refused admission to the church by St. Ambrose. The moment selected, in No. 50, is a critical one: the emperor has just come to the very door of the church, and yet cringes, not daring to enter in the face of the stern saint.

The magnificent equestrian portrait of Charles I., which hangs in the National Gallery, No. 1172, was painted while Van Dyck was in London. This striking picture, which so ably displays the love of

VAN DYCK. — PORTRAIT OF VAN DER GHEEST

mastery, together with the weakness of this most pathetic historical figure, was sold among the effects of the king after his execution, and, having hung in Blenheim for a number of years, was finally purchased by the nation in 1885 for an enormous sum.

Of the immediate followers of Rubens, Jordaens is represented in the National Gallery by a recently acquired Portrait of the Baron Waha de Linter, No. 1805. Snyders, too, a contemporary of Rubens, who painted animals and still life, may be noted in No. 1252, a heaping panel of fruit. His skill in touch may be seen here, although it is neither an important nor an interesting example of his work. Jan Fyt may also be studied in a bit of still life, No. 1003, representing dead game, and in a newer picture, No. 1903, hanging near, — rather more significant, as introducing dogs as well as the birds. Another still-life painter, Snyers, has contributed a piece of varied fruit and flowers, No. 1401, while Neeffs, a clever delineator of architectural detail, may be studied in No. 924, rather an interesting interior of a Gothic church. Steenwyck the Younger, too, is here to be seen, with two interiors, Nos. 1443 and 1132, both of which are delightful; they show promise of those Dutch indoor scenes which are soon to appear.

A very clever follower of Van Dyck was Coques,

whose works are not very common, but of whom we have some notable examples in the National Gallery. No. 821, in the room with the Peel collection, is a very excellent specimen. It depicts a large and flourishing family of six children, who, accompanied by their father and mother, are enjoying themselves in a decorous fashion in a stately garden. The smaller children, in their quaint, stiff costumes, are altogether delightful, and the others conventionally acceptable. Coques may be seen to advantage, also, in some similar panels, representing the Five Senses, Nos. 1114 to 1118.

Ryckaert, the one-armed painter, also appears, with a delicate little pastoral Landscape with Satyrs, No. 1353, and No. 954 is a glowing out-of-door picture by Huysmans. Dietrich, the German, is exhibited here at his very best, in the charming picture, Itinerant Musicians, No. 205.

The pleasant little "walking lady" by Sir Peter Lely, No. 1016, should be observed, on account of its similarity to the work of Sir Peter's master, Sir Anthony van Dyck, and a good picture, approaching the "genre" style, which was constantly obtaining ground, is No. 203, representing the poor crowding to the gates of a Franciscan convent to receive alms.

David Teniers the Younger was born in 1610, and is the last important Flemish painter, — the

only Fleming who attained to a really noted position as a genre-painter, that is, a depicter of the life of the people among whom he lived, — not necessarily, as is sometimes understood, the lower classes. He was wonderfully versatile, and his technique is among the most perfect of any of the Northern painters. Sir Joshua Reynolds, in speaking of his works, said that they were worthy of the closest attention. Teniers possessed great mechanical knowledge of his art. "His manner of touching," says Sir Joshua, "or what we call handling, has perhaps never been equalled; there is in his pictures that exact mixture of softness and sharpness which is difficult to execute." Examine his delightful domestic interiors, Nos. 155, 158, 242, 805, and 862, and you cannot fail to realize that this is a purer quality of smoothness than has yet appeared except in a few rare instances. He used to be called the Proteus of Painting, on account of his infinite variety. His best pictures are painted in what is known as his "silver period," — the middle of his æsthetic career; before 1645 and after 1660 he adopted a more golden tone. These cool blue shades predominate in No. 805, Old Woman Peeling a Pear; the colours are stronger in the delightful Tavern Scene, No. 242, where the players at backgammon are clothed in harmonious shades of brown, gray, yellow, and green. No. 155, the

Money Changers, is dark and much heavier in tone.

Of open-air subjects, also, there are plenty here to enable us to judge of Teniers's treatment of atmosphere. An early but brilliant example is the Fête aux Chaudrons, No. 952, where the wide landscape is dotted with quantities of amusing little figures. Teniers himself appears in a group in the foreground; he may be distinguished by a scarlet mantle. A lovely silvery landscape is the River Scene, No. 861, and No. 817, another landscape, is interesting as representing Teniers's own stately home, the château at Perck. The little panels of the Four Seasons, Nos. 857, 858, 859, and 860, are cheerful, jovial figures, each set in the surroundings suitable to his vocation.

Teniers seems to have had a sort of Jekyll-and-Hyde quality in his art; occasionally he paints something so weird and gruesome that this style has won for him a reputation for fantasy almost equal to that of his contemporary who was known as "Hell-Breughel." Of this class, he has a grim piece of work in London, No. 863, Dives in Hell. The rich man is being dragged by fiends of hideous grotesqueness down to the depths of the infernal regions.

CHAPTER XI.

REMBRANDT AND THE DUTCHMEN

Mr. Henry Havard has made what at first sounds like an extreme statement regarding Dutch art. He says that there is no such thing as a "Dutch school." As he points out, Dutch painting exists, — and exists in great profusion, — but as for a school of art, handed down from master to pupil, — this really has been denied to the Dutchmen. As the term is very generally accepted, however, we will understand by the Dutch school that group of nearly contemporaneous men who all painted in the seventeenth century, and who had much in common with one another.

When Catholicism died in the Netherlands, the need for religious pictures ceased. At the same time, the form of government became republican, so that the daily life of the people was of more consequence to Holland than the pageantry of court life. These two conditions created the Dutch school. Classic subjects, as well as religious pictures, were ruled out by the sterner Puritanism;

therefore genre, the daily doings with which the people were familiar, and landscape and pastoral scenes, occupied the thought of the artists. Only for about a century did this brilliant set of painters exist; in the eighteenth century there was hardly any art in the Netherlands, and before that time religious subjects had been chosen by the Flemish and the Germans, as we have already seen. The Dutchmen rose superior to the consideration of subject. They gave themselves no concern as to what they should paint, but how they should paint it. They saw and reproduced the obvious, exterior effects, delighting in detail and curious freaks of light. Of deep introspection or philosophy we find little, except of the most primitive sort. While the Dutch were figure-painters, these figures were never the sole aim of their compositions. As the Italians may be said to have painted figures with background, so the Dutch may be observed to have painted backgrounds with figures.

Preëminent in Dutch art, although far exceeding its limits, stands Rembrandt. As Charles Blanc has said, he is "an exception in the Dutch school," because of the unlimited resources of his genius. His own portrait, painted by Rembrandt in 1640, is the best picture with which to begin our examination of his works. No. 672 shows the artist in a fur-trimmed coat and velvet hat, and in

REMBRANDT. — JEWISH RABBI

the prime of life, or, rather, the fulfilment of youth, at the age of thirty-two. Rembrandt was not a strictly handsome man, but he has frequently painted his own portrait. This is one of the most familiar of these.

It has been said of Rembrandt by his biographer, M. Eugène Fromentin, that he was of a dual nature: one, an adept, facile workman, a Dutch realist; the other, an idealist, a romancer, a seer of visions, whose principle and whose ideal was light. Added to this ideal was the wonderful faculty of technique, which made it possible for this master to employ the light so that he is the most wonderful interpreter of the luminous who has ever existed. Even in his portraits, which are intensely practical and realistic, this marvellous ideal quality is the dominating feature. It is the light on the side of the face which is the distinguishing characteristic of his powerful Jewish Rabbi, No. 190, the calm, hazy Capuchin Friar, No. 166, and the cheerful portrait of a middle-aged man, No. 243. Look into these shadows and lights, and you will see almost a mosaic of closely set crisp touches of many varying colours. The painter was self-taught, building up his own method of expression. If it is true that this was a man with a dual nature, it is probable that the natural Rembrandt, if untrained and uncontrolled, would have been a

dreamer, and quite visionary; but his acquired personality, the result of his own effort to regulate his nature, was systematic and practical. The union of the two would supply many a flighty genius with staying-power, and many a clever, alert inventor with the necessary ideality. But it is seldom that one sees the balance so evenly sustained. Rembrandt's principle in portrait-painting was to make the face the centre of interest, realizing how grotesque a study of clothes becomes after the fashions have changed. In all his portraits in the National Gallery this will be noticed. He subordinates the surroundings into shadow and suggestion, leading the interest of the spectator to the soul of the subject as depicted on his face.

How the shrewdness and alertness of the Jewish Merchant, No. 51, is expressed in every part of the composition! Not the popularly accepted cringing and sharpness, but the real insight and activity which characterize the best people in this nation of genuine aristocrats, with their uninterrupted pedigrees and their inherited centuries of intellect. The Merchant and the Rabbi would both stand as a wholesome lesson to those who are narrow-minded enough to perpetuate the spirit of persecution, both unchristian and unintelligent, which has been so widespread in history.

Three of the portraits are painted with an effect

more nearly approaching to natural daylight: No. 775, the delightful old woman, with a deep lace collar, and No. 1675, a masterly study of hale old age. His own portrait occurs again in No. 221, executed after the cares of life had passed over him.

There is a popular impression that Rembrandt usually painted in about the same manner, so that his pictures are easily recognized; in all of his works, to be sure, is that undefinable virility and personal touch which gives them an expression in common; but no one who looks from the Jewish Rabbi to the Old Lady, No. 775, can claim that his technique was unvaried.

Of figure-compositions there are several specimens for us to examine. The sketchy Deposition, No. 43, and the highly polished rendering of No. 45, Christ and the Adulteress, may be compared with advantage as showing entirely different but consistent treatments with the brush; in the first, the light is equally distributed; in the second, it is carefully graded, the figures of the chief importance being more illuminated than those of secondary interest. There is a soft, mellow Adoration, No. 47, in what is sometimes alluded to as the "Bible-by-candle-light" effect. What could be instanced as a greater proof of versatility than the curious little

short, stout woman wading in a pool, No. 54, contrasted with this religious subject?

A pleasing landscape, with characteristic lighting from one side, is No. 72, to which the small irrelevant figures of Tobias and the Angel give its name. Rembrandt was the great apostle of the simple, the uncomplex, as far as the plan and detail were concerned. He made his light and shade tell the story which many artists had told by means of line, or a confused multiplication of facts.

Among the works of Rembrandt's school there is a sweet, quaint rendering of the scene, Christ Blessing Little Children, No. 757. His pupils are represented in large numbers.

Ferdinand Bol, the painter of an Astronomer's Portrait, No. 679, is among his best disciples in portraiture.

Fabritius painted the two pleasing genre pictures, No. 1338, the Adoration of the Shepherds, and No. 1339, the Nativity of St. John. Like most of the Dutch figure-painters, Fabritius has fitted religious names to studies of Dutch interiors. The chubby child in his little round hat and reefer is singularly unlike the usual presentment of young bystanders in religious pictures.

An excellent piece of good wholesome daylight may be seen in Jan Victors's Village Cobbler, No.

1312. This is as merry a bit of homely cheer as a Hogarth or a Wilkie.

Delightful examples of the work of Nicolas Maes may be studied in the National Gallery. He lived from 1632 to 1693, and was especially famous for his figure-painting. Of No. 159, the Dutch Housewife, the painter, C. R. Leslie, has spoken so appreciatively that it would be a mistake not to quote him at this point. He says: "There are few pictures in our National Gallery before which I find myself more often standing than the very small one by Nicolas Maes, the subject of which is the scraping of a parsnip. A decent-looking Dutch housewife sits engaged in this operation, with a fine chubby child standing by her side watching the process, as children will stand and watch the most ordinary operations, with an intensity of interest. . . . It is not the light and colour of this charming little gem, superlative as they are, that constitute the great attraction, for a mere outline of it would arrest the attention, among a thousand subjects of its class, and many pictures as beautiful in effect might not interest so much; but it is the delight at seeing a trait of childhood we have often observed and been amused with in nature, for the first time so felicitously given in art." No. 153, the Little Nurse, is full of this same quality of interest. The pride in responsibility, expressed on the jovial face

of the little girl, is admirable. No. 207, the Idle Servant, is very well known, and is among the finest pictures by this artist. The tolerance, and yet the discouragement, of the patient Frouw, who comes upon the stupid sleeping maid in the pantry, could not be more expressive. In this picture one may note a feature which will be met with constantly among the Dutchmen, — their love for leading the eye beyond the main centre of interest through an open door or window, or up a little vista; an opportunity to introduce a second principle of lighting in the background. It is a most delightful trait in these domestic scenes, and constantly to be met with; perhaps this peculiarity goes farther than any one other in producing the "cosiness" which is so general a quality in Dutch genre painting. Very interesting is the picture of the Card Players, No. 1247, also by Maes, the earnest anxiety of the girl being excellently contrasted with the assured satisfaction of the young man.

Eeckhout's Chiefs of the Wine Guild, No. 1459, is a strong study in types, and the Convivial Party, No. 1278, by Hendrik Pot, is a jovial group of excellent delineation. Observe the little dog which licks the hand of his tipsy master, as if to ask for an explanation or to express sympathy. No. 1294 is by Poorter, — the subject is not easy to define. It may be allegorical, or it may be the

HALS. — PORTRAIT OF A MAN

Dutch interpretation of the vigil of arms of a young knight.

Van der Helst, who, according to Sir Joshua, was the "painter of the first *picture of portraits* in the world" in his famous Banqueting Scene in Amsterdam, is represented in London by two portraits of women, Nos. 140 and 1248. Carefully finished, they are excellent examples of the smooth varnished type of Dutch workmanship.

It is always a delight to come upon a portrait by Frans Hals, and here we are greeted by two charming subjects, a man and a woman, Nos. 1021 and 1251. Both have the expression of being ready to burst into a laugh, although there is no actual smile on the face of either. Most virile, almost with the play of thought made visible in the countenances, these two people look out at us from the thrifty, happy Dutch life of the seventeenth century. Some portrait-painters are great as Italians, others as Dutchmen, and others as Frenchmen; Frans Hals is universally great. There is no strictly local quality about his work, — it is vitally natural, and human in its appeal. There is nothing about his art which would not apply equally well to the demands of the French, the Italian, or even English standards. He was a great modern, — and he will never be out of date. A story of Hals is frequently told, which sounds characteristic of the jolly

painter. Van Dyck, then only twenty-two, paid a visit incognito to Elias, requesting him to paint his portrait. Elias agreed, and, with his marvellous facility, painted the likeness in a surprisingly short time. Van Dyck inspected the picture and then observed, nonchalantly: 'Painting is easier than I thought, — so is change places, and see what I can do.' Elias, in great his eminence sore surmised with polite tolerance. Van Dyck, who was equally adept in his execution, quickly turned out a sketch of the older artist. When Elias saw what he had done he rushed upon him and embraced him, exclaiming: 'He man who can do that must be either Van Dyck or the devil.'

Cornelis van Poelenburg's small picture of a ruin, with women bathing in the foreground, No. 155, is unusual in Dutch art, in that it combines the nude

red brick house-fronts, and the gleam of pale sunlight."

A spirited painter of war-scenes and soldier life is Philips Wouwerman. His Battle, No. 976, is a fine bit of detail. While fond of military subjects, he also painted landscapes, of which Nos. 882 and 973 are characteristic and interesting examples. The Stag Hunt, No. 975, is full of action and *verve*, while No. 880, dealing with peaceful barter and exchange, shows a huntsman driving a bargain with a fishwife on the seashore. A mirthful piece is No. 878, called, in the catalogue, A Halt of Officers, but oftener known as the Pretty Milkmaid, for the halt is made in order to enable one of their number to dismount and pay compliments to a pretty girl who is carrying a milk-can. Ruskin does not consider Wouwerman a great artist, criticizing his handling severely: but he admits that there is "of clever dotty, sparkling, telling execution, as much as the canvas will hold." His works have also been characterized as "nonsense pictures," a mere collection of "items without a meaning," which criticism seems a little intolerant and exaggerated, as didactic criticism usually is.

Of the work of Adriaan van Ostade we have only one specimen, No. 846, the Alchemist, but it is a fine one, exhibiting his love for homely detail,

and his indifference to the consideration of beauty. He was a pupil of Hals, but obtained the sobriquet of "Rembrandt in Little." In his early work golden tones prevail, as also in his latest; but in the intervening years he tended rather to red and violet tones. This picture is of his middle period. In this painting of the Alchemist, there is a scrap of paper lying beneath a stool in the central foreground, on which is inscribed the Dutch equivalent for "You are wasting your cost and pains." Adriaan van Ostade brought up his younger brother, Isaac, to be an artist also, and there are four pictures by him in the National Gallery. A delightfully crisp frosty bit, called the Frozen River, No. 848, almost seems to crackle with the winter chill, while a Pastoral, No. 847, glows with sunshine and warmth. The same contrasts may be observed in Nos. 963 and 1347, — one of winter and the other of summer.

The Philosopher, No. 1481, is also by a pupil of Adriaan van Ostade, Cornelis Bega, and the idea has been somewhat inspired by that of the picture by his master, although technically there are many points of difference.

One of the most fascinating figure-painters of Holland was Jan Steen. An irregular Bohemian in his mode of living, this artist has infused into his work a certain careless abandon and cheerful quality

which, when not carried to excess, is both charming and amusing. As he left a legacy to the world of more than five hundred minutely finished pictures, full of coherent thought and consistent detail, it is not possible that he was so entirely a sot and a ne'er-do-weel as he has been represented, for the actual time required for the production of such a gallery of masterpieces proves that he had industry, clear-headed ability to observe life, and a steady hand to portray it. No. 856, the Music Master, is full of expression, and both that and No. 1378, An Itinerant Musician Approaching a Family Group, have the attractive little vistas in the background for which this master was famous. Music seems to be the basal principle of all the Steens in the National Gallery, for in No. 1421 it is again the theme. The scene this time is out-of-doors; the lady is holding a sheet of music, while a performer on a lute is entertaining her and a gentleman with a selection. Steen may be characterized as holding the position of a Dutch Hogarth: satire and comment are evident in all his pictures. These three pictures in London show him at his most refined, portraying scenes from respectable and even high life, while we have no sample of the boisterous vulgarity which frequently mars the grace of his achievement. No. 1378 was bequeathed to the National Gallery by Sir William Gregory,

who had obtained it at "a bargain," as he writes. "A French dealer," he says, "offered me two hundred and fifty pounds for it the day after I had bought it for two pounds three shillings!"

There is a curious crowded little Dutch study of ruins, No. 1061, by Poel, representing the destruction caused by the explosion of a powder-mill near Delft in 1654.

Jan Molenaer's Musical Pastime, No. 1293, reminds us of Steen's subjects as we see them here. It is very lively and agreeable, full of enjoyment and spontaneity.

A most important Dutch painter comes next under consideration, — Gerard Terborch, formerly called, incorrectly, Terburg. He was born in 1617, and early showed great talent for drawing, making numerous little sketches. His father collected these manifestations of genius, and some of them are still preserved, with loving inscriptions on the margins, such as, "Drawn by Gerard after nature, on the 26th of April, 1626," and other proud parental comments. A letter of the elder Terborch to his son proves that the artist's earliest influences were of the best. "Draw constantly," writes the father; "when you paint, treat modern subjects as much as possible. Have regard to purity and freshness of colouring. . . . Above all, serve God, be honest, humble, and useful to all, and your affairs will

turn out well." The young artist travelled a great deal; he visited England, France, and Italy. There, becoming acquainted with the Spanish ambassador, he was invited to Spain, where his youthful fascinations worked such havoc among the Spanish ladies that he was obliged to flee from jealous rivals. Settling down in Holland after this, Terborch became rapidly famous. By that time the country had been in a state of peace long enough for the accumulation of wealth among its inhabitants, and Terborch was constantly employed with portraits and pictures representing the luxurious life of the upper classes. He was the first of the Dutchmen to portray this side of the national life. A fashionable painter, he naturally studied to please the wealthy patrons who employed him. His pictures are usually small, intended as gems of decoration about luxurious homes, rather than as ornaments to public buildings. But he was not led astray into unduly florid gorgeousness: he drew rather the refined elegance of really good society than the inordinate display of the newly rich. His pictures have a restrained simplicity and intimate charm which are very refreshing. His colour-scheme, too, is soft; never garish, although more splendid in some of his works than in those which we shall have the pleasure of examining. No. 896, the Peace of Münster, is his most famous work. It is on copper,

and barely two feet by one and a half; and yet he has enshrined in this small space one of the most notable events in history. Wonderful character is depicted in these tiny faces, and, considering its proportions, an almost incredible amount of dignity pervades the composition. The scene is the signing of the great treaty of peace which terminated the Thirty Years' War. The delegates and ambassadors of the various European powers are standing about a table, — and that is practically all there is in the actual composition. But the masterly way in which these sixty little heads are differentiated and rendered is almost unique in a picture of its size. Terborch's own portrait appears in three-quarter face behind the officer who rests his hand on a chair at the left.

In the Guitar Lesson, No. 864, Terborch is seen at his best as a painter of high life. The golden and white satin of the lady's dress contrasts in the most extreme way with the Turkish rug which is used as a table-cloth, and yet there is harmony between the two textures, and no incongruity is felt in the colour-scheme. No. 1399 is a full-length portrait of a Dutch gentleman in the stiff dress of the period. Certainly one is convinced of Terborch's simplicity when one contemplates this punctilious personage.

Following his master's traditions, the pupil of

Terborch, Gabriel Metsu, painted the same delightful high-bred Netherlanders in their homes. No. 839, the Music Lesson, a favourite subject with Dutch painters of this time, is a lovely bit of light and shade, while No. 838, also a musical subject, the Duet, is equally pleasing in a lower key. More like the usual Dutch genre painting is No. 970, the Drowsy Landlady, the inquiring expression of the dog being inimitable and absolutely true to life.

Another fashionable Dutch painter, Caspar Netscher, may be seen to advantage in the National Gallery. No. 843, Blowing Bubbles, is a charming little scene of two children at a window; this is the first example with which we meet in this collection of the popular Dutch arrangement in presenting people looking out of an ornate window; a curtain caught aside is usually seen, and below the window is generally an elaborate piece of bas-relief carving, as in this instance. A charming little picture, Maternal Instruction, No. 844, exhibits some attractive little Dutch children being taught by their mother. On the wall hangs a tiny copy of Rubens's Brazen Serpent, No. 59 in the National Gallery. The Lady by a Spinning-Wheel, No. 845, is a beautiful example of the treatment of textures; the swan's-down lying softly across the crisp satin being especially pleasant in its contrast.

A " window-piece," illustrating what has recently

been said concerning this form of composition, may be seen in No. 841, by Willem van Mieris, the picture, while extremely hard and dry, being finished with great labour. It is sometimes called the Cat, for, after all, the centre of interest is in the touch of feline nature in the foreground, where the cat eyes the head of a tempting duck, which is slung across the sill above. The most attractive Frans van Mieris, the father of Willem, painted the typical Dutch lady, No. 840, who is so earnestly feeding her parrot.

Gerard Dou, born in 1613, was one of the best Dutch painters in genre subjects, some humble and some fashionable, and in portrait-painting. As a worker, however, he was so extremely slow and painstaking, that his sitters often became almost discouraged. He was known to have spent five days in working on one hand of a lady who was having her likeness painted, and, by the time he had finished a face, the model had so weary and unnatural an expression that the result was sometimes unsatisfactory. In No. 1415, in this room, one can detect the tired, strained expression on the face of the woman. This, to be sure, is practically a miniature, and necessarily slow work with most artists; another of the same size, No. 968, is more pleasing. His portrait of himself, No. 192, is delightful, and when one sees the minute proportions of his work,

it is easy to forgive the fact that he was a "dust crank." So careful was he in guarding against the slightest speck of dust, that he painted beneath an umbrella in his studio, and never allowed a brush to remain out of its box when not in use. When he went to his studio in the morning, he would sit quietly at his easel before beginning, for some minutes, that the dust raised by his entrance might entirely subside. He had in his manipulation the "capacity for taking infinite pains," but he escaped being a genius.

No. 825, the Poulterer's Shop, is one of Dou's most noted achievements. The scene is set in a window, like many of his pictures, for Dou was especially addicted to the use of this sort of inner frame for his compositions. The bas-relief in the front is copied from a work by the contemporary sculptor, Duquesnoy. The careful elaboration of the detail in this picture is almost unsurpassed, and one can readily believe all the stories about the time which Dou bestowed upon his work.

Merry little bits of convivial life are the two small ovals by Hendrick Sorgh, Nos. 1055 and 1056.

A follower of Dou's was Godfried Schalcken, the painter of four charming little pictures, Nos. 199, 997, 998, and 999. One of them exhibits a woman at a window burnishing a vessel of brass; another

is one of the well-known musical pieces of this epoch, while No. 199 represents a somewhat sentimental Lesbia weighing her jewels against her sparrow, which appears to have been a phenomenally heavy bird.

Of the work of Aart van der Neer, there are several examples; delightful out-of-door studies, No. 152 being full of sunset glow, while winter freshness sparkles in Nos. 969 and 1288. The figures in the larger picture were painted by other hands, those in No. 152 by Cuyp, and those in the beautiful canal scene, No. 732, by Lingelbach.

Pieter de Hooch, that inimitable painter of domestic life and fascinating Dutch children, is well represented here by three pictures, Nos. 794, 834, and 835. The last named is one of the loveliest ever executed by this painter; the figure of the child is bewitching, and the effect of the vista down the little alleyway very piquant. De Hooch is a more brilliant colourist than many of his contemporaries; he had an accurate appreciation of relative tones and values; the merrymakers in No. 834 are in a cheerful high key corresponding with their mood. In No. 794, one should note how elusive is the aerial perspective; the very air seems to have been made to fuse together the various planes, and in each gradation the sunlight is living and brilliant.

DE HOOCH. — A COURT

The clever artist, Vermeer of Delft, who was unappreciated for centuries, has a typical work in the National Gallery. The Lady at a Spinet, No. 1383, is particularly characteristic of his use of blue and gray tones, relieved in many cases by a soft lemon yellow, which is the exact complement to the "moonlight blue," as it is usually called. The effect of transitoriness in Vermeer's pictures is remarkable; he catches the life of the fleeting moment. He painted on a more even plane of light than most of the Dutchmen; he used no vistas or background illusions to give depth to his compositions, but his shadows are cool and suggest daylight. His edges are seldom sharp, but are modelled and blended in a delightful way.

Cornelis Janssens's two portraits of Aglonius Voon, No. 1320, and Cornelia Remoens, No. 1321, are excellent examples of this painter, who lived from 1594 to the middle of the seventeenth century.

Of Dutch family portrait groups, that by Bylert should be observed, No. 1292; also No. 1305, by Donck. The Interior of an Art Gallery, No. 1287, is a fascinating subject, and worthy of the closest examination, although its author is unknown. William Duyster's two pictures, No. 1386, a group of quarrelling soldiers, and No. 1387, players at "tric-trac," a popular game in the seventeenth century, are good bits of figure-drawing.

Of Dutch landscape-painters, the National Gallery has a large collection. Owing to the limited space for consideration of detail, we must not examine them too minutely. Goyen's two River Scenes, No. 151, in summer, and No. 1327, in winter, should be compared in order to understand the versatility of this painter. An exquisite transparency and genuine effect of atmosphere characterizes his works.

Ruisdael is seen to perfection in this gallery; his numerous landscapes and nature-studies exhibiting him both as a delineator of stern and barren scenes and of peaceful and domestic ones. Poetry and melancholy characterize the pictures of this artist. Often he selected scenes with a view of expressing only the cruel, unrelenting natural forces. Men and animals he did not succeed in drawing well; so he is very apt to leave them out of his pictures. His work has a mystic fascination. Ruisdael died in great poverty in the almshouse in Haarlem in 1682.

His pictures, though sublime and grand, are not so sympathetic or appealing as those by Goyen. Waterfalls, cataracts, ruins, pine-trees, — these are the chief features of his landscapes as they may be seen in London. There is a good deal of sameness in the pictures, but it will repay the student to notice certain features, such as the sun shining on distant

water, in No. 990, while in the middle distance all is dark and lowering; the fine shape of the tree in the little picture, No. 988, on a deeply rutted road, and the cosy village basking on the hilltop in No. 986. The horizontally spiked fir-tree is a favourite, — it may be seen, in small groups, in Nos. 987, 627, 628, and 737. A pretty story of Ruisdael's influence to soothe and charm, is told of Sir Robert Peel, when looking at the Forest Scene, in the National Gallery. "I cannot express to you," he said, "the feeling of tranquillity, of restoration, with which, in an interval of harassing official business, I look around me here!" He gazed at the Forest Scene "as if its cool, dewy verdure," says Mrs. Jameson, "its deep seclusion, its transparent waters, stealing through the glade, had sent refreshment into his very soul!" The only very calm rural example of Ruisdael in London is No. 44, the Bleaching Ground. Ruisdael left over four hundred works.

There are four pictures by Jan Wynants; Nos. 883 and 884 are studies of dead and gnarled trees, for which he was especially noted.

Hobbema, delightfully rural, unexcited, sane, gives us the lovely Avenue at Middelharnis, No. 830, which has become familiar all over the world. A moist, delicious bit of atmosphere is No. 685, — Showery Weather. The sun breaks forth beyond

the shower-line in a promise of fair weather to follow. All his pictures should be studied; if the spectator will try to exclude from his vision and thought all other objects, and then concentrate his attention upon any of these exquisite landscapes, he will find that he seems to be transported to the very scenes themselves, and will enjoy, first, the historic romantic charm of Brederode Castle, No. 831, or the purely rustic comfort of the Village, in No. 832; or he may climb the rocks in No. 996, or rest in golden light by the pool in No. 833.

Of the work of the great pastoral painter, Paul Potter, there are but two examples for us to observe. No. 849 is a pleasant landscape, with cattle, and No. 1009 the study of a horse, called the Old Gray Hunter. In the same domestic out-of-door school is Adriaen van de Velde, whose Farm Cottage, No. 867, is interesting as an example which is nearly all sky, the horizon being so low that a great effect of cool space is given. The curious mossy dead tree is an unusual feature. In No. 984 the opposite scheme, of a very high horizon, has been employed. A more romantic type of pastoral is the Ford, No. 868, where the detail is suggestive of Lancret. In No. 869 a very different spirit is felt, — men are playing hockey on the ice, and a gray chill hangs over all. Showing how versatile and sympathetic is Van de Velde, his

pasture, in the shade of a grove, No. 982, has nothing in common with any of his other pictures. The flavour of each of these gems is different, and can be fully appreciated only through comparison.

Aelbert Cuyp is a well-known name to every student of art. His two somewhat similar compositions, Nos. 53 and 822, both represent the evening glow with wonderful truth, and in each case a man on horseback, with his back turned to the spectator, leads one unconsciously onward to the distant scene. Nos. 961 and 962 are also alike, being both studies of cattle resting in the evening. The Windmills, No. 960, is graceful, having taken its name from the distant sails of the mills, which, however, are almost as much a feature in both of the last-named pictures. No. 824 is a drawing of a ruined castle in a lake, and is full of romantic suggestion. The soft, luminous distances of Cuyp are very famous. He is influenced, especially in this effect of light, by Claude Lorrain.

Another painter who came under the spell of Claude was Jan Both. There are several of his pictures here. It is evident that the more artificial idea of a set landscape picture, rather than a scrap of localized nature, had begun to obtain. No. 71 is a grand display of mountain scenery; No. 956 is equally impressive and unsympathetic. The Judgment of Paris, in No. 209, is a mere in-

vident in a study of compiled natural phenomena; more directness and simplicity appear in Nos. 958 and 957.

Two majestic wild moorland scenes by Koninck should be observed, Nos. 836 and 974, and, in sharp contrast, Hackaert's Stag Hunt, No. 829, with its jaunty riders and leaping animals.

Among the Italianizers is Nicolas Berchem, whose six rather uninteresting pictures hang here; they are warm and fine in colour, but do not greatly attract the interest. His work and that of Karel du Jardin may be superficially classed together, although the human interest is greater in the latter, especially in Nos. 827 and 828.

The French influence is strongly felt in Moucheron's Garden Scene, No. 842. An unwarrantable amount of variety exists in many landscapes of Dutch seventeenth-century conceit. This classical and Italianizing tendency was met and answered by an attempt on the part of certain Dutchmen to depict their own native buildings as rivals to the prevailing forums and piazzas. One of these men was Beerstraaten, who is represented in the London collection by a castle of Dutch construction (probably that of Muiden), surrounded by skaters on the frozen moat, No. 1311. Berck-Heyde's view in Haarlem is also one of these protesting works, No. 1400, which, it must be admitted, is a very pictur-

esque Dutch scene. An architectural painting of some value as a bit of draughtsmanship and perspective is No. 1010, a study of Renaissance buildings by Dirck van Delen, but Heyden's pictures, No. 866, a Street in Cologne, and Nos. 992 and 994, which exhibit good architectural painting, and Witte's Interior of a Church, No. 1053, both in this class, are more interesting. In rendering architectural detail Witte has unusual ability to retain the picturesque.

At the head of the marine painters of the Dutch school stands the name of Willem van de Velde. He was a brother of Adriaen van de Velde, whose works we have recently mentioned. He is unquestionably one of the greatest marine painters who has ever lived, independent of locality. In the National Gallery are no less than fourteen of his works, ranging from absolute calm and peace, in Nos. 149 and 980, through the breezy and vital No. 875 or 872, to such scenes of tempest and terror as Nos. 150 and 981. The handling is faultless for the purposes of the artist, and no man has ever so enslaved the elements within the limits of paint and panel. His preference is for calm, or, at any rate, pleasantly animated subjects, in which he differs from another famous Dutchman, Ludolf Bakhuizen, who glories in the uncomfortable in his nautical selections. His picture, No. 223, Dutch

[illegible] Shipping, is crowded with boats moving at every angle, and he delighted in such scenes as No. 1442, in which peril seems to await any movement on the part of any vessel. When one looks at Bakhuizen's pictures, the [illegible] of C. S. Gleaby will [illegible]

"[illegible]"

The charming coast and river scenes by Cuyp should be noticed, and admired particularly for their beautiful feeling about effects. Five fine specimens are to be seen at the National Gallery.

Among the Dutch painters of still life who greatly resemble each other at a superficial glance, may be noted Weenix, whose study of flowers and fruits, No. 1021, hangs here. There is a large panel of flowers by Jan van Huysum, No. 796, in which the centre of interest is found in a little bird's nest with eggs in it, lying at the base of a stone vase. The execution of these works is almost miraculous for its extreme finish. In No. 1001, also by Huysum, observe the little snail which is crawling toward the bunch of flowers. Similar and excellent flower-studies may be seen by Jan van Os, Nos. 1015 and 1380, and by Rachel Ruysch, a talented woman who was famous for her pictures of still life, Nos. 1445 and 1446. Melchior de

Hondecoeter devoted himself to poultry and farmyard scenes, which he executed in great perfection. There are three of his paintings in the gallery, No. 202, in which the fluffy little chickens are most attractive, comparing delightfully with the tiny ducklings in No. 1013. The interest exhibited by the birds, in No. 1222, in a frog which has chanced upon them, is amusing, and shows love and observation of the smaller life, and also an appreciation of the humourous in situations of this kind. Heda's Study of Still Life — a very untidy corner of a supper-table, No. 1469 — is quite a *tour de force*, as is also the more temperate picture by Herman Steenwyck, No. 1256, in which a human skull forms a conspicuous part.

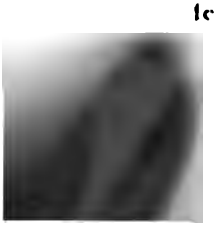
We will close this chapter with a quotation from John C. Van Dyke, who has written most appreciatively of the Dutch school: "The Dutchman does not nurse visions in religion, politics, or art. He calls for the common sense of things, and cares little for idealities. Obviously, as Fromentin has observed, there was nothing in art for such a people but to have its portrait painted. Dutch art is only a portrait of Holland and its people."

CHAPTER XII.

SPANISH ARTISTS IN LONDON

THE work of the Spanish school is not very fully displayed in the National Gallery. One can hardly follow the history of the art of that nation by a study of its masters here; but, by taking the few examples chronologically, it is possible to arrive at some idea of the progress of painting in Spain. Of primitive art, the principal exponents were illuminators of manuscripts; these are not to be found in the National Gallery. We have opportunity here of observing Spanish art prior to the sixteenth century, and, as the national æsthetic development was very late, so far as picture-painting was concerned, we lose little by not being able to trace its earlier stages.

The art of Italy was influenced greatly by the Church in its earlier periods; the art of the Dutchmen was especially free from ecclesiastical tradition, but in Spain the Inquisition undertook to dictate to the painters as well as to every one else, so that the absolute domination of the Church is felt more than in any other country.



A didactic gentleman was selected to lay down laws for the guidance of artists, as well as to inspect their works. On the 7th of March, 1618, a commission was made out and sealed, conferring the office of "Inspector of Sacred Pictures to the Inquisition" upon Francisco Pacheco, in the following terms: "We give him commission and charge henceforward that he take particular care to inspect and visit the paintings of sacred subjects which may stand in shops or in public places." Pacheco, in his work, "Arte de la Pintura," explains how particularly adapted he was to fill this office, saying: "My remarks will serve as salutary counsel, offered as they are at the age of seventy. . . . I find myself at this moment rich in hints and observations, the result of the advice and approval of the wisest men since the year 1605. . . . If I find anything to object to in them, I am to take the pictures before my Lords the Inquisitors, in order that they, having seen them, may take such order as may be fitting therein." (What possibilities of entertainment this opens up for the Inquisitors!) But probably the painters were very discreet in their selection of subject, for it is one thing to have one's work advertised by condemnatory critics, as is the fortune of naughty painters to-day, and quite another question to be subjected to torture or imprisonment for having transgressed the rigorous

moral or religious law! Pacheco, thus armed with the power of the most persuasive of arguments, — absolute despotism, — proceeds to lay down laws for the government of painters. "As to placing the damned in the air," he remarks, "fighting as they are with one another, and pulling against the devils, when it is matter of faith that they must want the free gifts of glory, and cannot therefore possess the requisite lightness or agility, the impropriety of this mode of exhibiting them is self-evident." (No more Last Judgments for Spain. Leave these details to the Inquisitors, please!) Other improprieties also shock the susceptible Pacheco, who seems at seventy to have retained to an unusual degree the self-conscious innocence of what Mallock calls the Blameless Prig. He objects to angels being represented without wings, naïvely giving as his reason that "angels without wings are not known to us." He also proscribes the painting of undraped saints, saying, "Our eyes do not allow us to see the saints without clothing, *as we shall hereafter.*" The ingenuous Pacheco wishes to be more modest on earth than he expects to be in heaven! He also condemns those artists who represent the Angel of the Annunciation coming down, falling, or flying, with his legs uncovered, but states that he ought to be drawn as kneeling firmly on both knees before the Virgin! He also

objects to angels being painted with beards. Surely all would agree with him in this, if called upon to express an opinion upon a subject which seems indisputable from every point of view.

Pacheco is instructive and amusing reading. He commends the lofty moral standard of a certain bishop, of whom it is related that he said he would rather experience a hurricane in the Gulf of Bermuda (and he had been there before), than celebrate mass again opposite the picture of the Last Judgment which then hung in the Augustine Convent in Seville! He also quotes a story of an artist, who, having painted an immoral picture, was charged with it after his death; only through the intercession of the various saints which he had also painted was he able to escape the torments of hell. The painter, while in purgatory, to which he had thus been promoted, made himself visible to his confessor on earth, and instructed him to advise the owner of the wicked picture to burn it. When this was done, the painter was released from purgatory. Penance was imposed upon an artist who ventured to paint the Virgin in a hoop-skirt and pointed bodice, while St. John, standing by, wore pantaloons and a doublet cut in points.

The rules for painting the Virgin were as strenuous as any in the "Byzantine Manual" of earlier days. Pacheco, in righteous wrath, asks: "What

can be more foreign to the respect which we owe to the purity of Our Lady than to paint her sitting down with one of her knees placed over the other, and often with her sacred feet uncovered and naked?" Thus it will be noticed that in Spanish art the feet of the Virgin are rarely allowed to be seen. Another writer remarks that it is entirely ignorant to draw the Virgin with bare feet, since it is easily proved that she wore shoes, "by the much-venerated relic of one of them" at Burgos.

The earliest Spanish picture which hangs here is a Madonna and Child, by Morales, No. 1229. This is a sixteenth-century painting, Morales dying in 1586. It is not a very remarkable work for its period, but, as we have observed, Spain was backward in this particular. It greatly annoyed Pacheco to see the infant Saviour depicted without clothing, not so much on the ground of nudity, but because it suggested that Joseph could not afford the proper comforts for his family! Morales, for some unknown reason, was called the Divine Morales. He painted on wooden panels primed with gesso, like the Florentines, whom he further resembled in his sharp, clean drawing. When he was between fifty and sixty, Philip II., hearing of his fine work, sent for him to undertake some work in the new Escorial. Morales attired himself in what he con-

sidered the most suitably elaborate costume, and went to court. Philip did not like his ostentation, got huffy, and ordered him to be dismissed. Morales had the tact to assure the king that he had spent his last coin trying to appear in proper attire before his Majesty, and managed to redeem himself in royal favour. Many years later, Philip II. happened to pass through Badajoz, the painter's home. This time Morales presented himself in most humble apparel. "You are very old, Morales," said the king. "Yes, Sire," replied the artist, "and very poor." The king gave him a couple of hundred ducats, smiling, "for dinner," as he explained. Morales smiled in his turn. "And for supper, Sire?" he suggested. Philip, amused, bestowed a larger sum upon him.

There is an interesting Spanish legend which shows how deeply the Virgin appreciated it when artists obeyed all the Inquisitorial regulations, and how she once saved one of them from death because he had delineated her in a becoming manner. This artist was working upon a picture of the Madonna on a wall high above an altar. The scaffolding on which he was standing gave way under him, and, in fear of being precipitated, he called out, "Holy Virgin, hold me up!" Instantly the arm of the picture disengaged itself from the wall, and held the devoted painter until a ladder could be brought

to his assistance, when the miraculous arm was withdrawn, subsiding again into the fresco.

Theotocopuli, or El Greco, is next to be considered. He was born in Greece in 1548, but of Spanish parents. He probably studied with Titian; his colouring leans to that of Venice, but he passed most of his active life in Toledo, dying there in 1625. He was an architect as well as a painter. His tendency to elongate his figures may be seen illustrated in the Portrait, No. 1122, said to be intended for St. Jerome. The figure is in cardinal's robes. While the picture was in the Hamilton collection, it was supposed to be a Titian. Pacheco states that he once asked Theotocopuli which he considered the more difficult and subtle art, drawing or colour; he replied, "Colour." El Greco showed this writer a lot of clay images which he kept as models, and also small oil duplicates of all his pictures, of which he always preserved a miniature record. Of Michelangelo, Theotocopuli said he was "a good sort of man, but did not know how to paint!"

No. 1457, Christ Driving the Money-changers from the Temple, is extravagant in its postures, and the drawing is faulty; but in these very characteristics there is some suggestion of the work of Tintoretto, whom El Greco is sometimes said to resemble.

There are two fine specimens here of the work of Giuseppe Ribera, who was born in 1588. There is some question whether this important event took place in Spain or Italy. Hence his nickname, Lo Spagnoletto. He was an artist of the Neapolitan school, but his works are equally numerous in Spain and in Italy. He was court painter at Naples. He is said to have painted in so fine a style that he stirred envy in the breast of Ludovico Carracci. Vigour and gloom, — the blending of the qualities of fleshly appreciation with asceticism which is seen in most Spanish artists, — the natural man controlled by the spell of ecclesiasticism, — are the dominant features in both of these paintings. No. 235, the Pietà, is rendered very beautifully, while No. 244, a shepherd with a lamb, usually supposed to be a portrait study, is powerful and interesting. One begins to recognize the broad, true touch, which was brought to its ultimate perfection by Velasquez.

Of the work of Francisco Herrera, No. 1676, Christ Disputing with the Doctors, is the only example. The soft, free treatment is still visible, but less of the strength which is manifest in the handling of Ribera.

Francisco Zurbaran, a painter of humble origin, born in 1598, demands our notice at this point before we advance to a consideration of the works

of Velasquez, although he was contemporary, the two artists having been born within a year of each other. Zurbaran was especially noted for his paintings of monks, and we are fortunate in having so representative a work as No. 230, the Franciscan in Prayer, clasping a skull in his hands. The lighting of the picture is admirable, and it is interesting to observe the realistic touch in the worn and patched condition of the monk's habit. In Spain in those days it was common for the country people to purchase old Franciscan garments to bury their dead in, in the belief that St. Peter would pass them unquestioned into heaven, supposing them to be Franciscan monks! Zurbaran painted many female saints, also, which were generally portraits of famous Spanish beauties. It must have caused the Inquisitors some displeasure when the St. Margaret, No. 1930, was painted. This picture was recently purchased from the Marquis of Northampton for a thousand pounds. With her shepherd's crook and her embroidered satchel, she would be difficult to recognize as the saint, were it not for the dragon which appears behind her. Her costume is quite coquettish, and entirely of the period when Zurbaran painted. Zurbaran acquired the pseudonym of the Spanish Caravaggio, from his sweeping style and deep contrasts of light and shade.

The loveliest of his pictures in the National Gallery is a naturalistic painting of the Adoration of the Shepherds, No. 232, long supposed to be an early work of Velasquez. These wondering Spanish peasants, bending over the tiny manger, where the little child lies, are full of reverence, and their humble offerings are laid at his feet. Notice the earnest expression of the boy, who holds out a pair of fowls to attract the attention of the baby. This is considered the *chef-d'œuvre* of Zurbaran; it was bought from the collection of Louis Philippe in 1853.

We come now to one of the mightiest men in art, Don Diego Velasquez de Silva. Velasquez was born in 1599, in Seville. His principal master in the arts was the redoubtable Pacheco, whose voluminous writings have been referred to, and whose daughter he married in 1618. Pacheco was genuinely attached to the young Velasquez, and appreciated his great genius. He says: "The honour of being his master is greater than that of being his father-in-law. . . . I hold it to be no disgrace that the pupil should surpass the master." Pacheco also lets us into the intimacies of the studio, when he tells us that Velasquez employed a peasant boy as apprentice and model; he says that he "studied him in different sorts of action, and in various attitudes," making numerous drawings, some plain

and some tinted, thus gaining much certainty in portraiture.

Velasquez became court painter when he was only twenty-four, while the king, Philip IV., was only eighteen. The intimacy which sprang up between the monarch and the artist was of long duration, — they were in daily intercourse for a period of forty years. He accompanied the king on many of his expeditions for amusement, one of which, the Boar Hunt, he immortalized in a delicate painting; this hangs in the National Gallery, No. 197. His earliest painting of Philip which we have is No. 1129.

In 1649 Velasquez went to Italy, chiefly to purchase pictures for his royal patron in Venice. Here he came under the spell of Titian, whom he greatly reverenced. There is a curious old poem by Boschini, "La Carta de Navegar Pitoresco," in which occurs an interview and an exchange of ideas between Don Diego Valasquez and Salvator Rosa:

"Proudly the master turned his head;
'In Raphael, forsooth,' he said,
'(You know I always speak my mind,)
No wond'rous aptitude I find.'

"'Nay,' said the other, 'if indeed
To Raphael you refuse the meed,
Whom do you find in Italy
More worthy of the crown than he?'

"'In Venice,' quoth Diego, 'where
Who seeks shall find both good and fair:
Titian is over all men lord,
To him the banner I award.'"

His earlier manner of painting, as may easily be seen from these two pictures referred to, was much harder and drier than that of his later work. The Venetian feeling crept in, although absolutely under the dominion of Velasquez's own marked personality, — as did also certain qualities of Rubens, during the next twenty years. He painted real men and women, — when his pictures were not actual portraits, they were studied from contemporary life. As Richard Ford very justly says: "No Virgin ever descended into his studio; no cherubs hovered around his palette. He did not work for priest or ecstatic anchorite, but for plumed kings and booted knights."

Velasquez does not paint a type to which he makes his sitters conform; he has as many styles and touches as are required for the same number of subjects. He paints either with what Sir Walter Armstrong calls a "smeary drag," or "staccato," as the case demands.

The most wonderful quality in Velasquez is perhaps that absolute truth to vibrating nature which we might call passive action. One feels that even if a figure is represented in repose it is always

the natural, short-lived repose of an unconscious attitude, and not the artificial pose adopted deliberately for the purposes of conventional portraiture. His people seem to breathe, — their eyes appear to glance, and he catches the transitory without the exaggerated movement.

Among his earlier pictures in the National Gallery is his Christ in the House of Mary and Martha, No. 1375, in which the name is misleading, as this is really a picture of servants preparing a meal, while, in the background, Christ sits, instructing Mary and Martha, in another room. In the riper second period, Velasquez painted the beautiful Christ at the Column, No. 1148, and the wonderful portrait of Admiral Pulido-Pareja, No. 1315. When one first looks at this picture, the impression is simply that of a living man standing there in a casual way. The whole composition is so direct and obvious, that one feels inclined to credit the story which is told of its impression on Philip IV. Pareja was captain-general of the Spanish forces in New Spain. When Philip IV. came into Velasquez's studio and saw this picture for the first time, it is said that he started, and exclaimed, addressing it: "What? Art thou still here? Did I not send thee off? How is it thou art not gone?" Then, discovering his illusion, he stammered an apology to the painter, saying: "I assure you, I

VELASQUEZ. — PORTRAIT OF ADMIRAL PULIDO-PAREJA

was deceived!" Probably this was only a royal compliment in dramatic form. Approach the canvas nearer; then we begin to realize the great skill of the painter, who has made these apparently unrelated bits of colour coalesce on our retina until the lifelike result is attained. There is, probably, nowhere a greater portrait than this, from the technical point of view.

Velasquez was handicapped when he came to paint women, for the costumes of the period were trying beyond any that have ever obtained, and the use of rouge made the complexions look artificial, as indeed they were! The ladies of the royal family, in addition, happened to be especially plain, and few except the royal ladies were painted, as the Spanish ideal of feminine seclusion discountenanced portrait-painting.

The latest of his works in this gallery is that of Philip Old, No. 745. The modelling of this masterly work is softer and more mellow than any earlier painting; it has even something of the famous "vaporoso" made popular a little later by Murillo.

The lovely Betrothal, No. 1434, is attributed to Velasquez. There are parts of the work which are unworthy of the master, but one would like to feel that the exquisite child was painted by him. Velasquez is the artist whom Wilkie considers to be the

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VELASQUEZ. — A BETROTHAL

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foot of the ladder, grinding colours for a second-rate artist, who, in return, gave him technical instruction. In his youth he became a painter of pictures to be placed for sale in the stalls of the Feria, or weekly market, held in Seville. These works were rough, highly coloured productions, planned simply to catch the public eye at a low price; Murillo would bring his pigments and pencils with him to the Feria, and alter or add to a picture to suit the taste of the purchaser. But Murillo wasted no precious time. He made constant studies of little beggars about the market, thus obtaining practice in that line of art in which he has produced so many delightful genre subjects. In the National Gallery are two of these "beggar boys," though of a more developed style than those sketched on the ground in the artist's early youth; one, No. 74, is a merry laughing head, while in No. 1286 the subject is regaling himself with a drink of wine. It is a curious contrast in the art of Murillo that he usually painted either very low life or spiritual life; either an ideal Virgin with a glorious Child and beautiful angels, or else gay street urchins. Hardly ever did he attempt portraiture or refined life. Evelyn, in his Diary, in 1690, mentions that "Lord Godolphin bought the pictures of the boys by Morillio the Spaniard for eighty guineas; deare enough!" In view of

the prices of such pictures to-day, this sounds a most modest sum. It does not refer to either of the small pictures in London, but to a large painting by Murillo which is now in Munich.

Like other famous painters, Murillo had "three manners." That is to say, when he was young he painted more cautiously, with less assurance than in middle life, and when he was old he allowed his facility to carry him to greater lengths of imaginary lights and shades and haziness of outline. In his case, it is customary to allude to his earlier work as being in his cold or "frio" style, his middle period is characterized by his "calido" or warm treatment, while his later pictures exhibit his "vaporoso" or vaporous manner. This last style, with Murillo, was not a sign of carelessness or decadence, but it is especially typical of his work, and has been developed by him much more successfully than by any other artist.

Murillo soon became successful, and in 1648 he married a wealthy and well-born woman, and took a legitimate place at the head of the Seville school of painting, while occupying an enviable social position as well. His house was the centre of artistic life in the city. In 1660 he founded the Academy of Seville, the first of its kind that any artist had been able to establish in Spain.

Of his religious pictures, on which the chief sta-

MURILLO. — HOLY FAMILY

bility of his fame rests, there are three very typical examples to be seen here. One, to be sure, is only the preliminary colour-sketch for the large painting of the same subject in the Louvre; this is the small lunette-shaped picture, No. 1257, the Nativity of the Virgin. No. 176, St. John with a Lamb, is a tender study of childhood and nature, full of sympathy, and exquisitely treated. But the chief treasure of the National Gallery from the hand of this immortal Spaniard is No. 13, the large canvas, painted originally for the Marquis de Pedrosa, and purchased by the British nation in 1837. When this picture was thus acquired, a deputation was sent to request an interview with the trustees in order that they might enter a protest against the representation of God the Father, who appears in the clouds; the trustees were wise in refusing the interview, so the protest remained where it had started. This is one of the painter's last pictures, and it is evident that there was no falling off in his art because of age or facility, as has been mentioned. The power of Murillo has been defined as the ability to give reality to the never seen, while another critic assails him for transforming devotion into a "sort of delicious hysteria," calling his Virgins "almost profanely feminine." These opinions are largely a matter of temperament. What seems to one man reverent seems to another archaic, gro-

tesque, and superstitious; what one considers spiritual, seems to another earthly. We all admit the apt expression of Ruskin, alluding to the "brown gleams of gipsy Madonnahood from Murillo," but whether this gipsy quality is profane or religious is a matter of personal theology. The "bouquets of Cupid-like cherubs," to which Lucien Solway calls attention, are undoubtedly there, as they are in the pictures by Correggio; whether we like them or not, we accept them as characteristic of one of the most popular and beloved artists who has ever lived.

After a noble life of heroic determination and pious courage, Murillo died in April, 1682. His wife had died before him, and he left two sons and a daughter. He was buried in the Church of Santa Cruz, and his tombstone, by his own request, was a simple slab, bearing the device of a skeleton, and the inscription, "Vive Moriturus." All vestiges of this memorial have disappeared, owing to the zeal of "restorers."

Among the Spanish pictures is a good Cavalier Portrait by Mazo, No. 1308, and a soft, hazy Assumption of the Virgin by Valdes Leal, No. 1291. The donors of this picture are to be seen at either side, a mother and son. Valdes Leal was left as the leading painter in Spain after Murillo's death. In character, however, he was strikingly

different from the older master, of whom he was violently jealous. Indeed, jealousy of other artists seems to have been the dominant note of his career. On one occasion it is narrated that an Italian painter, who requested permission to draw in the academy, was refused by Valdes Leal, until the patrons of the institution interfered, and insisted that this hospitality should be extended; the Italian, availing himself of this privilege, painted a fine Crucifixion, which was publicly exhibited. Valdes was so enraged at the success of the foreigner that he threatened his life, and the poor Italian was actually obliged to flee the city! It is a question whether it was a compliment or a mortification to such a spirit as that of Valdes Leal when Murillo, upon seeing one of his works which contained a realistic study of a corpse, observed: "Really, one ought to hold one's nose in looking at this!"

Only one other noted Spaniard remains for us to consider. Francisco Goya, who painted in the eighteenth century, was an eccentric personality, who is represented here by specimens of varying types, exhibiting his versatility. The merry, the gruesome, and the beautiful may be seen in his three pictures in this gallery, showing the changing moods of this many-sided genius. Goya was born in Aragon in 1746. When he came to Madrid, he at once gained popularity, and became court painter

to Charles IV., and afterward to Ferdinand VII. In early life Goya made no concealment of his anarchistic propensities. He had many enemies, and, after being found one morning lying in the grass with a dagger sticking in his back, he decided to go to Rome for a time. He worked his way from Madrid as a bull-fighter on this occasion.

Goya was a would-be reformer. Like the strange Belgian artist, Wiertz, he painted great human satires, sparing neither Church nor state when he would ridicule an hypocrisy or condemn an error. As he was a man of fashion, he had intimate knowledge of the court intrigues, and knew the subjects which he attacked. His taste was for sarcasm and character-study, rather than for religious imaginings. He was never successful with saints, but he was a past-master in sinners. With a morbid love for horrors and the fantastic, he is seen at his best in the little picture, No. 1472, a scene from a play by Zamora, in which a priest is visited by demons, who force him to make a libation of oil to the lamp of a grotesque goatish devil of weird form. The little, terrified eyes of this false prophet are positively haunting in their desperation, and yet the comic element predominates.

No. 1471 represents a picnic party of courtiers, who, in their fine clothes, are no more dignified than the brutish peasants, from whom Goya intends us

GOYA. — DOÑA ISABEL CORBO DE PORCEL

to understand that they are only removed by an accident of temporal prosperity. The beautiful and spirited portrait of Doña Isabel Corbo de Porcel, No. 1473, is a fitting climax to our observation of Spanish artists in London. In handling and technique, this and No. 1951 are the equals of any modern works, yet they were executed during the lowest period of art. Goya died in 1828 in Bordeaux, where he had gone into voluntary exile. He was eighty-two years of age.

CHAPTER XIII.

FRENCH PICTURES IN THE BRITISH COLLECTION

French painting, like the Spanish, sprang from miniature beginnings, dotting itself about like gleaming gems in creamy, illuminated volumes, through the earlier centuries, not developing into actual pictorial form until the sixteenth century. The earliest examples in the National Gallery are an archaic Madonna, by an unknown hand, No. 1335, not remarkable for anything except priority, and two stiff panels by a little-known artist, Marmion, Nos. 1302 and 1303. These were originally the shutters to an altar-piece in the Church of St. Bertin, at St. Omer, and are the only known examples of this artist's work. There has recently been added a tiny brilliant decorative bit of early French painting, No. 1939, which is almost like an illumination, and shows in its well-filled spaces the transition from book illustration to easel pictures.

The first painter to claim our serious attention is the famous François Clouet, to whom two portraits, Nos. 660 and 1190, are ascribed. These,

though not fascinating as subjects, are interesting if they are the work of this most significant epoch of French art, for Clouet lived in the time of Francis I., and yet was court painter also in the reign of Henri II. He was entrusted with the delicate task of taking casts of the faces of both of these monarchs after death, to be used for the painted effigies in their funeral pageants. Clouet was famous and quite appreciated in his own day. "Doctor Janet," as they called him, was immortalized in verse by Pasquier, Jodelle, and Du Billon, while he was commissioned to paint an ideal portrait of his lady-love for the passionate Ronsard.

This early French painter is exact and careful in his work; his handling appears to be smooth without effort, but the closer one observes this unpretentious surface of silvery clearness, the more one realizes that the modelling is really very subtle. There is absolute certainty of touch, and a delicacy which is as telling in its own way as a more pronounced technique. The French painters at this time all employed rather large flat values, with the shadows hatched on afterwards in thin, close lines; in all French art this breadth of clear open space has been characteristic. Wilkie alludes to it. "French pictures," he says, "seem to have the appearance of outlines filled up, and almost all . . . I have seen appear to want depth in the light and shadow."

To him this does not appear as an excellence; to many critics it is regarded as the great message of France to the arts.

A gap occurs in the chronology now, and not until the seventeenth century may we trace the progress of French painting in the National Gallery. The founding of the Academy of Painting and Sculpture in the days of Louis XIV. developed a large number of artists, among whom the three brothers Le Nain were prominent. We have here one picture only by this family, — no one seems to be inclined to say which of the brothers is responsible for any one work. They seem to have laboured in harmony, and the name Le Nain is usually employed collectively. No. 1425 represents a family group, a mother surrounded by a flourishing family. It is a very interesting bit of genre, differing in various ways from the Dutch school, and full of that comfortable bourgeois element of respectable family life in France, which is so little credited to that nation.

"There are very much finer pictures by Nicolas Poussin in our National Gallery," says C. R. Leslie, "than in the Louvre." This is undoubtedly a fact, and it is a delight to use the splendid opportunity of studying this great Frenchman which is afforded us in London.

Born in 1594, in the town of Les Andelys, and

brought up in the local school, where his teacher was probably a monk, Poussin's early surroundings were not those to create an artist, if great latent talent had not already existed in the youth. His parents were advised by the artist Quentin Varin, who was painting some pictures in Les Andelys, to send Nicolas to study art, for he was always sketching, and failing to satisfy the demands of his unappreciative pedagogue; so in 1616 he was sent to Paris, where his genius soon began to proclaim itself. He paid his own journey from his native town to the city by painting, for people living along the road, panels to fit the spaces over doors and between windows. By the year 1623 the great poet Marino saw some of his pictures, and invited him to Italy, where he went as Marino's guest. The Italian poet introduced Poussin to Cardinal Barberini, in these words: "Here is a youth who has the virility of the devil." The cardinal became his patron, and his success was assured. He lived on the Pincian Hill, near Claude Lorrain and Salvator Rosa, and married the daughter of one Jean Dughet, a Frenchman, who took care of Nicolas during a tedious illness. As there were no children born to them, Poussin adopted his wife's brothers, one of whom, Gaspar Dughet, became a famous landscape painter, whose work we shall soon observe. Poussin and Dughet spent some profitable

time in Paris working together, but they finally returned to Rome to live, and Poussin died there in 1665. In the "Correspondence de l'Abbé Nicaise" a letter, probably from P. Quesnil, contains the following account of Poussin's death: "I have nothing to send you except the news of the death of the Apelles of our country, the illustrious Nicolas Poussin. He was buried Friday at St. Laurent in Lucina, where all the amateurs, painters, architects, and sculptors assisted. . . . Some one gave me a candle. . . . Poussin was ill more than six weeks, and always in agony. . . . I shall send you an epitaph which has been made to his memory." Chennevières also writes: "He seemed to grow even greater, and kept, even to the last, one of the most powerful minds the world has known," while Salvator Rosa, writing before Poussin's demise, says: "The people here esteem M. Poussin as belonging to another world than ours."

Poussin's preference for Rome as a residence was based upon the fact that the atmosphere was more congenial for studying historical subjects of early periods, he writes from Paris: "Studies of ancient art are unknown in Paris, and who would do well should keep away from this place." Even in Italy the facilities for studying the antique intelligently were limited. In Biblical scenes Poussin clothed

his characters in Greek garments, and often introduced Roman detail. The Frenchmen of this type did not analyze their antiquities, — their *milieu* was often as incorrect as are the Venetian ladies occurring in Veronese's religious pictures.

He had a great admirer in his countryman Scarron, but there was little actual sympathy between the painter and the litterateur. Poussin writes: "I have received from France a ridiculous book of witty sayings, sent by M. Scarron without any note of explanation. . . . I wish his fancy for my work would cease; his burlesque is not to my taste, even if my painting be to his. . . . He pretends to make me laugh, but on the contrary I am ready to weep."

Poussin was a tall, erect figure, and had a striking face. His habits were regular; he always took a walk of one or two hours early in the morning, usually on the Pincian Hill. He was a great reader, familiar not only with history, fable, and erudition of all kinds, but was also learned in philosophy and the liberal arts. In other words, he was a man of great culture, but his work borrows so much from antique sentiment that it is rather stiff and formal in its results. In looking from one to another of his pictures in the National Gallery, it is easy to find this academic spirit, but, considering the art-development of France in his day, he is the most successful interpreter of ancient ideals of his time.

He once said: "Raphael is an angel as compared with us; he had a soul like one of the ancients." Look first at Poussin's landscape, No. 40, — it is heavy, austere, and uninteresting. But turn to the Bacchanales, Nos. 39, 42, and 62, and a more abandoned whirl of mirth it would be impossible to imagine. There is great life, action, and pagan enjoyment, but a self-consciousness which proclaims that his paganism is acquired, — that it is not the natural ebullition of an unmoral soul, but is intentionally boisterous. Keats's "Ode on a Grecian Urn" should be applied to these subjects:

> "What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?
> What mad pursuit, what struggle to escape!
> What pipes and timbrels, what wild ecstasy!"

Mr. Ruskin considers that the Bacchanales are the best of Poussin's works, "Always brightly wanton," as he explains, "full of frisk and fire." The gleeful young satyress in No. 42, trying to maintain her seat upon the kicking goat, is a touch of sylvan wit worthy of a Greek; while the ugly satyr, in No. 62, who is trying to kiss the fallen nymph, suggests that even Arcadia had its bores. Here and there, however, is a figure which lacks vital animation, and betrays the use of the little wax models which Poussin worked from, in order to get the light and shade and the poses in his compositions. The

POUSSIN. —BACCHANALIA

sculpturesque results thus obtained may be noted in his Cephalus and Aurora, No. 65, which has a good deal of classic feeling and repose. He was a close student of effects of chiaroscuro. One of his mottoes was: "There are two ways of seeing things. One is simply looking at them, and the other means considering them attentively." He never became careless, and by this very restraint perhaps lost spontaneity, in which less accurate artists have excelled him. As a partial reason for this may be quoted one of his own observations: "I am not sorry that people blame and criticize me. Blame has brought me not a little profit. It has made me go cautiously, which I have done all my life."

It is pathetic to see that to the very end of his life Poussin would gladly have grown and developed, had not his physical condition held him back. "If my hand would only obey," he writes, "I could, I think, guide it better than ever; but too often I have occasion to repeat Themistocles's words, who said at the end of his life: 'Man declines and leaves the world just as he is beginning to do well.'"

As a colourist, too, Poussin was restrained and careful. He did not often launch out on daring schemes in the chromatic line. His principle was that, when colour was too luxurious, the eye was

arrested without the brain being stimulated to give attention to the thought of the painter.

The ghastly and gloomy Plague of Ashdod, No. [illegible], is an earlier work, before Poussin had outgrown the usual morbid preferences of a youth with little actual worldly knowledge.

Of Gaspar Dughet, or, as he is often called, Gaspard Poussin, the adopted son and actual brother-in-law of Nicolas Poussin, there are numerous examples in London. The landscapes of this painter are, however, heavy and unreal. He is an especial *bête noire* of Ruskin, who satirizes him at every available opportunity. Félibien says that Gaspard's pictures may be characterized as the [illegible] of Poussin's banquet. Look from one to [illegible] from the Abraham and Isaac, No. 31, [illegible] La Riccia, No. 98, — from Abra[illegible] No. 1950, to Dido and Æneas, No. [illegible] trees and the inter[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [

leaves to each; and such leaves! every one precisely the same as its neighbour, and blunt and rounded at the end, tied together by the stalks, and so fastened on to the demoniacal claws above described, one bunch to each claw!" Of the thin tree against the sky in No. 68, Ruskin says: "This is a reproduction of an ornamental group of elephant's tusks, with feathers tied to the end of them." Hear him again, speaking of No. 98: "The stem of Gaspard Poussin's tall tree on the right of the La Riccia is a painting of a carrot or a parsnip, not the trunk of a tree." One cannot help feeling that this harsh critic is right in these special instances!

Philippe de Champaigne was a friend of Poussin, and a man of fine character. He was an artist of much ability, also, and a Foundation Member of the French Academy. He worked much for the convent at Port Royal. In the National Gallery are two interesting pictures by him, — both happen to be portraits of Cardinal Richelieu. One of these, No. 1449, is a full-length figure, artificial in pose, but dignified in general effect; while the other, No. 798, is more interesting, being a group of three studies, two profiles and a full-face view, painted for the guidance of the sculptor Mocchi, who was to make a bust of the cardinal. Over the right-

hand profile are inscribed the words: "*De ces deux profiles, ce cy est le meilleur.*"

Claude Gellée, better known as Claude Lorrain, was born in 1600. He was left an orphan at the age of twelve years. He takes his name from the Duchy of Lorraine, in which he was born, although he lived there less than quarter of his life. In his youth he travelled extensively; he settled in Rome in 1627. His progress was not rapid, but was steady, and built on a genuine study of nature. His pictures are compilations. Samuel Palmer, an etcher, while travelling in Italy, writes: "I expected to see Claude's magical combinations; miles apart I found the disjointed members, some of them most lovely, which he had suited to the desires of his mind." He never mastered the human figure, and in many cases other artists have painted the figures in his landscapes. He was well aware of his failures in this respect, saying that it was his custom to sell his landscapes, but to throw in the figures for nothing!

Steady, conscientious work was what finally brought Claude to fame. His Narcissus and Echo, No. 19, was his first order from England, and was executed in 1644, and, in spite of Mr. Ruskin's comment upon the principal tree as being "a faithful portrait of a large boa-constrictor with a handsome tail," the picture, though rather darkened by

time in the foreground, is a graceful and pleasantly planned conceit. Claude's works were so popular at last that he experienced some inconvenience from various minor painters, who used to drop into his studio, take mental notes of what he was doing, and paint the same subjects as nearly as they could, and have them exposed for sale before the artist's own pictures were ready for the market, thus making it appear that Claude had taken their ideas. This caused the artist to protect himself by making careful drawings of all his pictures, with the date, and the name of the owner. The precious collection of these sketches still exists, and is known as the Liber Veritatis. Ruskin has been fairer to Claude in some of his criticisms. For instance, he admits that "he effected a revolution in art; this revolution consisted mainly in setting the sun in the heavens. . . . He made the sun his subject"; in other words, Claude was a great student of light, and succeeded better than any one before him in suffusing his compositions with the mellow glow of sunshine. Claude and Nicolas Poussin lived near each other for many years in Rome, but Claude enriched his art more than Poussin did, both with colour and cheerfulness of outward aspect.

Claude Lorrain lived to be about eighty-two years of age, dying in 1682.

"The work of Claude," says R. A. M. Stevenson,

"affords us an excellent example of the formal rhythmic composition which has proved distasteful of late days to many who still admire its colour." This defect is especially noticeable in Nos. 1319, 1018, and 12. The latter is one of the paintings beside which Turner wished his works to be placed, as will be mentioned when we come to a study of that artist. So between Isaac and Rebecca, and the Embarkation of the Queen of Sheba, No. 14, Turner's pictures were hung. The real object in No. 12 is not to portray this historic scene; it is to show the vista of sunlit country through trees; in order to emphasize the brightness of the sky, Claude has painted his trees extremely dark, almost to the exclusion of colour. Our attention is thus directed beyond the trees to the stretch of free landscape. No. 14 is the most noted picture ever painted by Claude Lorrain. The sunset glow with the haze of evening is here rendered as he alone could render it. The Queen of Sheba is hardly discernible; the real object of the picture is to paint and to hold light. And the luminous quality is nowhere more wonderfully realized than it is in this brilliant composition. Of course, one must make allowances for the darkening by time. Ruskin, as usual, laughs at the boats "having hulls of a shape something between a cocoanut and a high-heeled shoe," and at the "one schoolgirl's trunk"

CLAUDE LORRAIN. — EMBARKATION OF ST. URSULA

which is to convey the gifts to Solomon; but this rather flippant criticism is unfair to so exquisite a picture. Constable, the great English artist, who could produce great pictures himself, as well as criticize them, exclaimed, as he stood before these paintings: "The Claudes! The Claudes are all, all I can think of here!" With a deep appreciation he alludes to the St. Ursula, No. 30, as "probably the finest picture of middle tint in the world." The sun rises through a thin mist, the light being equally diffused throughout the picture, as if it were seen through gauze. The composition shows no large values of shade. The spots of dark or bright colour are in the little foreground figures, where they do not interfere with the dreamy harmony. As Constable continues: "Every object is fairly painted in a firm style of execution, yet in no other picture have I seen the evanescent character of light so well expressed."

In the Cephalus and Procris, No. 55, Claude has drawn much better figures than usual; while in No. 61, the picture about which there is much discussion as to its subject, the figures are quite spirited, in spite of the fact that no one seems to be quite sure whether they are intended to portray Tobit and the Angel, Hagar Visited by the Angel, or the Annunciation! The background is singularly

peaceful and charming, with its winding river and its castle-capped hill.

Constable made a copy of the Little Grove, No. 58, and in writing to a friend in 1823 he calls it "a noonday scene which warms and cheers, but which does not inflame or irritate."

Of the work of Eustache Le Sueur, we have a specimen, rather crude in colour, in No. 1422, — a Holy Family. He has been called the French Raphael, but his work is much more like that of the Eclectic School of Bologna.

No. 903 is a good portrait of Cardinal Fleury, by Rigaud. This ecclesiastic was the tutor of Louis XV., and afterward became prime minister.

We come now to a consideration of an entirely different type of French art, a phase which grew up in the late seventeenth century, full of gallantry, coquetry, brilliant costume, and joyous affected ecstasy, — the stagey but delightful school of Watteau, whose only representative in the National Gallery is the brilliant Lancret. Watteau had been the herald of this school of painters, of *fêtes galantes,* but Lancret followed him closely, and, since we have no example of the original master, we must perforce examine the follower.

Lancret, born in 1690, began life as a die-sinker, but became so bewitched by the painting of Watteau that he abandoned his craft and devoted himself

to painting. He succeeded so well in copying the manner of the master, that Watteau himself was complimented upon having produced such charming works! This infuriated Watteau, but the Academy admitted Lancret under the same title with Watteau, as a painter of *fêtes galantes*.

It would be impossible to select four more typical French pictures of their period than these by Lancret in the National Gallery. Perfect epitomes of the fashionable life of the epoch, they display the delights, as then understood, of Infancy, No. 101, in which court children are devoting themselves to sports in imitation of their elders; Youth, in No. 102, where the vanities are beginning to hold sway; Manhood, No. 103, where the more advanced attractions of courtship are engaging the attention of the subjects; and Age, No. 104, in which the placid older people sit amiably, while those less aged still indulge in airy flirtation near by. These charming little panels are perfect fashion-plates of dress, manners, and ideals of the France of Louis XV.

With the usual reaction, when public taste is delighting in the extreme of high life, a painter of the life of the common people arose, in contradistinction. This was Jean Baptist Simeon Chardin, who was born in 1699, and who worked in a diametrically opposite style from those who produced the *fêtes galantes*. He painted chiefly still life and

animals, but we are fortunate in having a most charming genre subject, The Fountain, No. 1664, as well as a characteristic bit of still life, in a study of a bottle, a loaf, and a glass of wine. In the larger picture, the cosy glimpse of an inner apartment, where a woman is sweeping, and a little child standing in that aimless way that children will when they must make way for a broom, lends an additional effectiveness to the picture, while the chief figure is full of rustic grace, and the details of the painting crisp and attractive. Chardin immortalized the *petite bourgeoisie*, just as Watteau and Lancret immortalized the gayer life of their day. He was an oasis in his times, — he had no school of followers, for the taste of the early eighteenth century turned more and more toward the luxuries and the extravagances which were destined to be their own epitaph a little later in the country's history. Chardin was pensioned by the king in 1752, and was provided with apartments at the Louvre.

Boucher, the exponent of the classical whim bred in the court circle, is the painter of the rather sensual and unintellectual Pan and Syrinx, No. 1090. Of Boucher's painting, no one has given a more complete pen-picture than Austin Dobson:

> "A Versailles Eden of cosmetic youth
> Wherein most things went naked save the Truth!"

It is small compliment to the taste of Louis XV. and his court that Boucher was most popular, and that he was one of the most prolific of painters.

By the painter Greuze, so well known to all art-lovers of the world, the National Gallery possesses only four charming heads. Unfortunately we cannot here judge of the great capabilities of this artist in rendering stirring scenes of domestic life, and dramatic studies in emotional subjects. Jean Baptist Greuze was born in 1725, — his life was one long disappointment. He wished to be recognized as a painter of historical subjects; he was admitted to the Academy only as a genre painter. This was a blow to his pride, although there was no reason why this position was not as desirable as the other. He became rich, but had an extravagant wife, and his fortune was squandered so that he came to great want at the last, and died in indigence in 1805.

Affected as many of Greuze's studies of heads are, this charming Girl Looking Up, No. 1019, is entirely devoid of self-consciousness. The same cannot be said of the mellifluous over-sweet No. 206, with the impossibly inflated drapery about the head, nor No. 1154, in which a simpering child is fondling a pet lamb. The bored expression of this animal is probably unintentional, but it is diverting. No. 1020 is perhaps the most familiar picture of

this master in England; the fair little child holding an apple and looking off with dreamy, melancholy gaze, might be intended for a prospective and forewarned Eve.

Claude Joseph Vernet may here be seen in varying moods, as an interpreter of nature. He was a landscape-painter and marine artist of some spirit, and, although not attaining to the luminous magic of Claude, he deserves a high place near the earlier master. He was born in Avignon in 1714, and spent the years between eighteen and forty in Italy. He was sent for, in later years, by Louis XV., and on this return voyage a fierce tempest overtook the ship on which he was sailing. Instead of being filled with terror, Vernet was inspired to paint the scene, and had himself lashed to the mast, that he might record his impressions in his sketch-book. So enthusiastic a student as this ought indeed to be able to paint natural phenomena. Diderot likened him in a fantastic way to Lucian's Jupiter; he was considered a veritable magician of the elements. He was the grandfather of the famous Horace Vernet who worked in the nineteenth century. His pictures in London have not the wild, stormy qualities which characterize some of his works. No. 236 is a peaceful view of a fête at the Castle of St. Angelo in Rome, while No. 1057 is a quiet river scene. In No. 1393, Turkish and Albanian merchants are

seen smoking and indulging in gallantries, while a Dutch frigate flying the tricolour lies at anchor at the foot of a fortification. The strong shades and lights are those of sunset.

Of the later French artists, only Rosa Bonheur is represented; her smaller replica of the Horse Fair hangs among the British pictures, No. 621. It is a splendidly virile study of French horses, full of light and vigour.

We close our survey of the French pictures suitably with the portrait of a woman, — Madame Vigée le Brun's famous likeness of herself, No. 1653. Madame Le Brun tells in her fascinating memoirs how she came to paint this picture, which should be compared with No. 852, Rubens's Chapeau de Paille, among the Flemish painters in this gallery. "At Antwerp," says Vigée, "I discovered in a private collection the famous Straw Hat, which was recently sold to an Englishman for a considerable sum of money. This wonderful painting represents one of Rubens's wives; its principal effect consists in the different lights given by the sun, daylight, and the sun's rays. Perhaps only a painter can judge of its merits and wonderful execution. I was enchanted with this picture, and when I returned to Brussels I made a portrait of myself, and endeavoured to obtain the same effect. I wore on my head a straw hat, a feather, and a garland of

held flowers, and held in my hand a palette. When ... portrait was exhibited in the Salon, I may say ... acced a good deal to my previous reputa-...

... from quotes an amusing incident of ... ... painter, whom she once ... ... diligence and rapidity. ... undertake to ... ... in his life!" ... 1835 to 1842. She ... through thrilling ex- ... ... She held mem- ... ... Parma, Avignon, ... Bologna, ... honoured by public recog- ... She tells that she had ... hundred portraits, fifteen pic- ... landscapes as well as numerous ...

LE BRUN. — PORTRAIT OF HERSELF

CHAPTER XIV.

BEGINNINGS OF THE BRITISH SCHOOL

In 1855 a collection of English paintings was sent to Paris for the International Exhibition. They proved a revelation to the Frenchmen. "Ah!" they cried, "there are only two schools of painting, — ours and yours! Other schools are founded on ours; yours is an original school!"

Considering the late beginnings of French art, we can hardly agree with this enthusiastic statement; but it is true that British art is original: it differs from the art of other countries, and is not actually founded on any other school, although foreign influence came over and inspired the British to paint. Taine says that the British school is "a branch of the Flemish school, a gnarled and stunted branch, which ends by dropping off, but in an entirely original manner." The inspiration once felt, English artists painted in their own way, and soon became independent of Continental tradition.

The very earliest records of artistic achievement include all the crafts and most of the arts! In 1470,

there was ordered for one of the churches "a new sepulchre"; this curious erection was to comprise "an image of God Almighty, rising out of the said sepulchre, with all the ordinance that 'longeth thereto; item, a lath, made of timber, and ironwork thereto; item, thereto 'longeth Heaven, made of timber and stained cloth; item, Hell, made of timber and ironwork, with devils in number thirteen. Item, four knights, armed, keeping the sepulchre, with their weapons in their hands, . . . two axes and two spears. Item, three pairs of angels' wings, four angels made of timber and well painted. Item, the Father, the crown and visage, the ball with the cross upon it well gilt with fine gold. Item, the Holy Ghost coming out of Heaven into the sepulchre." This description of a work of art of the period is only equalled by the directions of Henry VIII., for a monument to his own memory. The document reads: "The King shall appear on horse-back, of the stature of a goodly man, while over him shall appear the image of God the Father, holding the King's soul in his left hand, and his right hand extended in the act of benediction."

The first real impulse to artistic appreciation was brought to England through foreign artists, who were imported to execute significant works. Sir Antonio Mor, of whom mention has been made, was one of the earliest of these. Hans Holbein,

also, painted many portraits during the reign of Henry VIII., who seems to have appreciated a great artist, even while he yet remained capable of ordering the effigy of which an account has just been given. It was about Hans Holbein that Henry's famous remark was made, when a courtier whom the artist had kicked down-stairs came to the king to plead for justice. Henry, unwilling to hear a word against his favourite, replied: "Out of seven peasants I can make seven lords; but I cannot make one Hans Holbein even out of seven lords."

The first Englishman who is recorded as a painter of "pictures in little," was Nicolas Hilliard (1547—1619), a skilful miniature artist, to whom tribute is paid by Doctor Donne:

> ". . . an eye or hand
> By Hilliard drawn, is worth a historye
> By a worse painter made. . . ."

The two Olivers followed Hilliard, and John Hoskins took up the succession, living until 1664. All of these were miniature portrait-painters, and examples of their work, which has never been surpassed, may be seen in many collections in England.

In the reign of James I., Van Dyck made his appearance, and was heralded as the greatest of artists. He had much following among the English,

Godfrey Kneller, a famous portrait artist. "Painters of history," said Sir Godfrey, "make the dead live, and do not live themselves until they are dead. I paint the living, and they make *me* live!"

John Bettes's Portrait of Edmund Butts, No. 1496, is the earliest English picture in the National Gallery. Bettes died in 1573, and was a miniaturist in favour with Queen Elizabeth, being a pupil of Nicholas Hilliard. There is a portrait of Catherine Parr, No. 1652, by an unknown artist of the sixteenth century, also, among these early pictures; she is clad in the elaborate costume of the period of Henry VIII. Next in order, as we may examine them here, is William Dobson. He was the first Englishman to attempt portraits on a larger scale than miniature, and also to paint historic subjects. He was born in 1610. He worked much on the lines of Van Dyck, to whom he was frequently likened. His portrait of Endymion Porter, No. 1249, displays that person, who was a friend of Charles I., and groom of the bedchamber, with his gun and an attendant page. Endymion Porter himself was a very versatile and interesting character, and a romantic figure living in romantic surroundings.

Samuel Scott's paintings of London in the eighteenth century have great historic interest. There are four of them here; No. 313 showing old Lon-

don Bridge, with houses which were erected immediately after the Great Fire, in 1666; No. 314, old Westminster Bridge, which was built by the Swiss, Charles Labelye, between 1739 and 1750. A detail of the above, that is, a portion of Westminster Bridge, showing parts of two of its arches, appears in No. 1223, while a view farther north, up the Thames, is seen in No. 1328. Westminster Abbey also occurs in this.

Samuel Scott is known as the father of the modern water-colour school. He was a great friend of Hogarth, and left as good portraits of the outward and visible London as Hogarth did of the inner, if not the spiritual side of the city's life. His portrait, by Thomas Hudson, may be seen in No. 1224; the artist is in informal dress, holding a drawing of a sea-piece, with some shipping. Thomas Hudson had the honour of being the master of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

In 1901 there was presented to the gallery an example of the work of Sir James Thornhill, No. 1844, a scene from the life of St. Francis. Thornhill was the father-in-law of Hogarth, his daughter eloping with that great painter before he had achieved his fame.

Art was at its lowest ebb, composed chiefly of copyists of other men's methods, when, in 1697, William Hogarth first saw the light in the London

which he so well understood. He began early to show his talent. As he says of himself: "My exercises when at school were more remarkable for the ornaments that adorned them than for the exercise itself." There was a general streak of artistic temperament in the family; Hogarth's father was literary in his tastes, though unsuccessful, and one of his uncles indulged in satirical poetry, which has been described as "wanting in grammar, metre, sense, and decency."

Hogarth began humbly, and worked honestly, gaining slowly but steadily in the world of art. It is amusing to hear the youth's purse-proud confession: "I have gone moping into the city with scarce a shilling," he says, "but as soon as I have received ten guineas there for a plate, I have returned home, put on my sword, and sallied out again with all the confidence of a man who had thousands in his pockets!"

One great reason for his success was his absolute fidelity to detail as a result of close examination. As Taine has said, with Hogarth "it is indispensable, in order to impart interest to a physical type, that it be the expression and counterpart of a moral type." "I have ever found studying from nature the shortest and safest way of attaining knowledge in my art," said Hogarth. The next reason for his popularity was his choice of subjects with a

direct human appeal. He further says: "I turned my thoughts to painting and engraving modern moral subjects, a field not broken up in any country or age." Hogarth's idea was to treat his subject as a dramatic writer would treat it. His picture was his stage, and his characters moved for him and struck tableaux for him. Charles Lamb was right in saying that one *looked at* the pictures of other artists, but that one *read* those of Hogarth. He likens his nature to that of Juvenal.

On one occasion, Hogarth, being present in some capacity at a tavern brawl, saw a man strike another with a pewter-pot; the expression of the insulted person so impressed him, that he took out his pencil and sketched him then and there.

It is interesting to have here his own portrait, with that of his pet dog, painted by himself. This face, No. 112, displays a rounded, pugnacious physiognomy, but with that keenness of eye which characterizes the satirist. Barry says that he once saw Hogarth, "a little man in a sky-blue coat," superintending a fight of street urchins on a corner. He looks capable of this, and, indeed, his sympathy is chiefly with the rowdy, whether it be found in low life or in high life.

He wrote his first book, "The Analysis of Beauty," in 1753. He himself appreciated the fact that the venture had an amusing aspect. He writes:

"What? A book? and by Hogarth? Then twenty to ten,
All he's gained by his pencil, he'll lose by his pen!"

The mysterious "line of beauty" which he inscribed in this volume caused much discussion. It was as amusing as any Egyptian hieroglyphic. "Painters and sculptors came to me, to know the meaning of it," chuckles Hogarth!.

His greatest success was in his three great series of pictures, which were planned for the conveying of a moral message; the Harlot's Progress, the Rake's Progress, and the Marriage à la Mode. We are fortunate in having this latter set of six masterpieces in the National Gallery. While we have not time or space to analyze all these wonderful histories, let us "read," as Charles Lamb advises, one of them, — the first of the series; it will show how thoughtful and how consistent Hogarth was when he painted a volume on a single canvas.

No. 113 represents the signing of the marriage contract. Rehearse the facts which are told us in this epitome of London follies of Hogarth's day. Here we have the two parents, who are arranging the marriage of their children to advance their own prospects. The proud peer, wishing to increase the family exchequer, has consented to the wedding of his son with the daughter of a vulgarian, — a rich citizen, who sits ill at ease in the presence of rank;

but who is willing to give his gold that his child may become a countess. The Rt. Hon. Lord Viscount Squanderfield rests one gouty foot on a stool, while beside him is unrolled, for the inspection of the citizen, the chart of his descent, which springs from William the Conqueror. The girl's father gazes in awe at this document, while his half-starved clerk, who is a living testimony to the fact that the rich man economizes in his servant's table, is extending to the peer a mortgage on his lordly domains; but the viscount, realizing the social greed of his opponent, haughtily refuses this compromise, pointing to his lineage as ample compensation, and evidently demanding cash for the whole transaction.

On the other side of the room sit the ill-assorted pair; the vain fop of a lordling, admiring himself in the mirror, has turned his back upon his prospective bride. She, plebeian, blunt-featured, with a weak, receding chin, is stringing her wedding-ring idly on her handkerchief, while she listens to the compliments of Lawyer Silvertongue, a smooth, unintellectual man of her own class. Every detail of the picture proclaims the life and tastes of the peer. A great portrait of an ancestor, *à la Grande Monarque,* hangs in the central background. This personage has apparently been figured in this instance as Jupiter, as was the custom with court

HOGARTH. — THE MARRIAGE CONTRACT

painters in dealing with egotistical lords, and he holds a thunderbolt in his hand. This picture is a perfect burlesque on the prevailing taste in portraiture, to which Hogarth's straightforward appeal helped to put an end. Through the open window may be seen a building unfinished, with scaffolding still in place, but without workmen to continue. We are informed, by the lawyer who stands looking out, holding in his hand a "plan for the new building for the Rt. Hon.," that the construction has had to be arrested for lack of funds. The atmospheric illusion in looking out of this window is clever. As if to typify the future of the young couple, there are two dogs leashed together on the floor, one wishing to rest while the other would like to prowl. The walls of the viscount's drawing-room are hung with various works of old masters, — probably purchased through the persuasions of dealers, for the subjects are not in key with his preferences. What has the Rt. Hon. in common with Cain and Abel, Prometheus, Judith, or St. Lawrence? An amusing anecdote of London picture-dealers and their methods is told by Hogarth, and he evidently means it to apply to such men as this. The prospective purchaser is examining a Venus, which has been offered him for sale by one Mr. Bubbleman, and he complains that she has no more beauty than a cook maid. "Oh, Lord,

sir!" answers the quack, "I find that you are no connoisseur. That picture, I assure you, is in Alesso Baldovinetti's second and best manner, boldly painted, and truly sublime. The hair in the Greek taste—" then, spitting on an obscure place, and rubbing it with a dirty handkerchief, he takes a skip to the other end of the room, and screams out in raptures, "There is an amazing touch!" A delicate humourous hint, which may escape one, is the coronet adorning the crutch of the disabled Lord Squanderfield.

Stage by stage in these six pictures, each of which will bear as close an examination as this, one sees the tragedy developed. In No. 114, the two bored young people, sick of each other's company; the vain young countess entertaining her admirers in her dressing-room (Lawyer Silvertongue, as always, the chief object of her folly); the death of the count at the hands of his wife's lover, and the death of the countess herself, upon hearing that her lover has been hanged for the murder of her husband. All are equally convincing, and deserve the closest analytic study.

Contemporaries rarely appreciate an artist. When Hogarth offered Marriage à la Mode for sale, Mr. Lane, of Hillingdon, was the only bidder. He offered one hundred and twenty pounds for them, and, when he found that no one else arrived, he

relates: "I told the artist I would make the pounds guineas. . . . Mr. Hogarth wished me joy of my purchase." Fifty years later, Mr. Angerstein paid one thousand three hundred and eighty-one pounds for the same pictures. From his collection they came to the National Gallery.

One of the finest of Hogarth's characterizations, although only a hasty sketch, is the Shrimp Girl, No. 1162. The momentary, the instantaneous, is remarkably caught in her attitude. Hogarth has almost painted the strident voice which is proceeding from the parted lips! It was drawn from life, in the course of a walk one day in Gravesend, and is prophetic of the impressionists of the nineteenth century in many ways.

No. 1161 is a portrait of Miss Fenton, the actress, in the rôle of Polly Peachum. Miss Fenton was a noted success in this part, so that she was ever afterward called by that name. In 1728, Gay wrote to Swift, observing: "The Duke of Bolton has run away with Polly Peachum and settled four hundred a year on her!" Miss Fenton was a very brilliant woman, and had a highly dramatic career. Another stage-portrait by Hogarth is the recently acquired No. 1935, inscribed Mr. Quin.

Hogarth's Sister, No. 675, and his Servants (a row of six heads), No. 1374, are interesting as showing the artist as a portrait-painter, as is also

No. 1153, the Family of the Strodes, gathered together in domestic entirety, accompanied by their friend, the Archbishop of Dublin.

Although a bricky red shade sometimes obtrudes itself in his flesh-tints, Hogarth is in the main a fine colourist. His colours, too, have stood the test of time, which can be said of few later English artists. Polly Peachum and the group of portraits do not exhibit his colour at its strongest; but the Shrimp Girl is a delightful scheme of browns and grays, with reds, which, though quickly executed, is handled with skill and taste.

On one occasion, a nobleman, not wishing to accept or pay for his portrait, refused to take it off Hogarth's hands. He received the following note from the artist: "Mr. Hogarth's dutiful respects to Lord . . . finding that he does not mean to have the picture which was drawn for him, is informed again of Mr. Hogarth's necessity for the money. If, therefore, his Lordship does not send for it in three days, it will be disposed of, with the addition of a tail, and some other little appendages, to Mr. Hare, the famous wild-beast man, Mr. Hogarth having given that gentleman a conditional promise of it for an exhibition picture, on his Lordship's refusal." The price was paid, and the picture destroyed.

In his Calais Gate, or "Roast Beef of Old Eng-

land," No. 1464, Hogarth travesties certain political and social discrepancies of the French; but one would have to understand much of the conditions of the day to appreciate all the points. He himself wrote an analysis of his intentions regarding it, and Austin Dobson has ably called attention to many details. Among these should be noted a group of fishwives, who, amused at the likeness of a skate to the human face, are unaware that it looks very much like themselves, by which subtle touch the humour of the situation is enhanced for the spectator.

A marked contrast is observable between this satirical picture and the Sigismunda, No. 1046, with which it was exhibited in 1761. Hogarth's wife sat for this picture, which has been very severely criticized. But, in spite of Walpole, Sigismunda is, as Austin Dobson points out, "finely coloured, sound in painting, and full of technical skill. Considering that the attempt was made in a direction so unfavourable to the peculiar cast of the artist's talent, it is wonderful that he succeeded so well." Hogarth attempted the heroic in Sigismunda. A picture by Correggio by this name had recently sold for four hundred pounds, and he offered to render one as satisfactory for the same sum.

Putting aside the subjects, which are usually coarse and unrefined, one is amazed in looking at

Hogarth's pictures, simply as technical achievements, to find them as delicate and refined as any works painted in England. With little show of intentionally startling effects, Hogarth is an absolutely true master of atmosphere, and can always paint the difference between indoors and out-of-doors. His drawing is somewhat extreme. It is usually correct, but suffers from his habit of caricature. In composition he did not greatly excel. His scenes are too obviously laid out: there is always an hypothetical audience to be considered. Hogarth died in 1764. He was the first great original in early British art. Gainsborough, Constable, and Turner were the only others.

In 1768 a new impetus to artistic life was given by the founding of the Royal Academy. This time-honoured institution arose from a split in the older Incorporated Society of Artists, and soon came to have a far greater significance than the original body. It may easily be seen how the new institution, with Sir Joshua, Gainsborough, and all the leading men of the period, should dominate the Society of Artists, when one glances at a catalogue of one of the exhibitions of the latter. Such items occur as "Two birds in shell-work, on a rock decorated with sea-corals"; "A Cupid crowning two harts"; "A landscape in human hair," with a "frame of various devices cut in vellum with scis-

sors, containing the Lord's Prayer in the compass of a silver threepence." The king lent his countenance and support to the new body, and it was established on December 10, 1768.

At this time Richard Wilson was fifty-four years of age, Sir Joshua Reynolds forty-five, and Gainsborough forty-one; these three men, then, may be said to be the beginners of a new epoch in art; as they had reached mature life before the academy was founded, the claim that they were influenced by it can hardly be sustained.

Richard Wilson, born in 1713 or 1714, was essentially a landscape-painter. He showed early talent, tracing figures on the walls of his father's parsonage with a charred stick when he was a child. When thirty-six years of age, this artist went to Rome, the Mecca of all landscape artists of that period, their ideal of scenery being Italian sunsets, peaceful lakes, and crumbling ruins. Wilson was no exception to the rule. His "compositions" have all the conventional grace which was so fashionable. But all landscape, whether natural or artificial, was difficult to sell at this time, when the beautiful portraits of Reynolds were all the rage; and Wilson's career was a long struggle with disappointment and poverty in consequence. He was certainly not appreciated during his lifetime, and, although the prophecy of Peter Pindar has come true, the promise

of post-mortem fame is not very sustaining while a man is wondering what he will eat next week. Peter Pindar's verse thus predicts for "old red-nosed Wilson" a future recognition and fame:

> "But, honest Wilson, never mind,
> Immortal praises thou shalt find
> And for a dinner have no cause to fear.
> Thou start'st at my prophetic rhymes?
> Don't be impatient for those times;
> Wait till thou hast been dead a hundred year."

The artists and those of his own sort loved and appreciated him, but that did not bring him in a support. A friend of his, Mr. Welsh, once said to him, little suspecting to what hard trials of poverty he had been subjected: "You never come to dine with me now." Wilson's reply was that he only regretted that Mr. Welsh was not a picture-collector. "I certainly do not understand them," answered Mr. Welsh, "but, if you will dine with me on Monday week, I will order a fifteen-guinea picture from you with pleasure." Poor Wilson took him by the hand, and said: "Heaven knows where I may be by that time." The kind-hearted Mr. Welsh comprehended the situation. "Are you engaged for to-morrow?" he asked. "If you will send a picture to my house, and join me at dinner, I will gladly pay you the money to-morrow." Such stories of suffering are all too numerous in the

history of art. It would be well if some young aspirants would profit by them in time. There is an instance of one, who was so influenced by knowing of Wilson's hardships, that he, as Cunningham naïvely tells, "went home and said to himself, 'When Wilson with all his genius starves, what will become of me?' He laid his palette and pencils aside, pursued his studies at college, and rose high in the Church." Wilson's good friends worked in vain to help him to find a market for his landscapes. Mr. Paul Sandby even tried to sell a collection of his sketches to some wealthy pupils of his own, and ended by being obliged to buy them himself.

Wilson, however, was not the sport of destiny without some reason. He was often rude and ungainly in his remarks, justifying people in preferring to have little to do with him. When Beechey, the artist, invited him to dinner, Wilson turned upon him, inquiring, brusquely, "Do your daughters draw? All young ladies draw now." "No, sir," replied Beechey, "my daughters are musical." With a grunt of satisfaction, Wilson accepted the invitation. On one occasion, he took Beechey across his studio by one arm, exclaiming, peevishly, "There! This is where you should view a painting, if you wish to examine it with your eyes and not with your nose!" Mrs. Garrick said: "Mr.

Wilson is rough to the taste at first, tolerable by a little longer acquaintance, and delightful at last." Unfortunately, few persons have patience to persevere in an acquaintance which starts with such a handicap. When George III. ordered a painting of Kew Gardens, Wilson deliberately introduced a Southern sunset, and various Italian features, so that the king, naturally dissatisfied, simply returned the picture. Such eccentricities, while fascinating to a biographer, do not help to establish a painter in public favour while he lives.

Wilson was called the English Claude. His pictures have some sameness, the composition usually consisting of a framed dark foreground, with figures, and a vista upon water and distant hills.

One of the chief charms about his work is the handling. He seems to have enjoyed his labour, and his touch is easy and sympathetic, showing perfect control of his materials. Wilson painted standing, and used only one brush and few colours. His greens have blackened from the amount of magylph used, — this was a general failure of British artists. He began by dead-colouring the whole surface, quite flat, with just a suggestion of the values to be given. When all was dry, he deepened the shadows, and modelled somewhat, but still in the neutral brown: the third stage was finishing, and adding various hues in the lighter portions.

His principle, as will be seen, was to bring the whole picture along a stage at a time, not allowing himself to complete one part before another. His varnish, alas! was the too popular magylph, which has been the ruin of so many English pictures. This he used in an oyster-shell. His "tools" were simple and primitive.

John Thomas Smith, who was a connoisseur of some reputation contemporaneous with Wilson, affirms that he was "a leviathan in his profession," while Ruskin complains that Wilson's pictures are "mere diluted adaptations from Poussin and Salvator, without the dignity of the one or the fire of the other." Thus it will be seen that in Wilson's case, as in nearly all cases, critics disagree.

Wilson was out walking with a favourite dog, when he was struck down suddenly by the illness which proved fatal. The faithful dog ran home and brought help, but Wilson never recovered, although he was carried to his house and lived for a time. Having reached the age of sixty-nine, he died in May, 1782.

Sir Joshua Reynolds did not approve of Wilson, and allowed himself to be a little unprofessional at times in sharp criticism. "Our ingenious academician," he says, ". . . has . . . been guilty of introducing gods and goddesses, ideal beings, in scenes which were by no means prepared to receive

such personages." He refers especially to the Destruction of Niobe's Children, No. 110. He says that the scene is a storm, with people lying about apparently having been struck by lightning, but that the painter has injudiciously "chosen that their deaths should be imputed to a little Apollo, who appears in the sky, . . . and that those figures should be considered as the children of Niobe." Sir Joshua also criticizes the cloud as being quite inadequate to support the kneeling deity, and he is quite right; but one wonders that, with so keen a sense of the incongruous, Sir Joshua should himself paint ladies as goddesses, in his portraits, and should select Wilson as the special recipient for such denunciations as are merited by all his contemporaries. Sir Edward Poynter is of quite a different mind, claiming this picture as Wilson's masterpiece, combining high imagination in treating the subject with profound knowledge of nature.

Nos. 304 and 1064 exhibit Wilson in characteristic moods; No. 108 is a painting of the villa of Mycænas, at Tivoli, which Wilson first saw in company with Lord North, who commissioned him to paint it. It is somewhat of a topographical vaudeville, with bits of favourite scenery thrown in, but is soft and charming in effect.

Before passing to a study of Sir Joshua Reynolds and Gainsborough, we may review the other pic-

tures of this period which it seems well to mention. Pleasing portraits are No. 1281, Mrs. Brocas, by Francis Cotes, and Mr. Henry Byne, No. 1198, by Lemuel Francis Abbott. There are also good examples of English landscape paintings, in the works by George Arnald, No. 1156; two views of the Somerset country, by Thomas Barker, Nos. 1039 and 1306; a very interesting study of the landscape of India, by Thomas Daniell, No. 899, showing a famous bridge in Bengal, with travellers crossing it. An agreeable Portrait of a Lady, No. 1491, is by Allan Ramsay, son of the Scotch poet of the same name, who is well known as the author of the "Gentle Shepherd." No. 1186, an English landscape by Glover, is full of open air and daylight, almost as clear as that of John Constable, although handled with more precision and less poetical charm.

No. 1658 is a study of oaks and rural country life, by George Lambert, who began life as a theatrical scene-painter. Stirling Castle, by Alexander Nasmyth, No. 1242, is a good example of the treatment of Scotch scenery by a Scotchman. He must not be confounded with Patrick Nasmyth, who worked later, and who was son and pupil to this older man.

Very interesting, as showing the appearance of Covent Garden Market and St. Paul's Church as they appeared in the eighteenth century, is a curious

painting, No. 1453, by B. Nebot, a little-known artist, presumably an Englishman. The picture has for centre of interest a street-fight. A good bit of rural England is seen in No. 1452, a landscape, in which the central object is a gentleman in hunting-suit, holding his horse. It is the work of George Stubbs, R. A., who was a painter principally of animals, in the late eighteenth century.

CHAPTER XV.

REYNOLDS AND GAINSBOROUGH

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS was the son of a clergyman. He was born in Devonshire in 1723. He spent his study-hours while a child in sketching, calling down upon himself the condemnation of an outraged, though secretly proud, father. One of these drawings which remains, has upon the back of it the inscription: "Done by Joshua out of pure idleness;" but we must note that the drawing was carefully preserved, and probably the old parson, while feeling it his duty to admonish, yet appreciated his clever son. Reynolds was as popular and as lucky in his environment as poor Wilson was unfortunate. He was a pupil of Hudson, a painter of some reputation, of whose work a specimen may be seen in No. 1224.

Reynolds was fortunate enough to have the opportunity to travel when he was twenty-six, and thus was enabled to become familiar with the great masters of Italy. Venetian art attracted him more than any other. He used to recommend the study

of the great masters even more than nature; in this he and Hogarth were diametrically opposed. He was always striving for what was known as the "Venetian secret" of colouring; and even analyzed several old Italian paintings, in order to discover the trick which he believed that they employed.

"Consider the object before you more as made up of lights and shadows than of lines," he used to say. His colours were terribly fleeting, even in his own lifetime. He realized his own shortcomings as to permanence, and said that he "came off with flying colours." Horace Walpole suggested that Sir Joshua ought to be paid for his pictures by annual instalments, — as long as they lasted! He had a chance to change his methods in his later pictures, which are better preserved. Each picture was, to a certain extent, an experiment with him.

Above all things, he was free in his style of treatment, sometimes almost to the detriment of other qualities. There is no painter more variable than Reynolds; the difference between his best works and his least happy productions is unusually large.

Sir Joshua not only loaded his lights, which is a habit with most painters, but he loaded his shadows as well, and dark pigments will nearly always crack if they are laid too heavily, while the lights, being

full of opaque colour, hold together better. Indeed, his technical methods make us sigh, for, by reason of his fleeting pigments, the world of art has lost much. He began on a fair white groundwork; while this was still wet, he would sketch upon it a rapid suggestion of the portrait to be painted, using only lake and black with flake white. In the second sitting he would add Spanish yellow, and the fugitive lakes and carmines. He used only a brush of hair. Unfortunately, he employed numerous vehicles, oils, and varnishes, which have worked havoc with time to aid them. Even wax was introduced into some of his experiments. Blake composed a satire, which hinges upon the fugitive qualities of his portraits:

"When Sir Joshua Reynolds died all nature was degraded,
The king dropped a tear into the queen's ear, and all his pictures — faded!"

But in spite of these drawbacks he was the most popular painter in England. Sir George Beaumont advised a friend to have a portrait by Sir Joshua; being met with the usual objection, that Reynolds's work was apt to fade, he replied: "Never mind, — even a faded picture from Reynolds will be the finest thing you can have!"

At the founding of the academy in 1768, Reyn-

olds was elected its first president, — a position which he held for the rest of his life. It was as president of the academy that he delivered his famous "Discourses on Art." The first of the discourses was delivered to the academy in 1769. Each year following another was added. This artist is almost as celebrated for his "Discourses" as for his pictures. These admirable essays, still helpful as practical disquisitions on art subjects, are full of valuable instruction.

Reynolds was always glad of the criticism of people who knew nothing of the technique of his art, for they would more clearly voice the public impression of his work. When a man who knew nothing about art asked, "Why is half the face black?" Reynolds, instead of relegating him to the shades of the ignorant, felt at once convinced that the error was his own, and that his shadows *were* too heavy, no matter how many artists might rave over the depth of tone, and he would alter his work with the humility of a genuine lover of truth.

He was enraged at the commercial views of Doctor Tucker, who had announced that a pin-maker was of more use in the world than Raphael. "It is as much as to say that the bricklayer is superior to the architect!" he cried, and complained that such a sentiment set the means higher than the end, as the object in attaining wealth in this world was

that men might be fitted to enjoy higher things. Reynolds became king's painter in 1784.

While painting one day, he suddenly felt the power of vision leave his left eye. This was in 1789; the beginning of the tragedy of his life was with this terrible revelation; in a few weeks his left eye was entirely blind, and the other almost so. No more pathetic figures can be imagined than the blind Sir Joshua and the deaf Beethoven. Reduced to the necessity of finding some solace for his time, the great artist ended by taming a little bird, which he used to take on his hand, and, walking up and down, talk to it as if it were a real friend.

Reynolds's last appearance at the academy to deliver a discourse was marked by an unwonted disturbance; a beam in the floor broke, and the audience was in great danger. Lords, students, and academicians were in a state of inextricable entanglement. There was almost a panic among those present, all but Sir Joshua, who, benign and dignified in his advanced age, sat quietly until order was restored, and then resumed his lecture. The conclusion of this lecture was his famous tribute to Michelangelo. "I should desire," he said, "that the last words I should pronounce in this academy . . . might be the name of Michelangelo." And he never spoke there again. In alluding to the

accident to the building afterward, he remarked coolly that, if the floor had really fallen, every man in the room would have been killed, which would mean that art in Britain would have been put back two hundred years!

He was ill for a long time, but he bore the trial with splendid fortitude, never repining, and realizing from the first what the end must be. His resigned cheerfulness was possible because of his life's motto: "The great secret of being happy in this world is not to mind or be affected by small things." He died in 1792, and was honourably interred in the crypt of St. Paul's, London.

Sir Joshua used to say that study was too stern a word to apply to painting, — that it was too mechanical an art to be dignified by the term "intellectual." But this was only because he himself found it second nature to grasp ideals which cost most painters a lifetime of study and application. Ruskin considers him one of the seven supreme colourists in the world, and the prince of portrait-artists.

Perhaps the most ideal of his pictures in the National Gallery is the charming portrait group, called the Graces Decorating a Statue of Hymen, No. 79. In reality, this represents the three lovely daughters of Sir William Montgomery. The central nymph is the Hon. Mrs. Gardner, the figure

REYNOLDS. — THE GRACES DECORATING A STATUE OF HYMEN

Not for Sale

on the left, the Marchioness of Townsend, and the third, Mrs. Beresford. These patricians are figured as the Three Graces, but they are no artless children of the grove; they are English aristocrats. These ladies, all having made satisfactory matches, were portrayed as offering their appreciation to the god of matrimony. Where many artists paint flesh firmly, and still life lightly, Sir Joshua paints his accessories with a firm hand, and treats flesh with a charming evanescent softness emphasizing its living and moving qualities. No Englishman before Reynolds had ventured to paint gay, cheerful landscapes as backgrounds for his portraits. This mythological flight of fancy, exquisite as it is, is inconsistent with Sir Joshua's harsh criticism upon Wilson for painting classical figures in his Niobe without due excuse. He himself committed the anachronism of painting the two Grevilles as Cupid and Psyche, the Duchess of Manchester as Diana, Lady Blake as Juno, and Miss Norris as Hope. Reynolds seems to have felt that merely to portray nature was not enough; he was fain to give some more dignified name to his works than that which by right belonged to them. For instance, No. 162, the Infant Samuel, is hardly treated as a historical subject; it is the simple picture of a little child saying his prayers, and the name is unconvincing and unnecessary. The two pictures,

Nos. 106 and 107, are probably both studies from the head of a workman named White; but one of them is denominated a Picture of Count Ugolino, whom all readers of Dante will remember for his hideous death by starvation in the Tower of Hunger in Pisa, while the other bears the title of the Banished Lord. Taine calls this "a sentimental elegy after the manner of Young!" Both the heads are beautiful pieces of work, and, independent of their alleged subjects, are noble studies from life.

It was in portraiture that Sir Joshua's genius was displayed at its best. Instead of copying every line photographically, he uses the higher art; in studying a face, he —

> ". . . finds the man
> Behind it, and so paints him that his face,
> The shape and colour of a mind and life,
> Lives for his children ever at its best."

No one can look at the magnificent portrait of Lord Heathfield with the Keys of the Fortress of Gibraltar, No. 111, without feeling that the intrepid soldier, with his heroic grasp upon the great key of the impregnable rock, stands before one as in the flesh. It is usually conceded to be one of Reynolds's greatest portraits, the most conspicuously known being the great painting of Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse, — this canvas, however, is not

in the National Gallery. There is a study, though, for one of the attendant figures, that of Horror; No. 1834 is a sketch made from himself by the master, and was introduced into the background of the great portrait. Mr. Henry Vaughan bequeathed this drawing to the National Gallery in 1900. The original picture is in Grosvenor House. There is a graceful story of Sir Joshua's compliment to Mrs. Siddons. When she beheld the finished portrait of herself, she noticed a curious brocaded effect upon part of the border of the robe. As she approached to determine its true significance, she found it was the painter's signature in full. One can hear in imagination the great artist, bowing before the tragedy queen in his genuine admiration, explaining, "I could not resist the opportunity of sending my name to posterity on the hem of your garment!"

Sir Joshua always set out with the determination of making the most of his subject. He claimed that it was no excuse for an artist to plead that his subject was a bad one. He observed that there was always nature, and this was sufficient when other attractions were absent. When he had to deal with such themes as the Portrait of Dr. Samuel Johnson, No. 887, this motto stood him in good stead. No subject less picturesque could be conceived, — and yet, what a splendid picture! Doctor

Johnson greatly respected Reynolds's intellectual endowments, saying that, when Sir Joshua told him anything, he was possessed of one idea the more. Boswell, the faithful biographer of Johnson, may be seen here, too, limned by the master, No. 888. The portrait of Admiral Keppel, No. 886, also owes its charm to its sincerity, for the bluff old sea-dog was no more romantic-looking than the others. Reynolds had sailed with Admiral Keppel himself, when he visited Venice at the age of twenty-six in 1749.

The Portrait of Captain Orme, leaning on the neck of his horse, is a good picture, although the charger is somewhat invertebrate. This is No. 681, and represents the captain life-size; it is imposing. Captain Orme was aide-de-camp, with Washington, to General Braddock, in America, in 1755.

The equestrian portrait of Lord Ligonier, No. 143, may be classed with this one, although they are not similar. It was an early work of the artist. Reynolds, however, always liked this picture himself, and said he had taken the scheme of light and shade from a wood-cut on a ballad-sheet!

There are two portraits of Sir Joshua Reynolds himself here; one, No. 306, was painted for Mrs. Thrale, and is an earlier view of the master; No. 889, in brown, is a more mature likeness.

The Portrait of Two Gentlemen, No. 754, repre-

sents two young men, who were connoisseurs of the period, radically different in their history, but with the love of art in common. Rev. George Heddesford, who began life as a painter under Sir Joshua, is the elder of the two, at the left; he was twenty-nine at the time of the portrait, painted about 1779. The other youth was a sonneteer, named Bampfylde, who became the victim of an unrequited infatuation, which drove him insane, so that he died in an asylum. The ease and grace of the arrangement of this picture makes it linger in the memory; and the calm face of the elder man, with his long chin, is in interesting contrast to the countenance of his companion.

Those paintings, which, for lack of a better name, we usually call "fancy pictures," are among the most popularly known of Sir Joshua's creations. His charming little cat-chinned Robinetta, No. 892, an early sketch from the Hon. Mrs. Tollemache, holding her tame bird, and leaning on its cage, is a universal favourite, as is also No. 307, which is called the Age of Innocence. The creamy texture of the draperies in this lovely study is one of its chief attractions. Reynolds's sympathies went out to the refined and well-bred; his people are as fascinating to us as to the artist.

Love Unbinding the Zone of Beauty, sometimes called the Snake in the Grass, No. 885, is a delight-

ful specimen of Reynolds's imaginative work. The girl, with a coquettish glance from beneath her raised arm, is seated on a mossy bank, while Cupid is toying with her sash, about to unfasten it. In the grass in the corner, at the right of the canvas, is seen the reared and hissing head of an adder. Although the austere Cunningham alludes to this as a picture which he cannot "hope to describe in the language of discretion," it seems to our maturer vision to be harmless and charming. An allegory it is; no one will combat its teaching, although it is capable of more than one interpretation.

The beautiful wreath of angel heads, No. 182, that bouquet of rose-hues, in all shades, from the delicate tea-rose, in its golden glow, to the rich pink of the Mermet, is a repeated portrait-study of little Frances Isabel Gordon. It was presented to the nation by Lady Gordon in 1841. It was a late work of Sir Joshua, and, according to Ruskin, "ineffably finer than ever the Greeks did." This celebrated picture, a photograph of which is in almost every home, is as nearly a spiritual conception as Sir Joshua was capable of. As a general rule, he had not that subtle imagination to picture the unseen in a convincing way, which is the chief attribute desirable for a religious painter. He portrayed life as it was about him. One of his many mottoes was, "Labour is the only solid price of

REYNOLDS. — SNAKE IN THE GRASS

fame"; he worked conscientiously, and seldom rose to the imagery and sentiment of this matchless child-head.

Thomas Gainsborough, born in 1727, was as great as Sir Joshua, and in some respects has been considered in advance of his famous contemporary. As is the case with most of the great Englishmen, his talent showed itself early. When his schoolmaster refused him a holiday, the boy, nothing daunted, copied his father's writing, and handed a slip to the master, which read, "Give Tom a holiday." Tom was accordingly sent off, and spent the day gleefully and innocently sketching from nature. When his father discovered his son's talent for forgery, he exclaimed, "Tom will be hung!" but, when he examined the drawings, he remarked, "Tom will be a genius!"

Mr. Betew, the silversmith and picture-dealer, used to glory in the fact that he had been instrumental in disposing of some of Gainsborough's early pictures, saying: "I have had many a drawing of his in my shop-window before he went to Bath. Ay, and he has often been glad to receive seven or eight shillings from me for what I have sold!" In 1760 he moved to Bath, where he lived until 1774, when he returned to London for the rest of his days. When he was only nineteen, a beautiful girl happened to pass across the field which

he was painting; he fell in love with her, sought her acquaintance, and afterward married her. She proved to be an excellent and thrifty wife, and the young artist prospered so steadily that the town wags used to call his house "Gain's Borough!"

His allegiance sometimes almost swerved to music; his temperament was so rounded on its æsthetic side that form, colour, and sound were to him as if necessary to one another. He would offer a large sum for a violin or other instrument which had made its appeal, and then engage the former owner to teach him to play upon it! When Gainsborough heard a musical instrument which he liked, he usually purchased it incontinently. Jackson, the organist, writes: "The next time I saw Gainsborough, it was in the character of King David. He had hired a harper in Bath, — the performer was soon harpless!"

It is delightful to read a letter from Gainsborough to a friend, in 1758, in which he says: "You please me by saying that no other fault is found in your picture" (this refers to a painting which the gentleman, Mr. Edgar, a lawyer, had ordered and received from the artist) "than the roughness of the surface, for that part being of use in giving force to the effect at a proper distance, is what a judge of painting knows an original from a copy by; in short, being the touch of the pencil, which is harder

to preserve than smoothness. I am much better pleased that they should spy out things of that kind than to see an eye half an inch out of its place, or a nose out of drawing. . . . I don't think it would be more ridiculous for a person to put his nose close to the canvas and say that the colour smelt offensive, than to say how rough the paint lies." At the end of some further dissertation on "touch," Gainsborough adds, whether in mischief or in innocence it is hard to determine: "I little thought you were a lawyer when I said that one in ten were not worth hanging. . . . It's too late to ask your pardon now; but, really, sir, I never saw one of your profession look so honest in my life, and that's the reason why I concluded you were in the wool trade."

Zoffany's portrait of Gainsborough, No. 1487, should be observed while we are studying the painter; it is in profile, but shows the smooth-shaven face with an angle indicative of mental perceptions.

When Gainsborough painted portraits of the actors, Garrick and Foote, their changing expression greatly annoyed him. He cried out, indignantly: "They are a couple of rogues! They have every one's face but their own!" He undertook a portrait of Shakespeare, but was disgusted with it; in a letter to Garrick he says: "I have

been several days rubbing in and rubbing out my design of Shakespeare; and hang me if I think I shall let it go, or let you see it at last."

He and Reynolds did not agree. The well-ordered Sir Joshua looked with some disapproval on the impulsive disorder of Gainsborough's manner of behaviour; instead of hard work, such as Reynolds always advised and employed himself, Gainsborough depended more upon dash and inspiration, — and he had so much of each that they served his turn as well as Sir Joshua's more sincere methods. Sir Joshua had an admiration for him, however. "I cannot think how he produces his effects," Reynolds would say; while the more energetic Gainsborough burst out, looking at Sir Joshua's work: "D—— him! How various he is!" Owing partly to his rapid execution, and partly to his peculiar method of hatching, Gainsborough's pictures have not cracked, even in the shadows. In this he has been more fortunate than Sir Joshua.

Petty rivalries abounded among academicians. At a dinner, for instance, Sir Joshua is seen to rise and propose a toast, in order to annoy Richard Wilson: "The health of Mr. Gainsborough — the greatest landscape-painter of the day!" whereupon he is followed by Wilson, who adds, surlily: "Yes, — and the greatest portrait-painter, too!" No love was lost then between rivals: is it now?

In 1784 Gainsborough had a tiff with the hanging committee of the Academy, which resulted in his never sending another work to their exhibitions. Whatever may have been the irritating cause, it is easy to see that there was fault on his side, by perusing the note which accompanied his last exhibit: "Mr. Gainsborough presents his compliments to the gentlemen appointed to hang pictures at the Royal Academy, and begs leave to hint to them that if the Royal Family which he has sent for the exhibition are hung above the line along with the full-lengths, he never more whilst he breathes will send another picture to the exhibition. This he swears by God. Saturday morning." This not very conciliatory attack was answered by his pictures being quietly returned; and that severed all connection between Gainsborough and the Academy.

His death was almost sudden. One day, while at the trial of Warren Hastings, he felt an icy touch on the back of his neck. When he returned home, his wife examined the spot, and found a small white patch. This proved to be a quick-growing cancer, and in a short time it ended the artist's life, although he lived to be sixty-one years old. When he knew himself to be dying, he sent for Sir Joshua, wishing to be at peace with his great rival at the last. A touching scene it must

have been, when the two great artists met at this solemn moment. They parted in perfect harmony, Gainsborough's last words to Reynolds being: "We are all going to heaven, and Van Dyck will be of the company!" He died in 1788. Sir Joshua Reynolds and Richard Brinsley Sheridan were among his pall-bearers.

The famous Market-Cart, No. 80, is a combination of landscape and figure painting, such as is most characteristic of Gainsborough. It has the brown and green of which he was so fond, and the masses are more considered than the detail, — in this he is prophetic of impressionism. The Watering-Place, No. 109, has these same features. Both are among the most essentially British landscapes in art, while another study full of the same charm is No. 309, also called the Watering-Place. In No. 310, with the sunset light resting on man and horse, is seen an elegy of evening relaxation after the strenuous day, full of sentiment, and painted tenderly. Examine all his landscapes, — they will repay you. Great Cornard Wood, known as Gainsborough's Forest, No. 925, is noble and dignified. Sir George Beaumont, a keen lover and appreciator of æsthetics, compares Gainsborough's landscapes with Grey's "Elegy." The parallel is striking here. He has been criticized for introducing into the picture the shadows of trees and

objects, the originals of which cannot be seen; but this feature seems to me to enhance the charm felt from the *depth* of a forest, continuing as it does the impression of close-growing trees, and doing away with the feeling one often has with a forest painting, of standing on the edge of a wood and looking in. It proves that the spectator is in the midst of the thicket, instead of standing in an outer clearing, and I can imagine no unpleasant sense of curiosity breaking in upon the charm of the scene.

As a studio expedient, Gainsborough used at times to collect features in miniature like those of a landscape, — rocks, herbs, bits of looking-glass, — and make them up into little models to assist him in his compositions. Even donkeys had been led into his studio to serve as models! One of the free idyls of the fields is No. 1488, where two donkeys are ridden by rural peasants, — it is genuine English genre painting. Another of the happy rustic pictures, for which Gainsborough was justly famous, is No. 311, of Country Children.

No. 308, known as Musidora Bathing Her Feet, is in illustration of Thompson's lines:

> "For, lo! conducted by the laughing loves
> This cool retreat his Musidora sought;
> Warm in her cheek the sultry season glowed,
> And, robed in loose array, she came to bathe
> Her fervent limbs in the refreshing stream."

It is supposed that the renowned Lady Hamilton sat for Musidora; this is one of only two nudes extant by Gainsborough. One can only regret that there are not more. The legend that this was taken from Lady Hamilton is not without foundation, for the illustrious Emma, when she was a young adventuress, was engaged to pose without draperies in the Temple of Health conducted by Doctor Graham, who had his establishment under the same roof with Gainsborough. Nothing would have been more likely than that the painter should avail himself of such an opportunity.

In colour, Gainsborough was original. Cool blues and greens and golden tones prevail over the ruddier shades. Speaking broadly, the chief characteristic of Reynold's colour is golden light, while that of Gainsborough is more of silver. He painted women and children better than he did men; his male portraits and studies have some touch of effeminacy as a rule.

Nothing more dashing or more shimmering can be conceived than the Portrait of Mrs. Siddons, No. 683. The stately and yet witching elements, both traits so well emphasized by the high black bridle and the rakish hat, pervade the personality of this noted stage favourite, and the whole portrait is unsurpassed. The story that his famous Blue Boy was painted as a proof that one could

GAINSBOROUGH. — MUDISORA BATHING HER FEET

do the exact opposite in colouring from that prescribed by Reynolds, is more likely to be true of this matchless portrait, which carefully defies all the rules of Sir Joshua, while it offers a substitute of absolutely satisfactory harmonies along the key of blue (with the exception of the red curtain, — the only questionable note in the picture). His handling is quite his own. It is not based upon the formulas of any school. In the hair of Mrs. Siddons it seems, on close inspection, as if he had done a great deal of unnecessary scratching and irrelevant line-work; but at a little distance these marks, which looked so aimless, fall into place in a most delightful way, and a light, living quality is thus imparted. Mood and feeling are thus more to be detected in his work than trained skill. While he was painting Mrs. Siddons, he made her laugh by exclaiming: "D—— it, madam, there is no *end* to your nose!" He had the rare talent of making his draperies part of his scheme, in which he is equalled only by Rubens and Van Dyck.

The Parish Clerk, Orpin, is the subject of the peaceful and tender portrait, No. 760. Living in the little steep town of Bradford, near Bath, this sweet old man's face attracted the painter, who made from it one of his happiest portraits. The gentle feminine quality is less out of place here than in many of his portraits of men. There was

a carrier named John Wiltshire, who used to take Gainsborough's pictures from Bath to London. He refused a regular fee for his services, saying: "No, no, I love art for its own sake; when you think I have earned it, give me one little picture, and I shall feel more than repaid." Gainsborough was so delighted with the man's spirit that he gave him several, and this delightful Orpin was among them. Once, Gainsborough, wishing to paint a horse, borrowed one from Wiltshire; as a graceful return for the carrier's loan, he painted a horse and wagon, with himself and family in the cart, and sent it to Wiltshire as a present.

For animal studies by Gainsborough, one turns to No. 1484, a study of an old horse, and No. 1483, a painting of dogs. The first of these, although not beautiful, suggests the tired drudgery of a working-animal with great comprehension. The other is especially interesting, as it represents the two pet dogs of Gainsborough and his wife. The story goes that, when words had passed between his master and mistress, Fox, Gainsborough's dog, used to be entrusted with a little note of apology, which was conveyed to Tristram, Mrs. Gainsborough's pet. If Mrs. Gainsborough accepted the expressions of regret and repentance which were contained in this note, she would send

an answer to that effect by Tristram to Fox, who delivered it to his master!

While Reynolds saw things in colour, Rembrandt in light and shade, and Holbein in outline, Gainsborough saw all these elements together, and form did not predominate over colour, nor chiaroscuro over either. He has great balance, and his compositions and plans for pictures have great simplicity. They are directly to the main point, and free from by-play or secondary interests.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY IN ENGLAND

THE British school, as will be seen, developed its own ideals and standards. A certain mellow quality in colouring, at least among its earlier pictures, is observable; in this quality it is allied to the old masters rather than to modern open-air impressionism. Sir George Beaumont used to say: "A good picture, like a good fiddle, should be brown."

George Romney was only eleven years younger than Reynolds, and is a connecting-link between the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. He lived until 1802. A follower of Reynolds, he indeed caused the older master to look to his laurels on several occasions. He had more sweetness than force, — indeed, British art at this period was somewhat lacking in painters who could portray the masculine characteristics. His artistic abilities displayed themselves first in music and in wood-carving. By degrees he moved into the more conventional channel, and became a portrait-painter. Romney's

master in Lancashire was a "rollicking fellow," who eloped with a girl, leaving his pupil behind quite ill, — the result, says a chronicler, of "his exertions in assisting the escape of the bride." So, when Romney was nursed through this sickness by a compassionate girl, he followed his master's example, and married her immediately, quite from impulsiveness. It was rather an imprudent step, for at that time he had no visible means of support. Leaving her and their two children in the North, he went to London, at the age of twenty-seven, and devoted himself to his art. Soon he rose to be recognized as second only to Reynolds and Gainsborough. "Romney and Reynolds divide the town," said Lord Thurlow, "and I am of the Romney faction." His was a great success. Reynolds used to allude to him as "the man in Cavendish Square." It is unexplainable why, at his zenith, he did not send for his family, but he never did so.

A lady who had had her portrait done by Romney wrote to a friend that every one was delighted with it, adding, naïvely: "I have reason to be so, for it is handsomer than I ever was in my life." Nearly all his faces have a tendency, however, to approach as nearly as possible to his ideal type, — that of the beautiful and frail Emma, Lady Hamilton, who sat for him constantly, and with whom

he was bewitched. Romney's "divine lady" appears twice upon the walls of the gallery; once, as a Bacchante, in No. 312, and again, in good contrast, in a rough sketch, No. 1668, where the expression is almost tragic.

Perhaps the most varied career ever experienced by a woman was that of Emma Lyon. The daughter of a poor servant, she began life as nursemaid in the family of a country doctor, soon afterward taking a position as serving-maid in London. In the same house lived, as cook, one Mary Jane Powell, who was destined to be a great actress; and years later, when Emma Lyon, as Lady Hamilton, entered Drury Lane Theatre ablaze with diamonds, she received a mock heroic curtsey from the leading lady who was then reigning on the boards, — none other than her early companion in the kitchen. Two such cases of social evolution it would be difficult to match. Emma Lyon received a good education at the hands of Mr. Greville, the first lover whose home she honoured with her presence. While under his protection, she met Romney, who was engaged to paint her portrait, and an infatuation seized the painter at once. He used to study her in all positions, and in all kinds of characters. He says, in a letter: "The pictures I have begun are Joan of Arc, a Magdalen, and a Bacchante, for the Prince of Wales." The lady

was versatile in her posing, and used to portray antique statues at evening entertainments, with the aid of drapery, which she managed with great skill. When her extravagance had caused the financial ruin of Mr. Greville, Emma was passed on to his uncle, Sir William Hamilton, who afterward married her. Romney always spoke of her as "the divine lady," and from the æsthetic point of view she certainly must have been all that a painter could desire. How much there was in their attachment beyond a platonic love for art, has never transpired. After the conspicuous episode with Lord Nelson, Lady Hamilton, middle-aged and stout, retired into private life and penury, and died in a Calais lodging-house, almost as humble as the cottage in which she was born. The meteoric flash of her wonderful prime is preserved for all lovers of beauty, chiefly by Romney, although many other artists of the period rejoiced to depict her glories as well.

The chief characteristic of this master is grace. He is almost as charming in this respect as Greuze, and is less mannered. If he adhered a little too closely to one model, he could not, at any rate, have chosen a more faultless one. He was a dreamer, but his dreams were realized in an incarnation of the evanescent witchery of feminine beauty, and, even if this be his limitation, it is

a limit likely to hold popular favour for many a generation yet to come.

Romney's colouring in his accessories is very restrained, and this is one reason why his "settings" are so "becoming." The subject's face has its beauty all the more enhanced by the subordination of surrounding tints. He loved soft dark creamy white, and an occasional glint of blue or green is often all the positive colour that appears in a portrait. Soft browns predominate in his backgrounds, and the charm of his colouring usually makes up for an occasional anatomical inaccuracy.

A thoroughly worthy family portrait is No. 1396, of Mr. and Mrs. Lindow. It is an early work of the master, and is harder in its precise lines than his later pictures. The colouring is realistic, and not based upon an ideal scheme. In the Parson's Daughter, however, No. 1068, Romney has planned a delicious cool scheme of tawny shades and green as soft as sea-water; this picture is usually regarded as a "fancy head," but some consider it a portrait of Mrs. Pope, the actress. The green and tan tones of this lovely tondo of the Parson's Daughter suggest soft autumnal harmonies, although the girl herself is as fresh as a June rose. The arch expression and the general breeziness about this delightful little person have enshrined

ROMNEY. — THE PARSON'S DAUGHTER

her among the most popular examples of British art.

No other test of Romney's abilities except a consideration of his portraits is quite fair, as this was his especial line of work. The Lady with a Child, No. 1667, a charming picture in soft pink and green, with one bold dash of scarlet far down in the corner, on the little girl's shoe, is a perfect example of this painter at his best. The wondering eyes of the child are well rendered, and the mother's refined, aristocratic bearing is enhanced by her sympathetic attitude toward the child in her arms.

Lady Craven, too, No. 1669, is a beautiful study in low tones. This lady was a talented writer of plays, and, although her matrimonial experiences were somewhat chequered, she was reported as an amiable person, and was a great friend of Horace Walpole. Mrs. Mark Currie, No. 1651, the bride of a few months when she sat for Romney in her ingenuous muslin gown and rose-coloured ribbons, is as fresh and fascinating to-day as she was in 1789.

Romney had to a stupendous degree that ability to flatter his subject while still preserving the likeness, which is the most valuable faculty to which a portrait-painter can attain. His education had been very desultory, so that he did not even spell correctly. When it was possible to avoid it, he

preferred not to write. His power lay in his wonderfully accurate vision, which in his case took the place of all the usual training. He was absolutely impulsive. His temperament was as untrained as his character. His ideal was to paint great historical pictures, but he never rose beyond portraiture.

In 1794 Romney began to fail perceptibly. His mind weakened, the symptoms of his disorder being a rash and boastful series of undertakings on a gigantic scale, which all fell through. While a morbid activity dominated his brain, his hand lost its cunning to a great extent. His right hand became partly disabled, and, whether the victim of partial paralysis or of some drug, Romney began to deteriorate. He was subject to a slight mental infirmity, which took the form of a suspicion of unknown enemies, — a usual manifestation in cases of insipient morbid insanity. The most charitable way to account for his coldness and indifference to his wife and children is to assume that his mind was always slightly deranged. This shrinking from imaginary persecutors was probably one reason why Romney never made an attempt to become a member of the Royal Academy. The smallest criticism had a very depressing effect upon him, and accounted for many unfinished pictures. When he got to the point when he felt the need

of some one to care for him, he put his pride in his pocket and started North to find the wife whom he had deserted for so many years. This lady, with commendable charity, received him tenderly, and nursed him until his death. He was imbecile for months before his final dissolution, which took place in November, 1802, in his sixty-eighth year.

Two attractive pictures are Nos. 1402 and 1403, — laundresses at work, one washing and the other ironing, so daintily, and in such a festive guise, that one is inclined to believe that the report of their being really portraits of two court ladies is true, and that these votaresses of the "simple life" posed for Henry Morland merely for amusement. Henry Morland was the father of the famous and erratic George Morland, of whom more hereafter.

An interesting study of light is the picture by Joseph Wright of Derby, No. 725, representing an Experiment with an Air-Pump. When Wright offered to exchange pictures with Richard Wilson, Wilson replied: "With pleasure; I will give you air, and you will give me fire." And there is fire in this domestic scene, with its weird effect of light coming from the centre, — a curious problem, the candle being hidden behind a bowl of water. The air is just being restored to an exhausted receiver, in which a parrot, which had been subjected to the test, is seen fluttering, almost dead.

The two young girls by the table have been overcome with emotion at the thought of losing their pet. As a study of centrifugal lighting, the picture is very clever.

John Singleton Copley was born of Irish parents in Boston, Mass., in 1737. His father died while he was a boy, and his mother then married a man of artistic tastes, Mr. Pelham; his stepfather was Copley's only known teacher. His boyhood was spent in America, where he married. He went to London in 1774, his wife and children afterward joining him. There he passed the remainder of his life. His success in England was immediate. During the first few months he wrote to his wife: "I have just returned from Mr. West's, where I took tea. He accompanied me to the queen's palace, where I beheld the finest collection of pictures, I believe, in England. I have had a visit from Sir Joshua, and from Mr. Strange, the engraver. Lord Gage is out of town, I have not therefore seen him or Lord Dartmouth, but shall be introduced to the latter next week by Governor Hutchinson. . . . I dine out every day." With that true zest for hospitality which characterizes the best Englishmen, these good people welcomed the man of such great talents who had had so few opportunities. One can understand their enthusiasm in displaying their riches of art to him, and his appreciation of their

generous courtesy. In those days Boston was not the home of culture and art which it afterward became, and Copley's son stated that, with the exception of his own pictures, his father had not seen any good paintings until he was nearly thirty.

Copley's personal appearance was pleasing; he was not a large man, and his build was slender; he was always appropriately dressed, in good style, but not conspicuously. His bearing was aristocratic, and the expression of his face decidedly prepossessing. He visited Italy in 1774. He travelled in company with a dyspeptic egoist, who kept a diary of their trip, which is amusing, if cynical. He gives a description of Copley as he appeared on the road, which ill accords with the fastidious, well-dressed gentleman painter at home! "He had on one of those white French bonnets," says Carter, "which, turned on one side, admit of being pulled down over the ears; under this was a yellow and red silk handkerchief, with a large Catherine-wheel flambeaued upon it. . . . This flowed half-way down his back. He wore a red brown or rather cinnamon greatcoat, with a friar's cape, and worsted binding of yellowish white; it hung near his heels, out of which peeped his boots; under his arm he carried a sword, which he bought in Paris, and a hickory-stick with an ivory head."

Although Copley's fame rests chiefly on his portraits, we cannot judge of his work in that branch in the National Gallery, for his only pictures here are large historical pieces. One turns naturally first to the famous great canvas, No. 100. The tragic episode which forms the subject of this picture is the death of the Earl of Chatham, after his celebrated speech in the House of Lords, in which he protested against the taxation of the American colonies. The incident was a dramatic opportunity for an artist, and Copley has used it well. The peers standing about are all portraits; this fact militates against the action of the picture to a certain extent, for of course no man wished to have his likeness perpetuated in an extreme attitude and with the distortion of facial expression such as would have been more natural under these trying circumstances; but the result is dignified and noble. An engraving of this picture was sent to George Washington, from whom Copley received a most gracious note, which we cannot refrain from giving here. It is dated:

"PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 12, 1792.

"DEAR SIR:— . . . I received a few days ago your acceptable present of the print representing the Death of the Earl of Chatham. The work, highly valuable in itself, is rendered more estimable

in my eye when I remember that America gave birth to the celebrated artist who produced it. For the honour you have done me in this mark of your attention, I pray you to accept my best thanks and the assurance of my being, sir, your most obedient and obliged humble servant,

"GEORGE WASHINGTON."

The Death of Major Pierson is portrayed in another large historic painting, No. 733. This gallant young officer fought with much ardour in the defence of St. Helier's in Jersey, when it was invaded by French troops in 1781. While Major Pierson was successful in defeating the attack, he was shot by deliberate aim of one of the French soldiers. The black servant who accompanied him instantly turned and shot his master's assailant. The moment chosen for representation is when the negro is shooting the Frenchman, Pierson having just fallen among his faithful followers. Copley went to Jersey to study the topography of St. Helier's before painting this picture. An exact view of the town is seen in the background. In the central group twelve of the figures are actual portraits. The Great Duke himself pronounced this the best picture of a battle that he had ever seen.

The National Gallery happens to have only tragic episodes from the hand of Copley. Still

another battle is to be seen in No. 787, the Defeat of the Spanish Floating Batteries at Gibraltar, by Lord Heathfield. We have seen this hero at closer range as painted by Sir Joshua; here he appears on horseback, on a narrow jetty of land, surrounded by his troops, while the other half of the canvas is occupied with a naval engagement. This is only the sketch for the finished picture on this subject, which hangs in Guildhall. In his passionate love for absolute truth of detail, Copley took the journey to Gibraltar to study the setting for his picture, so we may feel sure that this small promontory does in reality exist at some part of the coast where this defeat might have been possible, although the arrangement is somewhat strange from a pictorial point of view.

Copley was terribly slow as a portrait-painter, and nearly wore his sitters out. He had a habit of first laying his palette with every tint, completely mixed, which he should want; and, as he insisted upon matching every shade from the subject direct, many hours were spent in this preliminary. One lady had sat to him fifteen or sixteen times; Copley was called from the room for about ten minutes, and requested her not to move during his absence; but she, overcome with curiosity to see what progress he had been making in all these weeks, got

up and peeped at the canvas, and was amazed to find that it was entirely rubbed out!

Copley's slow execution led to the fantastic story that he once began a family group, and was so long about it that the wife died, and the gentleman married again, — that the first wife was then remodelled as an angel, and the new one introduced sitting by her husband; some have even gone so far as to add that the second wife also had to be enshrined in the clouds, and still a third face substituted, and that Copley had great difficulty in making the owner pay for all these quite necessary alterations!

Copley's technique was conscientious, the paint laid on thick, and then smoothed down so as to obliterate the brush-marks. Compared with the great British artists, we have to admit that his style is hard and cold. His colouring, too, lacks charm and glow, but it is accurate, though unimaginative. But he is individual, in being almost self-taught, and that is something, in an age when nearly every one was trying to work in the manner of some one else. His early work is harder than his work after he went to England, and where he had opportunity to see what others had done. He became much more like the contemporary British painters in later life than he was in the beginning. His modelling of heads was very clever, and his

eyes are always true and expressive. As a pioneer, in America, he was remarkable; if he had had the same early advantages as the other great English artists, who knows but he might have led among them? As it is, he is recognized as standing well.

Copley was saddened in his later years by seeing his fame waxing cold. His pictures became less popular, but he continued bravely to paint through genuine love for his art. He died in 1815, having attained his seventy-eighth year.

Gilbert Stuart is the only American painter, unless we count Copley as such, who is included in the collection of British pictures in this gallery. Two portraits, one of himself, No. 1480, and one of the artist, Benjamin West, No. 229, hang here.

Henry Fuseli, who painted the picture from the "Midsummer Night's Dream," No. 1228, was a strange eccentric, — one of the most amusing characters in English art annals. The date of his birth is uncertain, and he himself shifted it about, saying, when asked his age, "How should I know? I was born in February or March, — it was some cursed cold month, as you may guess from my diminutive stature and crabbed disposition!" Fuseli was almost as devoted to literature as to art; his "Academy Lectures" are delightful reading. But, like many a blunt wit, he had a truly poetic soul underneath his forbidding mask. His pictures are

intensely dramatic. When he was asked what Œdipus was afraid of, in his picture of Œdipus and His Daughters, he exclaimed: "Why! afraid of going to hell!"

In the picture in the National Gallery, Fuseli is in genial mood, and the composition is spirited and gay. The scene may be brought vividly before one by referring to the opening scene of Act IV. Titania and Bottom, with his ass's head, are surrounded by their crowd of fairy retainers, and the spirit and even the letter of the text is carried out with tender zeal, although the nymphs are emphatically of the period of the artist himself. In nearly all historic paintings, the error is made in depicting the coiffure of the times in which the picture is painted, rather than that which would better suit the period in which the action takes place, and this gives the heads a modern look.

Fuseli indulged in a flirtation with Miss Mary Wollstonecraft, which caused his wife to be extremely jealous. While she was expostulating with him one day, Fuseli observed: "Sophia, my love, why don't you swear? You don't know how much it would ease your mind!" He enjoyed painting imaginative subjects better than actual scenes. "D—— Nature!" he used to exclaim. "She always puts me out!" He was quite a wag in his blunt and crotchety style. He repeated a sentence in

Greek one day, and then, turning to a learned professor, who was present, "You can't tell me who wrote that," he said. The professor acknowledged his ignorance. "How the d—— could you know?" chuckled Fuseli. "I made it up this moment!"

Fuseli became professor of painting in the academy in 1799, and he was made Keeper of the Royal Academy upon the death of Wilton the sculptor. In this position he was able to criticize and assist the young Thomas Lawrence, when he was a student. He died while on a visit to the Countess of Guildford, in 1825, having been a prolific painter all his life, a good writer, and a conscientious student.

Sir George Beaumont, who so generously donated his gallery of pictures in 1826, was himself quite a painter, and two of his landscapes may be seen here, Nos. 105 and 119, the latter being a Shakespearian subject, Jacques and the Wounded Stag.

Until 1900 the National Gallery had no example of the work of Robert Smirke, who was a famous illustrator of Shakespeare, Cervantes, Milton, and others, living between 1752 and 1845. In 1900 Mr. Henry S. Ashbee presented two delightful illustrative pictures, scenes from Don Quixote. In No. 1777, Don Quixote is shown overcome with amazement at the strange narrative of the countess.

This countess, it will be remembered, was really one of the duke's stewards, dressed as a woman, with the purpose of playing a trick upon the unsuspecting cavalier, whom he informs that the beard on his face is the result of cruel enchantment. No. 1778 shows the interview between the duchess and Sancho Panza.

Thomas Stothard, R. A., began life in 1755. At fifteen he was apprenticed to a designer of textiles, where he worked and sketched, spending his spare time in illustrating. He was more interested in portraying the softer emotions than those of the more turbulent passions, and his work has a restful charm of peace and soft mirth running through it, which makes him stand out as the exponent of cheerfulness. He was a simple and unconventional character. One morning he went to church, got married, took his bride home, and went around to the academy as usual; after the school closed, he as casually invited his friends to come home with him and meet his wife. "Guilelessness" was generally conceded to be his leading characteristic. This quality is felt in his Greek Vintage, No. 317, where the young nymphs and swains, anything but Greek in motive, are dancing in an inane but amiable way. Many of his small pictures here are studies of classical subjects in British dress. In 1900 Mr. Henry Vaughan bequeathed a number of

pictures by Stothard, one of which is a group of Shakespeare characters, No. 1830, amongst whom may be distinguished, progressing from left to right across the picture, Malvolio and the Duchess, Maria, and Sir Toby and Sir Andrew; the lovers in "Love's Labour's Lost"; Falstaff, Bardolph, and Pistol are in the back, and Prince Henry on the right. On the other side are Rosalind, Celia, and Touchstone, while Prospero, Miranda, and Caliban are also seen; Lear with his daughters, Edmund with Kent and Edgar, Hamlet and Ophelia, and Macbeth and his lady, are at the right. Romeo and Juliet are the subject of a separate composition, No. 1835.

His sketch for Intemperance, or Mark Antony and Cleopatra, is a charming bit of colour, in a decorative style, No. 321. But his most significant work is his famous Canterbury Pilgrims, known to every one through the engravings which are so often seen. The picture, No. 1163, had a noted career from the first. It was exhibited by itself, at a shilling admission, in many of the leading towns of Great Britain. It may be considered as his masterpiece, on which his fame chiefly rests. It is full of humour, and is as much in the spirit of Chaucer as any production of the early nineteenth century could be. The relaxed figure of the Wife of Bath, chattering so inconsequently to the monks,

is full of playful appreciation. The whole composition is most satisfactory, filling its space gracefully, and the action is sufficiently dramatic to enable one to pick out the various figures with ease.

There are three fine portraits by Sir Henry Raeburn, one, No. 1146, a full-length of a lady, in a charming dress of yellow harmonies, standing in a grove of beeches; another, No. 1435, of Colonel Bryce McMurdo, sitting on a rock by a stream, fishing. The third portrait, No. 1837, represents Mrs. Lauzun, at the age of seventeen. The composition of all of these portraits is delightfully pictorial. When Raeburn was a beginner, he was honoured by Sir Joshua Reynolds, who, recognizing his talent, said to him: "I know nothing about your circumstances; young painters are seldom rich; if money be necessary for your studies abroad, say so, and you shall not want it." Raeburn was able to dispense with this generous offer, but he pressed Sir Joshua for letters of introduction, and went to Italy under the best auspices. He became later the undisputed leader of art in the north of England and Scotland. He only visited London three times in his life, and yet he was elected an R. A., and also a member of the Imperial Academy in Florence, and an honorary member, in 1817, of the Academy of Fine Arts in New York. In 1821 he was elected to the same honour in the

Academy of Arts in South Carolina. Being also a fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, it is to be seen that he was appreciated in his lifetime. As an architect and landscape-gardener, Raeburn was also clever. George IV. conferred knighthood on him in 1822, when he was sixty-seven years of age. He remained all his life hale, vigorous, and temperate, of a singularly lovable disposition. His tastes were simple and wholesome; he was an inveterate lover of fishing, and used to make little tours for this purpose in the country made famous by Walton and Cotton in the "Complete Angler." It was after an excursion of this character, in company with Sir Walter Scott, whose portrait was the last work of Raeburn, that this good man was taken ill, and died after a week's languishing, in 1823.

James Opie was a marvellously precocious student. At ten he could solve difficult problems in Euclid, while at twelve he opened a night-school, where he taught scholars twice his own age. He was a son of the village carpenter, and was born in Truro in 1761. He began his artistic career early, too; an amusing incident of his childhood is related. Opie wished to draw a picture of his father in a rage; and he deliberately teased him, running in and disturbing him at his reading, until the mood had reached such a climax as he wanted

to portray! Opie was heralded by Peter Pindar, who brought him to London, as "the Cornish Wonder," as "Caravaggio and Velasquez in one!"

> "The Cornish boy in tin-mines bred,
> Whose native genius, like its diamonds, shone
> In secret, till chance gave him to the sun,"

soon became a popular and fashionable portrait-painter. He was twice married; his first wife eloped, and he was divorced, but with his second wife, who was very beautiful, he lived in great contentment. We have only portraits by which to judge him in this collection, but he also painted many famous historic and dramatic pictures.

Opie's portrait of William Siddons, No. 784, is significant as presenting to our attention the likeness of the husband of the brilliant actress, Mrs. Siddons. Siddons himself was but an indifferent actor, but an excellent husband and father. Mrs. Siddons's private life was rendered very happy by him. Rev. Bate Dudley characterized him as "a d—— rascally actor, though seemingly a good fellow." At the time of his death, Mrs. Siddons wrote to Mrs. Piozzi: "May I die the death of my honest worthy husband; and may those to whom I am dear remember me when I am gone as I remember him."

Opie was a great natural philosopher, and used

to electrify even such sitters as the celebrated Horne Tooke with the brilliancy of his axioms. He was essentially free from vanity as to his own talent, — his wife tells that he was never satisfied with a picture; that, after a portrait was finished, he would throw himself down in dejection, exclaiming: "I am the most stupid of created beings! I never, never shall be a painter as long as I live!"

He had a splendid conception of chiaroscuro, and his portraits are always lighted so as to bring out all the strong points of character in the faces. The portrait of Opie himself, No. 1826, is painted, less to proclaim his own appearance to the world, than as a study of strong lights on a down-turned face. No. 1408 is a portrait probably of William Opie, the younger brother of the artist. It would be difficult to compose a more ideal and beautiful picture of a youth. The broad touch of the artist is seen at its best in this striking work. Equally fine as a study of light and shade and as a rendering of texture, is the likeness of Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin, No. 1167. William Godwin, the clever author of "Caleb Williams," and other works, may also be seen in No. 1208. The gentleman is not handsome; as Southey said of him: "He has large noble eyes, — and a nose, — oh, a most abominable nose!"

Opie's rather dashing style of work brought upon

OPIE. — PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM OPIE

him the censure of the quaint Fuseli, who muttered, in his broken English: "The fellow can't paint notink but thieves and murderers; and when he paints thieves and murderers, he looks in the glaas!" He wrote an essay on the "Cultivation of the Fine Arts in England," in which he strongly recommends the founding of a National Gallery.

Opie died of congestion of the brain in 1807; he was active to the last, and, even after delirium had set in, criticized, during a lucid interval, the work of one of his pupils in a perfectly sane and intelligent manner.

Nos. 1130 and 1497 are most characteristic works of the better class, from the hand of the profligate but original George Morland, whose vagabond genius did not always accept such moral and rural limitations. George Morland was the son of Henry Morland, who painted the pretty laundresses which we recently noticed. George was born in 1763, and gave such promise in his boyhood, that his proud father ruined his life by overworking him, shutting him up in an attic, and only allowing the boy to leave his painting and drawing for an hour at twilight. This course of treatment naturally led the youth to try and crowd his whole boy's life into that hour; and, with this end in view, his pals would assemble under his window in the afternoon, and George would let down to

them by a string some drawings of improper subjects which they would go off and sell; so that by sunset they had a sum of money ready to enjoy with the young artist. His life quickly ran into various excesses in this way, and at the age of seventeen he left his home and fared forth to seek his fortune. He became the boon companion of stablemen and pot-boys, and, although he was very successful and facile with his brush, he was not a favourite in good society, for which he expressed utter contempt. Decent people bored him; he was, in fact, a low character. He married a very good girl, but paid her little attention after the first, and her influence had no appreciable effect upon him.

In No. 1030 Morland has painted a stable with that absolute realism which a man accustomed to live in the atmosphere of hay and horses alone could reproduce. In its line it would be impossible to improve upon it. The sentiment in this picture is decidedly Dutch, especially in its method of lighting through the door; but it has Morland's own touch. No one could better render the shaggy coat of a pony. It is considered his best achievement, and the careless disposition of the objects, as one would be sure to see them in a stable, is wonderfully natural and observing.

Morland used to cook his own food and eat it from a chair in his studio, so that he might not

be interrupted in his work, or leave his easel. In the same room he kept pigeons, dogs, and even pigs; he drank plentifully of strong liquors, but virtuously abstained from tea, as he said it made his hand shake! At one time he had a perfect private menagerie in his home. He kept an ass, foxes, hogs, goats, monkeys, squirrels, guinea-pigs, and dormice. The two grooms and a footman whom he maintained must have had plenty to do, for he also kept eight horses.

He used to place his companions as outposts to watch for interesting-looking passers-by; when they thought a wayfarer was of a suitable type, they would beg him to come in and sit for Morland, who always treated these sporadic models to beer and cheese, and often ended by enrolling them among his regular followers. In spite of his debaucheries, his skill prevailed, and he was never lazy or idle; only convivial and inconsequent. He produced four thousand pictures in his short and merry life; diligence was his one virtue. A solicitor once advised him to examine into his genealogy, for he was entitled to a baronetcy. "*Sir* George Morland!" cried the painter. "It sounds well, but it won't do. Plain George Morland will always sell my pictures, and there is more honour in being a fine painter than in being a fine gentleman!"

By degrees he sank into untidiness and careless-

ness about appearances; his jovial companions were ready to strip him of his large earnings; so that after awhile creditors began to pursue him, and he, becoming nervous, constantly changed his place of residence. He finally descended to painting by the day for picture-dealers; a rather ghastly anecdote is told of his being engaged at "four guineas a day and drink." His employer was obliged to sit by him, and dole out liquor while he worked. He would thus paint until he was quite tipsy, and then demand his wages, and stop work, no matter what time it was, so that much tact was required in the dealer, to keep him cheerful, with sufficient wine to satisfy him, while he preserved him from incompetence until he had got a day's work out of him!

Sometimes, when flying from creditors, he would join a band of gipsies for a few days, or go and live quietly at some little wayside cottage, making friends with the children, and appearing quite as a simple rustic to the trusting people. Such open country life and homely sport are exemplified in the fine picture called Rabbiting, No. 1497. The Village Inn, too, No. 1351, is very rural and charming.

He died in delirium tremens in a spunging-house, when he was not yet forty-two years old; and yet, in spite of his neglect, and his vicious ways, his

wife was so much overcome with grief at his death, that she went into convulsions, and expired herself, and they were both buried in one grave. He had composed his own epitaph: "Here lies a drunken dog." Poor Morland! It was appallingly simple and true.

Richard Westall's portrait of Philip Sansom, Jr., as a child, No. 1414, is one of the loveliest incarnations of baby life in the gallery. The quaint little child is gathering flowers, and the picture is harmonious and fascinating.

There are four cattle pieces by James Ward, R. A., two of which, although they go under other names, are really studies of oxen. The first Landscape with Cattle, No. 688, shows much more cattle than landscape, — this picture was exhibited in competition with Paul Potter's famous Bull, but the comparison is unfavourable. No. 1043 is a curious study of a cleft in the limestone mountain, a white bull being introduced in the foreground to act as scale. The view of Harlech Castle, No. 1158, is very "distant," the foreground being occupied by a fallen tree and the cart of some woodcutters, which are much more important features in the composition than the building in the far landscape. James Ward has been compared with Landseer as an animal-painter. He lived to be ninety-two years old, dying in 1859.

CHAPTER XVII.

LATER BRITISH PAINTERS

We will glance now at the pictures of the Norwich school, an interesting side-issue of British art, quite by itself, and dominated by its own peculiarities.

John Crome, the founder of the Norwich school, was born in a public-house in 1769. He began life as an errand-boy, but commenced to draw soon after, while apprentice to a house-painter. He soon developed enough talent to enable him to become a local teacher, and he and his pupils formed a little academy, called the Norwich Society of Artists, for the study of the fine arts. Small exhibitions were held, and its reputation spread. He continued to paint signs for inns, and an account-book has been preserved which contains such entries as "For painting Ye Lame Dog, 1s; for writing and gilding Ye Maid's Head, 5s." He taught his pupils to study nature, and to paint the country which was about them, instead of yearning after Italian lakes and Alpine views. While Crome

visited London frequently, he preferred to spend his life among his native heaths and hills, and the result is that Norwich scenery has been embalmed for posterity by his skilful hand.

No. 689 is Crome's famous Mousehold Heath, a picture with a strange history of vicissitudes. It was bought by a dealer, who considered that it would be worth more as two pictures than as one, so he cut it down the middle. In the course of time the two halves came into possession of an intelligent art-lover, who joined them together again. The seam is still visible down the centre, and probably a small portion of the picture had to be sacrificed. Crome's chief charm is his absolute fidelity to nature, with a feeling for "air and space," — this is the key-note of Mousehold Heath. He was in this respect uncompromisingly realistic. The Windmill, No. 926, is a homely scene, on the downs; but the donkeys in the chalk-pit give a peculiar effect to the perspective, and the picture is not so good as Mousehold Heath. No. 897, a View at Chapel Fields, is delightful in tone and feeling, and the range of trees recalls faintly the Avenue, by Hobbema, although the situation is entirely different. The light through the trees is exquisitely rendered. The Welsh Landscape, Slate Quarries, No. 1037, is a curious study of a remarkable condition of nature, while No. 1831,

Brathey Bridge, Cumberland, is a noble and dignified picture of a rocky stream set about with stately trees.

Crome died in 1821, his last words being, "Dear Hobbema, how I have loved you!" His advice to his son, who was also a painter, was: "Paint; but paint for fame. If your subject is only a pigsty, dignify it!" Crome was alluded to by George Borrow as "the little dark man in the brown coat and the top-boots," who, having "painted, not pictures of the world, but English pictures," will some day be considered as "the chief ornament of the old town."

Two good examples of John Sell Cotman may be seen in the National Gallery, No. 1111, a River Scene, contrasting curiously in its calm tranquillity with No. 1458, a Galiot in a Gale, which is boisterous and stormy in the extreme. Cotman was one of the Norwich school, which, with Crome at its head, stood so high as a local influence. Cotman had also literary and antiquarian tastes, and edited many valuable works on historic arts and crafts. He had a wonderful apprehension of the picturesque, and could convert what would usually be a commonplace subject into a picture full of interest.

Sir Martin Shee's portrait of W. T. Lewis, the actor, as the Marquis in the Midnight Hour, is a fair example of his work. No. 677 was bequeathed

to the gallery by the actor's son, and was received in 1863. Sir Martin had connections with the stage, and a strong dramatic talent himself, which has enabled him to portray with great spirit a mobile face full of comedy possibilities. He wrote a tragedy, among other literary ventures, but when, after the death of Sir Thomas Lawrence, he was elected President of the Royal Academy, public sentiment regarding his literary talent may be detected from the following epigram:

> "See Painting crowns her sister Poesy;
> The world is all astonished; so is Shee!"

John Jackson's portraits of Rev. William Holwell Carr, No. 124, and James Northcote, the Artist, No. 1404, are interesting. The Salvator Mundi, No. 1382, was presented by Rev. John Gibson, of Brighton, in 1892. The portrait of Northcote was owned by Lord Carlisle, who hung it beside Van Dyck's head of Snyders; and Chantrey says: "Our countryman's reputation for fine colouring loses nothing by the comparison." Jackson exhibited a hundred and forty-five pictures between 1804 and 1830. He was much in vogue as a portrait-painter. He used to paint the entire picture first in black and white, and then tint it as if he were colouring a photograph. In his later

years he became the victim of a slight religious mania.

Sir William Beechey, the first artist since Reynolds upon whom was conferred the honour of knighthood, is represented by three admirable portraits, Mr. James P. Johnstone, No. 1670, and Mr. Alexander Johnstone, No. 1671, being pictures of two members of a family. They bequeathed their likenesses to the nation. Beechey was preëminently a portrait-painter, and was not led into the error of many good painters of faces, who try to create a great imaginative work. A portrait which he painted of a nobleman was rejected by the hanging committee of the Academy, upon which the owner ordered the picture to be sent to court, where the king was much pleased with it. So his apparent failure really brought Beechey into prominence, and he was commissioned to paint many portraits of the royal family. Beechey was of a convivial nature, and complained often at the growing sobriety of his companions. He said that, when he was young, no Academy dinner was considered complete until at least one duke and one painter were under the table! Arriving in Constable's studio one day, Beechey sputtered out in his wonted way: "Why, d—— it, Constable, what a d—— fine picture you are making! But you look d—— ill, and have a d—— bad cold!"

Beechey's most interesting portrait in the National Gallery is that of Nollekens, the Sculptor, No. 120. Nollekens was a strange character, cross-grained and yet lovable, as may be seen from that fascinating life of him by J. T. Smith, a book full of the atmosphere of London art life of the period of transition between the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. This picture has immortalized the quizzical but intelligent face of this peculiar character.

The paintings of Sir Augustus Callcott, R. A. (1779 to 1844), are well displayed here. No less than eight examples of his pleasant out-of-door studies may be seen. Callcott began life as a chorister in Westminster, but his artistic temperament led him to another form of expression later, which proved to be his permanent vocation. Music was exchanged by him for the painter's art, and charming landscapes were the outcome of his genius. It was prophesied from his horoscope that he should live single until he was fifty, and then marry and go to Italy. This he did in due season, greatly gratifying the superstitious friends who had, without his knowledge, forecast this part of his destiny. His wife was literary, and, indeed, rather dominated the establishment. Callcott worked on a principle of "reducing positive tints to negative ones," according to Redgrave. Light

was evenly shed throughout his compositions, and the figures were thrown out as telling points. No. 340, Dutch Peasants, is a special instance of this principle, as is also No. 346, the Entrance to Pisa from Leghorn. This latter is very negative in colouring, while in the first the predominating tone is green, of a shade peculiar to Callcott, with but two touches of primary colour, — the red bodice of one peasant and the petticoat of another. This scheme of colouring may be said to be ideal, for it is not based upon nature; it is almost colouring conventionalized. He studied from drawings instead of from nature. The results are effective, though capricious. No. 348, the Coast of Holland, is usually supposed to be a copy of the work of some Dutch painter. There is a little foretaste of the works of some of the pre-Raphaelites in No. 344, — the Benighted Traveller. It is only a sketch, however.

Patrick Nasmyth, the son of Alexander Nasmyth, the painter, was born in Edinburgh in 1786. He was also a landscape-painter like his father. Nasmyth, though born in Scotland, moved to London when he was but twenty, preferring English subjects to Scotch ones, and he painted there until his death in 1831. He had many drawbacks: owing to an accident to his right hand, he was obliged to paint with his left. He became deaf

during his boyhood, and this infirmity causing him to lead a life of loneliness and seclusion, he undoubtedly sometimes resorted to the bottle for solace. A charming series of his rustic compositions may be seen here. No. 380 represents a little cottage which formerly stood in Hyde Park, and one feels that the Complete Angler must have been at home in the very propitious little Angler's Nook, painted in No. 381. Nasmyth has been styled the English Hobbema, and there is a certain intimate charm about his pictures which justifies this view.

In No. 1178 and 1176, the beautiful English country is rendered in all its charm, and in No. 1828 Nasmyth's affinity with Hobbema is especially striking. The soft rural sentiment is felt again in Nos. 1179 and 1384. His death was caused by influenza, contracted while sketching in the open air. He died during a thunder-storm, having insisted upon being raised up in bed so that he could see the raging of the elements.

Julius Cæsar Ibbetson has left us an interesting study of Smugglers on the Irish Coast, No. 1460. Ladbroke, one of the Norwich school, is represented in a landscape view of Oxford, No. 1467.

Thomas Whitcombe, who was a prolific painter of the eighteenth century, produced the large picture of the Battle of Camperdown, No. 1659. In this

naval engagement Admiral Duncan's flag-ship, *Venerable,* is in the centre, while the Dutch vessel, *Alkmaar,* is burning. In the foreground may be seen the English ship, *Hercules.*

John Christian Schetky, who lived from 1778 to 1874, has immortalized, in his picture, No. 1191, the tragic Sinking of the *Royal George,* off Spithead, in 1782. Every schoolboy knows the poem upon this subject, "Toll for the brave," etc., describing the tragic event when Admiral Kempenfeldt and eight hundred men sank with their ship.

John Hoppner's lovely Portrait of the Countess of Oxford, No. 900, is an exquisite bit of this painter's work; he was a great favourite of Sir Thomas Lawrence, who acknowledges himself greatly indebted to Hoppner as an artist.

No more eccentric or weird character has ever appeared in art than William Blake, with his clever inventions and his curious visions. Born in 1757, he became an artist at the age of ten, and a poet at twelve. Both these arts went hand in hand with him through life. He discovered a method of printing from copper by using a raised line. This process, common now by means of photography, was entirely original with him. He tells how the inspiration to try this inverse experiment in copper-engraving came to him. He was designing one evening, lamenting the difficulty and expense of

engraving his plates, when a spirit appeared before him, as spirits were in the habit of doing whenever Blake had an original idea. "Write the poetry," directed this practical apparition, "and draw the designs upon the copper with ——" (a liquid which Blake always kept secret), "then cut the plain parts of the plate down with aquafortis, and this will give the whole, both poetry and figures, in the manner of a stereotype." Blake's volumes were all printed according to this process.

He married Katherine Boucher when he was twenty-six. She proved to be the one woman in the world for this erratic visionary. She entered into all his plans, and made the path smooth for him to indulge his hobbies. The story of their meeting is amusing. At an evening party, Blake was recounting a love-adventure in which he had been badly treated. Katherine Boucher said: "I pity you from my heart." "Do you?" said Blake. "Then I love you for that." The lady replying, amiably, "And I love you," their courtship began at once.

One day a customer called to consult Blake. He found him and his wife sitting in an arbour at the end of their garden, quite unadorned by any clothing. About to withdraw, he was detained by Blake, who explained: "We are only Adam and Eve."

But the neighbourhood was much scandalized at this extreme exponent of the simple life.

Blake's picture of the Spiritual Form of Pitt Guiding Behemoth, No. 1110, has never been quite understood. As Blake was a great sympathizer with the American Revolution, it seems as if this picture must have been intended to represent the post-mortem task of Pitt in directing Behemoth, "that angel," as Blake says, "who, pleased to perform the Almighty's orders, rides on the whirlwind directing the storms of war. He is commanding the reaper to reap the vine of the earth, and the ploughman to plough up the cities and towns." Blake himself says that the picture is a "composition of a mythological cast, similar to those Apotheoses of Persian, Hindoo, and Egyptian antiquities." The picture has been called an "iridescent sketch of enigmatic dream." The colour is certainly visionary and splendid. It is liquid fire — flickering and golden; the medium is water-colour, for Blake disapproved of oil, claiming that a water medium is stronger and more durable.

No. 1164 is the Procession to Calvary; the figures are finely decorative, and the design and outlines restrained and dignified. No other artist is at all like Blake; his works are absolutely individual, and can be recognized anywhere. His one great principle was respect for outline, — the

"sharp, wiry bounding-line" as he called it. His visions were not without form and void, but were apparently most tangible. He describes an angel, who introduced himself as Gabriel; Blake questioned his identity, observing, "But you may be an evil spirit!" Upon which the voice of the spirit replied, "You shall have good assurance." Then Blake continues, in his mystic poetic vein: "I looked whence the voice came, and was then aware of a shining shape with bright wings, who diffused much light. As I looked, the shape dilated more and more. He waved his hands, the roof of my study opened, he ascended into — he stood in — the sun, and, beckoning to me, moved the universe." Possibly this "angel standing in the sun" was partially incorporated in the Spiritual Form of Pitt. As to the sanity of William Blake, there is some room for divergence of opinion.

Second only to Sir Joshua in the perpetuation of his fame as a portrait-painter, Sir Thomas Lawrence still holds his position in the hearts of the English. He was born in 1769, at Bristol. His parents were people of refinement, and good-breeding was one of the happy inheritances of this artist, who, in this respect, comes with welcome relish after Morland and such eccentric geniuses as Blake or Fuseli. Possessed of great personal beauty as a child, the young Thomas's temperament

first displayed itself in dramatic ability, and he used to recite poems with much effect at small gatherings. His father kept an inn, and the child entertained the guests in this way, and also by drawing sketches of them, which showed such promise in portraiture that his father determined to have him educated as an artist. At the age of twelve years he was sufficiently advanced in this art to have his own studio in Bath, where he had sitters who enjoyed the novelty of his precociousness, and, at seventeen, he himself, though not in a spirit of vanity, admitted that he feared no rival but Sir Joshua. He mounted steadily in public favour, the king and queen becoming his patrons; by the time he was thirty, he was at the summit of a great career. The family anecdotes of his own precocity had always entertained him; on an early drawing which he sent to an admiring friend, he wrote: "Done when three weeks old, I believe." Reynolds said of him: "This young man has begun at the point of excellence where I left off."

One of the houses where Sir Thomas was always welcome, was the home of Mrs. Siddons, the actress. His portrait of her, No. 785, shows the stately stage-queen in a more sympathetic and human guise than most of her portraits. There is a mild scandal, that Lawrence made love to Mrs. Siddons's eldest daughter, and then wantonly

LAWRENCE. — PORTRAIT OF MRS. SIDDONS

transferred his affections to the youngest; that this fickleness caused the death of both, — one from chagrin at being jilted, and the other from dissatisfaction at discovering that she was only second fiddle! But such legends sound rather fanciful, and must be taken with a grain of salt.

He was admitted to full honours at the Academy in 1794, when he was less than twenty-five years of age. He used to warn his pupils that *absence of defect* was not enough merit for a work of art; if it had no positive merits, it was but a negative achievement.

His home life was simple and unpretentious; being a bachelor all his days, though ardently devoted to women in the abstract, he had a modest retinue, his only luxury being a carriage and horses. Sir Thomas seems to have had an irresistible fascination for women. A lady, in alluding to him, writes: "He could not write a common answer to an invitation to dinner without its assuming the tone of a *billet-doux;* the very commonest conversation was held in that soft, low whisper, and with that tone of deference and interest which are so unusual and so calculated to please." Sir Thomas was certainly born at the right time, when romantic social standards made him such a favourite! Fuseli called him a "face-painter," and that is what he certainly was, in perfection. Opie, less sympathetic,

observed that "Lawrence made coxcombs of his sitters, and his sitters made a coxcomb of Lawrence."

Of the portraits by Sir Thomas Lawrence, we have a goodly array to inspect. Most of them are likenesses of notable English characters. Sir Thomas was one of the most facile of painters, and his works remaining are numerous. His large portrait of Benjamin West is interesting and impressive, and was executed to order for the Prince of Wales in 1811. It is No. 144, and represents the great artist at the age of seventy-three, standing by his easel, on which is a sketch of Raphael's cartoon of the Death of Ananias. A duplicate of this painting was sent to America. Sir Thomas Lawrence succeeded Benjamin West as President of the Royal Academy after the death of the latter in 1820.

No. 129 is a likeness of Mr. Angerstein, the banker, whose collection of paintings was purchased for the nation in 1824, and formed the nucleus of the National Gallery, as has been stated. The portrait of Mr. Philip Sansom, No. 1413, is a fine rendering of a good English gentleman of the period, in his coat of black and his breeches of kerseymere. A red curtain enlivens the composition in a somewhat conventional way. No. 922, a Child with a Kid, is a lovely ideal rustic portrait

of Lady Giorgiana Fane, at the age of five, as the inscription shows. It is a work of Lawrence's earlier days, having been executed in 1800. This lady bequeathed this charming idyl of her childhood to the nation in 1875. Why a peeress should elect to be portrayed as a rural child, about to engage in the task of a *blanchiseuse,* is only known to the romantic souls who planned the picture. Miss Caroline Fry, with a fine melodramatic expression upon her upturned face, appears in No. 1307. Miss Fry was an authoress of some note, chiefly upon religious subjects. Her "Autobiography" is her most important literary bequest. She afterward became Mrs. William Wilson, and the portrait was given by her husband. It is a pleasing harmony in low tones of blues and browns.

Sir Thomas Lawrence's method of procedure was to make first a full-sized drawing of the portrait he contemplated painting; the next day he began to paint, commencing with the features, and finishing and then enclosing them with the bounding-line. He always stood at his work, and concentrated all his attention upon it, never entering into conversation with the subject during a sitting. Very characteristic of his method is a sketch of the Princess Lieven, No. 893; the head was always finished, and then the clothes and background treated as little as was consistent with the effect.

Reynolds, in his old age, warned Sir Thomas not to use certain pigments, which he had discovered, to his cost, were fugitive; therefore the works of Lawrence are better preserved than those of the greater artist, though they have not quite the same magic hues and colour sentiment. Sir Thomas had little historic feeling. He had no ambition to paint scenes of the past; he was the exponent of the fashion and style of his own day, and, as such, is himself a significant figure in art history. He was an indefatigable worker, having on one occasion painted continuously for thirty-seven hours; it was on a portrait. He began at seven in the morning, continued all that day and night, and up to eleven o'clock in the evening following; all this standing or walking about. His personal deportment and his works both partook of certain qualities; they were both graceful, and observant of charming details: both were a trifle overpolished, and savoured a little of affectation. Lawrence was not so fertile as some of his contemporaries in his compositions; he is less original in the use of landscape, and his treatment of light and shade is not striking. He had a facile way of resorting to little tricks, like that of splitting up his brush into many fine points in order to paint furs or hair; but he got his effect. He was called upon to paint not only the English royal family, but the heads of many Euro-

pean courts. When he came to be sixty, he was in such demand that the tax upon his strength, which had not been too great in youth, proved more than he could well endure. He lost his health by degrees, and at last succumbed to a series of sharp attacks of illness, dying in January, 1830. He had been sitting up listening to reading, when he suddenly fell from his chair, and his last words, to his faithful servant, were: "John, my good fellow, this is dying."

When one comes to deal with Turner, — the redoubtable Turner, who has been the theme of so many rhapsodists and the idol of the soul of John Ruskin, — one hesitates to make any contribution toward the literature already extant upon his merits and defects. To treat of Turner in a few pages seems an unwarrantable liberty. We hope for pardon if we fail to cast much new light upon a subject already illuminated on all sides and from all points of view, by every shade of enthusiast.

Strange to say, this great apostle of the picturesque was born in an ugly part of London, in 1775, the son of an unassuming hair-dresser. Joseph William Mallord Turner had none of the early environment which sometimes seems to have determined the future bent of an artist's genius. The only available touches of nature with which he could have been familiar as a boy were the river

Thames along the wharves, and the inadequate floral display of St. James's Park. Even his home influences were trying, for his mother was a violent-tempered woman, who finally went insane. Still, in spite of all handicaps, Joseph drew on the walls of his school, and exhibited all the usual symptoms of youthful artistic endowment. In due course of time he joined the Academy, and his first picture to be exhibited, in water-colours, which he usually preferred, was No. 459, — Moonlight, a Study at Millbank. He had not departed from his native surroundings for his inspiration, — but he had clothed it with his own visionary apparel. In this first picture, Turner has used rather warm tones in his moonlight, and the result is not inartistic, although the picture has little actual merit.

The second picture, in order of their production, is No. 472, Calais Pier. It is dashing, full of energy, and composed as if to guide an etcher, — it is in decided values of light and dark, and not concerned with subtle gradations. His Clapham Common, No. 468, is a pastoral and straightforward study of trees; this was an early picture, as was also No. 461, Coniston Fells, and No. 465, a Mountain Scene. No. 469, too, is a realistic and striking sea-piece, full of animation.

In his works after about 1802, the quality of the dreamer is more marked in his pictures; up to

that time he attempted little beyond the realistic. His portrait of himself, No. 458, at the age of twenty-seven, suggests a curious combination of the Oriental and the commonplace. The eyes and the angle of the brows are almost Japanese in contour; the mouth and nose are heavy, and the long cheek-line very unprepossessing. Still, the face is a strong ugly one, and the careless hair and attire more in harmony with the face than a neater and more conventional setting would be. He is said to have been a strange-looking little man, short and stubby, with no ray outward and visible to suggest the inner and spiritual. Ugly, peculiar, both in appearance and manners, he shunned social intercourse. He went frequently on sketching-tours, to make illustrations for magazines and engravings; he travelled chiefly on foot, with a bundle slung on a stick, like the traditional portraits of Dick Whittington. After travelling extensively in England, and fully acquainting himself with her topographical treasures, he went into France, Germany, Italy, and Switzerland. His famous collection, the Liber Studiorum, although in London, is too extensive a production for us to examine within the present limits. It is supposed to exhibit all the varieties possible in natural scenery.

When he sent a picture to the Academy, it was frequently unfinished; he waited until varnishing-

day to put in the last touches, sometimes planning these according to the requirements of the hanging, and its proximity to other paintings. On one occasion Jones had a very vividly coloured picture, which was hung close to Turner's. Turner mounted on his flight of steps, palette in hand, murmuring, with a chuckle, "I'll out-blue you, Joney!" and painted in a brilliant sky. Jones, to baffle him, then changed his own picture to a low tone, which made Turner's look absurd. When the little artist arrived the next day, he quite appreciated the joke, and admitted that Jones had got the better of him this time.

When Turner was painting in the Academy, he would spy about at the different palettes, and, when he saw a "luscious knob" of bright colour, he would swoop down upon it and bear it off, to use upon his own work.

He kept his pictures stacked in his own house, and, as his roof leaked, they were exposed to constant vicissitudes from drippings and mildew. It is remarkable that they survived at all. He would rarely sell one of his pictures, although he was glad to make money by engraving and illustrating. When he was induced to part with a painting, he would go about despondently, saying: "I have lost one of my children to-day!"

Turner hated scientific perspective, and would

never study it; the yearning love for beauty sometimes revolts before the drudgery of mechanical accuracy. And there are plenty of people who can see only this lack in Turner's pictures. He based his work upon the model of no preceding artist; nor did he go straight to nature for his inspiration. In his seething brain there seemed to be a new creation of the power of vision, and things hitherto undreamed of in pictorial art were transcribed by him upon his weird canvases. Nature with a veil of mysticism was presented to eyes accustomed either to imagination or nature treated separately. It was his original genius which first fused the two into tangible form, and painted interpretations rather than statements; dreams about Venice instead of the Grand Canal as any one may see it; the poet's idea of a storm instead of our association of mud and mist; thought was predominant, and reality secondary.

The Tenth Plague of Egypt, No. 470, was painted in 1802, and the artist's imaginative power is here manifest. The dark low shadows, and the brooding sky, are fit concomitants for this baleful subject. The few figures in the foreground only serve to emphasize the desolation of the scene, while the light on the distant towers increases the gloom of the foreground.

The Shipwreck, No. 476, is hardly more bois-

terous than the Calais Pier; but where one is filled with the buoyant fresh wind of fair weather, the other is dominated by the hurtling blast of the angry elements, — in one life is invigorated and stimulated, and in the other it is destroyed. Another breezy water-picture is Spithead, No. 481, where a ship's crew is seen recovering an anchor, while men-of-war lie moored at peace. The buoy at the left of this picture is that which marks the spot where the *Royal George* went down, under brave Admiral Kempenfeldt, whose portrait by Schetky has been noticed.

The Blacksmith's Shop, No. 478, serves chiefly to demonstrate that Turner's genius lay purely in imaginative landscape and ideal subjects; the plain genre subject is uncongenial, and probably painted in emulation of Wilkie; it is quite mediocre.

There is a good deal more attention paid to vast flapping sails than to the nominal subject of the picture, No. 480, the Death of Nelson. One can discover the hero lying wounded among his men, but he is so inconspicuous a dot in the picture that one feels that Turner was more convinced of the majesty of the fleet than of the man. It is a painting of a naval battle, and should be recognized as such, the historic moment selected being only an incident in the composition and intention of the picture.

The Goddess of Discord in the Garden of the Hesperides, No. 477, is a comparatively early picture. The landscape and figures are really quite classical, and the fossil-like dragon lying along the top of the rock is a most original conception. Nothing could be more decorative in tree-form than the tall dark clump on the left of the garden. For simple beauty of form, it would be difficult to find anything more majestic than this section of the canvas.

No one can look at Jason, No. 471, awaiting the full appearance of the dragon, without remembering how Ruskin calls attention to the nameless horror embodied in that great single coil of the reptile. Here, too, the appeal is to the imagination, — the exciting moment of suspense is more interesting than the moment of action, for perpetual contemplation in a picture.

Turner's other classical subjects in the National Gallery are numerous. The picture called the Bay of Baie is purely imaginary as to the locality painted, and is called by its name arbitrarily, the gladness and light in the composition being the only characteristics of the spot. The greatest of the classical pictures is the splendid masterpiece, Ulysses Deriding Polyphemus, No. 508. Ulysses is putting off to sea, leaving the Cyclops blinded, infuriated, —

> "While raging he repeats his cries,
> With hands uplifted to the starry skies."

Rich and yet delicate the colours glow; purple and blue, with golden lights in the sky; the metallic green of the surging waves, with the gilded galley propelled by its scarlet oars, makes an ensemble as gorgeous as an illuminated missal, and yet as tender as a fiery opal.

Turner's imagination runs more easily to classic idealism than to the religious; his Holy Family, No. 473, is quite commonplace.

He felt so strongly the spirit of rivalry with Claude, and was so convinced of his own superiority, that he bequeathed two of his pictures on condition that they should hang on either side of Claude's masterpiece. These two pictures are No. 479, Sun Rising through Mist, and No. 498, Dido Building Carthage. The sunrise is replete with that mysterious light that the artist loved, handling it as few painters have ever done. The pale liquid gold of the mist-shrouded orb and its reflection in the water are among the atmospheric marvels of art. It is rendered with the sympathy of one who loved nature, and who was accustomed to early rising. In his studies of mists, Turner delighted to use a thin scumbling of white, which makes literally a veil over the brighter colours beneath, and is a perfectly sincere way of superposing a fog. Dido Building Carthage is equally charming in its glowing lights; but the subject

has departed from nature, and the scene is not familiar to its author; his brain alone is responsible for it, and there are certain freaks of perspective which are almost amusing, — for instance, how could the sun possibly round the corner and shine on the concave wall at the right? It is very effective, but palpably false. It is, as Leslie said, too much like a very splendid drop-curtain. One must return to the room where the Claudes hang to examine these two pictures, owing to the conditions made by the artist.

This feeling of rivalry with Claude may be the irritating cause which made Taine write as he did of the Turner gallery. "An extraordinary jumble," he says, "a sort of churned foam, — place a man in a fog, in the midst of a storm, the sun in his eyes, and his head swimming, and depict, if you can, his impressions on canvas." Then, he declares, you will have an idea of Turner's art. The French critic has this impression of the English painter; we can easily compare it with the views of the English critic, Ruskin, who is equally harsh upon the subject of Claude Lorrain!

Turner's tendency was always to generalize; he slighted detail, and in this was an impressionist. This lack of realization grew upon him, in his later works, so that they are extremely vague, — a mere ghostly scheme of a scene takes the place

of portrayal. An unprejudiced observer must certainly admit that Turner's earlier pictures are more sane than his later ones; but it is said that sanity is granted in its completeness to only about one out of five human beings, so there will always be plenty of advocates for Turner's late works.

Among his cheerful and entirely sane works, is Bligh Sands, No. 496, with its crisp curling waves, telling of the light wind that blows the clouds in such a way that the foreground is under a dark shadow, while the sunlight is seen breaking upon the distance with inimitable charm. Another beautiful piece of real nature may be seen in his famous Crossing the Brook, No. 497, a lovely bit of Devonshire landscape, which was painted at the time of his transition from his first and more natural style, to his later and visionary manner in 1815. Turner was walking with a friend one day, when they came to a spot from which this view was visible. After enjoying it for a short time, Turner said to his companion: "We shall see nothing finer than this if we stay till sundown, — let's go home." It was the subject of his next picture.

The Field of Waterloo, No. 500, is weird and fantastic; No. 506, Dido Directing the Equipment of the Fleet, is equally so, although in a different spirit. The green, oily water, with its misty light,

TURNER. — CROSSING THE BROOK

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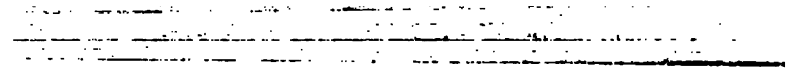

and the odd-shaped mass of dark on the left, terminating in a woolly tree, is unsatisfactory.

There are some pretty fanciful sketches from literary subjects; one, No. 514, is an interesting problem which Turner set himself, called Watteau Painting, the idea of the artist being to illustrate, as he has cleverly done, the passage from Du Fresnoy's "Rules for Painters":

> "White, when it shines with unstained lustre clear
> May bear an object back or bring it near."

Effects of fiery glow are accomplished in No. 517, the Three Brothers in the Fiery Furnace, and in No. 558, a Fire at Sea, and 550, an Angel Standing in the Sun. Some of his more lurid studies may be accounted for by an anecdote told of him by an eye-witness. This gentleman saw Turner gather some children about him, and then fill three saucers with red, yellow, and blue water-colour. He told the children to dabble their fingers in these saucers, and to play with their coloured fingers on some clean paper. Delighted with this opportunity for a mess, the children cheerfully obeyed, and much merriment ensued. Suddenly Turner cried "Stop!" He took the paper, added a rock or two, and presented a landscape to the astonished spectator. This story will be readily credited, and even applied, by

many people who look at some of the chromatic novelties here displayed.

The golden shimmering dreams of Venice, Nos. 370, 534, and 535 are as opalescently lovely as mother-of-pearl; the spirit of the lagoons, if not the letter, is there.

No. 524, the Fighting *Téméraire* Tugged to Her Last Berth, is a picture of the disabled man-of-war being taken out of commission, its days of adventure over. Purposely the painter has given a ghostly, deathlike quality to the old ship, in fine contrast with the little enterprising black tug which is leading it. The lighting in the picture is highly dramatic, and absolutely impossible; both sun and moon cast reflections arbitrarily upon the water wherever the artist wants them to! The vessels, too, are lighted in a way quite out of the natural order of things; but, with all its technical faults, it is one of Turner's best late pictures. The redness of the sunset is rendered marvellously, — it is an extremely difficult problem to paint a clear colour and yet retain luminosity, but he has here succeeded. He now combines imagination with substance; later the substance disappears.

In Rain, Steam, and Speed, No. 538, an abstract elemental condition is actually placed before our physical eyes. No one can deny that the suggestion is that of dampness; no one can deny the

TURNER. — RAIN, STEAM, AND SPEED

sensation of rushing speed produced on his consciousness by this painting; and certainly the mist is obvious enough. What more does the painter claim? In his own erratic and original way he has done what most artists would simply put aside as beyond the province of their art; but he has not only attempted, but accomplished, this strange impression. Why has not paint as good a right to give a person a damp chill (if it is in the hands of one who can make it do so) as music has to reproduce the emotions of a morphine dream, or the pulsations of an ether-heart? Analyze the picture, — try to see a portrait of a locomotive and railway bridges, and it is a failure. But Turner did not attempt to paint a locomotive, — he tried, and with success, to portray Rain, Steam, and Speed.

Sometimes his impressionism carries him too far. What shall we say of such unparalleled phenomena as No. 490, which purports to represent a snow-storm? Or, No. 530, which is another, even more exotic in its development? Or of No. 531, and 532, one a study of darkness and the other of light? (Turner used to wear a worsted comforter about his throat, and while painting he would untie it, so that the ends constantly swept over his palette, depositing little dips of colour on his clothes. A few of these sketches look as if he had experimented with the comforter on canvas!)

Punch caricatured this phase of Turner's art with great appreciation, in the following title for an imaginary picture by him: "A typhoon bursting in a simoon over the whirlpool of Maelstrom, Norway; with a ship on fire, an eclipse, and the effect of a lunar rainbow." When a critic once complained to Turner that he had never seen such skies as he painted, "Possibly," muttered Turner, "but don't you wish you could?"

When Turner got old and broken in health, the reticence which had been his peculiarity all through life became almost a mania. He deliberately disappeared, so that inquiring friends could find no trace of him. It was only a short while before his death that the fact transpired that he had retired under an assumed name to Chelsea, where he was discovered in lodgings. It was too late to render any of the needed assistance. He died the very day after his friends found him. He had been a miser, but with the laudable motive of laying up a great fund to bequeath to poor artists. His death occurred in 1851.

There has never been a landscape-painter who was a more perfect exponent of the delights of his own land than John Constable. Born of honest parents, in 1776, his life began in his father's mill, and until 1799 he lived quietly and uneventfully at home in the country. After that he went to Lon-

don, as was the custom of artists, but his life was simple, and he never attempted to paint the unknown or the imaginary. Benjamin West said to him, when an early landscape was rejected by the Academy: "Don't be disheartened, young man; we shall hear of you again. You must have loved nature very much before you could have painted this." Constable said that his first lesson was when West told him not to forget that "light and shadow never stand still." He benefited by West's advice, and the result is that the leaves of his trees seem to glint and dance; the effect of sparkling little lights in his foliage has been termed by some rather carping critics, "Constable's snow."

Constable was amiable and ready to take suggestions from any one. In his diary he recounts an amusing interview with Varley, when Constable purchased a drawing from him. "Varley the astrologer told me how to *do* landscape, and was so kind as to point out all my defects. The price of the drawing was 'a guinea and a half to a *gentleman*, but only a guinea to an *artist*'; but I insisted upon his taking the larger sum, as he had clearly proved to me that I was no artist!"

As we look from one to the other of the landscapes by John Constable, — the Corn-Field, No. 130; the Valley Farm, No. 327; the Hay-Wain, No. 1207, it is almost like taking a walk or a

journey in England, so absolutely real are the atmosphere and physical features. Constable maintained: "There is always room enough for a natural painter. The great vice of the present day is bravura, — the attempt to do something beyond the truth."

In No. 130, the Corn-Field, and, indeed, in all his pictures, he departs absolutely from the old notion of brown effects in nature. He painted green where he saw it, and yellow where he saw it, — and he saw the distant corn-field of a most delicious yellow. In spite of all the sunshine, too, he manages to retain that cool, damp earthy quality which is so characteristic of English country, so that those of us who are fortunate enough to look back upon an English childhood can almost feel the balmy coolness, and smell the air laden with the subtle primrose breath, which has to certain temperaments a message which is almost religious. Constable felt this British nature-worship, and was never influenced, as were Wilson or Turner, by the Italian atmosphere, which, although fascinating, has a charm entirely different; he read aright the intention of the Almighty with regard to the physical surroundings of his own nation, and his temperament was in harmony with an environment not to be matched elsewhere on earth. The painters of the "brown-fiddle school" used to laugh at his

CONSTABLE — CORN-FIELD

"dampness," which is neither more nor less than virility, and Fuseli called one day to the Academy porter: "Bring me my umbrella, — I am going to see Mr. Constable's pictures!"

Constable had not large fame in his own day, but he knew that he painted truth, and his simple heart was satisfied with his own honesty. He used to say: "My pictures will never be popular, for they have no handling; but I do not see handling in nature." His artistic conscience was clear, — he knew that he never resorted to tricks and what he called "fal-de-lal and fiddle-de-dee," but he recognized when he had accomplished a work of merit, and, with the soul of a true artist, he was content.

While he was working on the matchless Valley Farm, No. 327, he made this entry in his diary: "I have got my picture into a very beautiful state; I have kept my brightness without my spottiness, and I have preserved God Almighty's daylight, which is enjoyed by all mankind, except only lovers of old dirty canvas and snuff of candle." And the world is with him to-day, for honesty, after all, is the best policy, and his sincerity and genuineness have made their appeal to those who know best. Look at the trees in this picture. They have the spring and buoyancy that come from a knowledge of the life of the vegetable kingdom. They are

as different from the trees of Claude or Poussin as a portrait by Sargent is different from a charcoal drawing of a plaster cast. It hardly occurs to us to ask whether Constable's skies are well painted, — they are simply skies, — so absolutely real that our attention is not called to them.

Constable was an exponent of the great secret of a genuine æsthetic truth, — that warm colours are not essential to warm effects. He can use cool colours, and yet, by infusing the whole with a glow of sunshine, produce the impression of actual heat. Warmth in painting does not depend so much upon colours as upon their qualities and relations one to another. Examine No. 1824, which is a study in blues, and the lovely little Barnes Common, No. 1066, and you will recognize this fact.

Constable tells us in his interesting diary that, on a coaching-tour through the vale of Dedham, "a gentleman in the coach remarked, on my saying that it was beautiful: 'Yes, sir, this is Constable's country.' I then told him who I was, lest he should spoil it!" His modesty and also his realization of his own lack of popularity are manifest in this anecdote. Dedham Vale may be seen here, in No. 1822.

The life of this artist was so without incident that one might suppose that it had been lacking in interest; Constable, however, had a quick mind and

a lively sense of humour, and he enjoyed all the little every-day happenings which many men do not regard as events, so that his life was full and happy. His diary was a companion to him always, and his quaint thoughts were jotted down, so that we have a sort of mental history of his life. I quote an amusing suggestion as to his views on ecclesiasticism. "What a mistake our Cambridge and Oxford apostolic missionaries fall into, when they make Christianity a stern and haughty thing! Think of St. Paul in a full-blown wig, shovel hat, apron, round belly, double chin, stern eye, rough voice, and imperious manner; drinking port wine and laying down the law as to the best way to escape the operation of the Curate's Residence Act!"

No. 1272, the Cenotaph, is interesting as representing the monument which was erected to the memory of Sir Joshua Reynolds in the park of Sir George Beaumont, who designed it. In Wordsworth's lines, he likens this grove to the aisles of the church:

> "Where Reynolds, 'mid our country's noblest dead,
> In the last sanctity of fame is laid."

The colouring of the picture is autumnal, — a rare choice for Constable.

In several small studies in the National Gallery, it is evident that Constable had in mind the larger pictures which he afterward painted. It is instructive to note the changes and evolution in the final works. His life may be said to have been bounded on the south by Salisbury, for he never went abroad, not even to visit Italy. He was absolutely satisfied with English scenery. Salisbury Cathedral, No. 1814, was painted in 1823. The gentle nature and attractive kindliness of this worthy man may be summed up in a remark made by a cabman to Leslie, when he was driving him home from Constable's funeral. He said: "I knew Mr. Constable, sir, and, when I heard that he was dead, I was as sorry as if it had been my own father, — he was as nice a man as that, sir!" Constable died in 1837.

Sir David Wilkie, of whom his old friend Leslie said, after a close intimacy with him for twenty years, "He was a truly great artist and a truly good man," is endeared to all our hearts by his picture of the Blind Fiddler, which all of us must have seen in our childhood, in engravings. Pleasant, full of humour and sunny good-temper, his wholesome painting, No. 99, comes to us as an old friend. We know well the old itinerant musician, the merry young father, the cheerful children, and the aspiring baby, who has reached out his arms ever since 1807!

WILKIE. — THE VILLAGE FESTIVAL

Like his life, Wilkie's art is restrained and conservative; none of his characters overact, none of his schemes of colour are exotic, he does not paint violent or rollicking scenes, but, as in the Village Festival, No. 122, the whole atmosphere is that of temperate mirth. The Duke of Hamilton considered the Blind Fiddler as one of the greatest treasures of the National Gallery. But Wilkie is not essentially British. All of his pictures are in the Dutch spirit, and therefore he is not as complete a national figure as Constable. His subjects, of course, are entirely different, but even if the two men had chosen the same themes, Constable would always have painted an English scene, and Wilkie a Dutch one.

The portrait of Wilkie by Thomas Phillips, No. 183, shows us the outward appearance of the artist, as he looked when he was forty-four. Wilkie was the son of a Scotch clergyman, and his devotion to his dear parents has always been one of the loveliest traits of his character. The "wee sunny-haired Davey" was mischievous and natural as a child. Developing early his talent, he left home to study in Edinburgh. He made steady progress, and in 1805 he went to London to set up as a painter. He was only nineteen, but a Royal Academician described him at this time as "a raw, tall, pale, queer Scotchman," but with "something in him."

Wilkie's early days were marked by necessary frugalities; he painted many of his finest works on the bureau in his own bedroom, pulling out the lower drawer for the canvas to rest upon, to save the expense of an easel. A friend, calling upon him one day, found him acting as his own model, sitting quite nude on the side of his bed, and sketching himself by the aid of a mirror; another time, his economy made him pose to himself as an old woman, and when Bannister, the actor, happened to come into the room, he explained: "I can't move, lest I spoil the folds of my petticoat!" His fame was, however, in no way impeded by these petty hardships, nor was the lack of proper equipment ever visible in his pictures. When Wilkie once saw an artist preparing to paint his own portrait, and turning away the collar so as to exhibit his throat, he observed: "Don't do that! You'll look as if you were going to be shaved!"

Wilkie experienced that happiness which is so often denied to genius, of being able to return to his native town after the world had crowned him with its laurels, and of finding his dear ones still alive to welcome him and to appreciate his fame. Often this day of public recognition is delayed for an artist, so that all those who would the most have rejoiced over it have died, and strangers alone are left to sing his praises.

He was elected to the Royal Academy in 1811, but his health gave out at this time, so that his work was labour and sorrow. He decided to travel, and try the open-air life of a long holiday. He visited France, and later Holland and Italy; he made a tour of the usual cities loved by artists.

In 1822 Wilkie was in Scotland, at the time when George IV. made his royal visitation. Wilkie was presented at Edinburgh, and a naïve account of his reception by the monarch is found in a letter to his sister. "At first," he writes, "the king did not appear to recognize me, but, on hearing my name, he looked at me, gave a sudden smile, and said, 'How d'ye do!'"

Wilkie's health was never again robust, and a long list of afflictions, which seemed to pile upon one another, broke him down again. He visited the Holy Land in 1841; when asked if he had provided himself with a guide-book, he replied, "Yes, the very best," and pulled out a pocket Bible. In his journal, while on this expedition, he expressed his intention of turning his talents in the direction of realistic religious pictures on his return. He recorded his belief that the illustrators of Bible scenes should be "acquainted with the country whose history and aspect they profess to teach." These were his last written words. He was taken suddenly ill a day or two later, and died

on his way home without a struggle. The ship was in Gibraltar Bay at the time; the ship's carpenter constructed a rude coffin, and the engines were stopped, at half-past eight in the evening, while the body of the great painter was reverently committed to the deep. Let us go again to the Turner paintings, and, with this scene in mind, look at the picture called Peace, No. 528. It represents this quiet burial at sea. The poetry and pathos of the situation appealed to Turner, and he has treated it worthily.

Only six of the many works of Landseer are now in the gallery at Trafalgar Square, most of his pictures having been removed to the Tate Gallery, where modern British art has its home at Millbank. Three of these paintings are of dogs, — his favourite subjects, — two of lions, and one a study of a horse. So the great animal-painter is characteristically shown. Edwin Landseer was born in 1802, and, as he showed no love for books as a boy, his father used to take him out into the fields and allow him to make drawings from various animals, instead of insisting upon other schooling. Therefore his progress was rapid and early; his first picture to be exhibited at the Royal Academy was painted when he was but thirteen. Fuseli, who was the president, used to call him lovingly the "little dog boy." In 1831 he was taken into full

membership in the Academy. His life was rather uneventful; he spent much time in studying the habits of animals, for he never attempted any other branch of art, except portraiture, not very successfully. He was taken upon deer-stalking parties, and, when the stag would appear he would give his gun to the keeper to hold, whip out a sketch-book, and draw the animal in preference to shooting it! Landseer was a personal friend of Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort, who gave him numerous commissions. The queen knighted him in 1850. Unfortunately, his success did not leave him entirely unspoiled. He became rather vain and affected, which greatly detracted from his charm. After losing the keenness of his eyesight, he died in 1873.

Rather hard and cold in technique, Landseer's art does not make a very strong appeal to the emotions, in spite of the fact that he has endowed his brutes with human sentiments and feelings. That is the trouble. He has made an effort to be pathetic, and this misplacing of intelligence is just what has frustrated his intentions. Had he painted his animals with animal traits, instead of trying to show in them all the gamut of human emotions, we should be much more inclined to be sympathetic.

In the selections at Trafalgar Square, however, we are fortunate in being spared this idiosyncrasy

of the artist. The scene of the Shoeing of a Horse, No. 606, is simple and straightforward, as is also the Sleeping Bloodhound, No. 603, which is remarkable for having been painted in three days from a dead dog which had been killed by a fall. The dog had been a great favourite at Wandsworth, and fell twenty-three feet from a balustrade, where it had been sleeping. Landseer seems to have been fated to paint dogs who died from falls (rather an unusual form of death for a dog, too!). The two little King Charles Spaniels, No. 409, belonged to Mr. Vernon, and were both killed in this manner. The well-known No. 604, Dignity and Impudence, needs no introduction. Every child is familiar with it. The Studies of Lions, Nos. 1349 and 1350, are splendid drawings, made as sketches to assist Sir Edwin in designing the four lions at the base of the Nelson Monument in Trafalgar Square. These sketches were in the possession of Mr. Thomas H. Hills, who bequeathed them to the gallery in 1892.

Sir John Everett Millais and George F. Watts are the latest of the British artists whose works have been retained, and there are only two of Millais and one of Watts, for these men belong properly to the more modern school. The delightful old Yeoman of the Guard, No. 1494, still hangs here, and every one recognizes the "Beef-eater's" costume which is thus immortalized. The soldier

in this case was John Charles Montague, who distinguished himself on various occasions during his twenty years' service in India. The other picture by Millais is No. 1666, a face well known to all Englishmen, and even to men everywhere, being a portrait of the Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone.

The only example of Watts, and by no means completely characteristic of his work, is No. 1654, a portrait of Mr. Russell Gurney, the Recorder of London.

If the student has progressed through this splendid collection of pictures systematically, he will have seen specimens of the art of the world such as can seldom be studied under one roof; from Egypt, through Greece, to Italy, and then into Germany, the Netherlands, France, Spain, and England; he will have had presented to him a history of æsthetic development which should pique his interest to further research among the riches of the many schools. In conclusion we will quote the words of C. R. Leslie, the Royal Academician, who understood so well the educational possibilities of this historic collection: "If the National Gallery should help to keep young artists from the dissipation of their time, and the injury their unformed minds receive while running all over Europe in quest of the art, which can only be acquired by years of patient and settled industry, it may effect

some good." In those days of hazardous and difficult travel, this observation was a sensible one. Although one can hardly hold with Leslie to-day, that the National Gallery would take the place of foreign experiences, still it might mean much more in the lives of many than it does. Its message, though not final, is a wholesome one to any earnest lover of æsthetic culture.

THE END.

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